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THE
POETICAL
WORKS

OF THE LATE
WILLIAM DUNKIN, D. D.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
HIS EPISTLES, ETC. TO THE LATE
EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N,

Printed for W. NICOLL, at No. 51, in St. Paul's Church-Yard;
and sold by T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi, in the Strand.

MDCCLXXIV.

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MDCCLXXII.

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
T HE Parson's Revels, in Three Canto's	
Canto I.	3
Canto II.	21
Canto III.	50
Publicola	72
Epistola ad Comitem de C---d, and its Translation	78 9
An Epistle to the Earl of C---d	86
Lawson's Obsequies	99
To Richard M---y, Esq;	123
Boetia	132
Camillo's Complaint	142
Epistle to Atticus	153
Epistle to R---b---t N---g---t, Esq;	169
Epistle to William P---ltn-y, Esq;	175
The Author on himself	177
OEdis apud E---n, and its Translation	180 81
A Prologue to the Tragedy of Cato, &c.	188
A Prologue for the Benefit of Lying-in Women	191
An Hymn for the Charity School of St. Andrew's	194
Chemiæ Generatio	197
On the happy Effects of the Revolution	201
Hyems in Urbe	205
On the Promotion of Mr. J---n M---n, &c.	209
D---n to S---t	211
On the Drapier	213
On Mr. Q---n	214
An Advertisement	217
	A Dia-

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
A Dialogue between Richard and his Conscience	219
A Satire inscribed to S - - -	244
A Satire to D - - S - - Esq; on his Marriage	248
A Matter of Fact, on Mrs. A - -	261
B - - - th's Exultation	266
A Character	269
The Modish School-Master	271
On the Omission of <i>Dei Gratia</i> , in the late Coinage	274
A Receipt for Making a Doctor	275
The Fumigation delineated	287
On T - - l - - r's being made Oculist, &c.	292
To A. B. Esq;	293
The Poet's Prayer	294
Friendship misplaced	298
An Address	301
Encouragement to a certain Poet	305
The Free-Thinker's Faith	307
<i>Ανακρεων</i> , &c. and its Translation	308
Brigide	310
The Lover's Web	311
Dalinda's Monkey	329
The Story of Daphne, &c.	332
Mercury's Theft	339
The Author to his Mistress, &c.	343
Lough-Erne to Kitty	348
A Dialogue between Janus and Time, on the Dean's Birth-Day	353
Anniversary Verses on the same	357
On the Same	363
On the Same	367

Hymen's

C O N T E N T S.

	Page
Hymen's Triumph - - -	371
Hymen Triumphant - - -	374
Carmen in Obitum Regiæ Celsitudinis, &c.	379
Epitaphium Memoræ Rev. Samuelis Holt -	385
Memoriæ Cornelii Calaghan, Armigeri -	387
On the Death of Mrs. F - - -	388
To N - - - C - - -, Esq; on the Death of his Father	391
To the Memory of Edward Lord Arch-Bishop of Tuam	393
An Ode to the Memory of the Rev. Doctor John Blachford	396
An Epitaph designed for the Author's Father	400
Epigrammata. Dalindæ Phaselus - - -	401
Το κατοπίζον της Λαίδης. Laidis Speculum	402, &c.
Λογισμὸς εἰς τὸν αὐτοῦ Μεταφραστὴν, and its Translation	
In pontem Orientalem, &c. and its Translation	
In quoddam Ædificum, &c. and its Translation	
Apologeticon pro Pontifice Romano, and its Translation	
In duas Filias Comitis de Warwick, &c. and its Translation	
In Malum Poetam sua Carmina recitantem, and its Translation	
In Malum Medicum, and its Translation	
Defensio - - - pro sua Versione, &c. and its Translation	
Ad Parcas pro Medico ægrotante	
In Eundem	
In quendam Autorem	
In pessimum et dicacem Poetam	
In Malum et Poetam, et Medicum	
On his Pretensions to Wit	

C O N T E N T S

	Page
His Invitation - - - - -	410
The Ephesian Matron, in Two Books. Book 1st.	411
2d.	425
Petronius - - - - -	445
Carmen, &c. and its Translation - - - - -	446 7
The Bramin - - - - -	470
The Character of a Good Parson, from Chaucer	480
On Chaste Behaviour, from the Same	482
A Satire in Imitation of Petronius Arbiter - - - - -	486
On Dreams, a Fragment, from the Same - - - - -	488
Deo Optimo Maximo Hymnus, &c.	491
To C - - - D - - -, Esq;	493
Curio's Character - - - - -	497
Sylvius et Dryas - - - - -	500
Anacreon, Ode 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th.	505 10
From Boetius - - - - -	511 24
A Soliloquy - - - - -	525
Notes, &c. to the Parson's Revels - - - - -	529

T H E

On his Pretensions to Wit
In Malum et Poetam, et Medicum
In pessimum et dicacem Poetam
In quendam Antorem
In Eundem
Ad Paris pro Medico egrotante
Translation
De sensu - - - pro sua Versione, &c. and its
In Malum Medicum, and its Translation
In Malum Poetam seu Carminis recitandum, and
In duas Filias Comitiss de Warwick, &c. and its
Translation

THE
PARSON'S REVELS.

A
PARSON'S REVELS, &c.
POEM.

CANTO I.
IN THREE

CANTOS!

Vol. II.

B

CONTENTS

	Page
His Invitation	410
The Ephesian Matron, in Two Books. Book 1st.	414
Book 2d.	425
Peter's	435
Calvary, &c. and the	436
The Brain	470
The Character of a Good Preacher. Character	480
On Charles Hahnemann	481
A Satire in Latin	486
On Dreams, & Phantasies	488
Dec Optima	494
To C.	499
Carion	505
Sylvia et Dora	505
Amorion, O.	511
From Boston	515
A Soliloquy	525
Notes, &c. IN THREE	529

CONTENTS

B

Vol. II.

My anxious might claim some rank,
In books and men completely read
But, as for me, I draw a blank
By 2—pe's bright example led
From Fortune's wheel, for, ^{believe me}

With honest heart and active head

THE

My humble station me detains

On bleak Hispania's lonely plains

To pipe, like Philips, to the swains

PARSONS'S REVELS, &c.

Where, if I should essay to rhyme

On any subject more sublime

In vain my Pegasus would climb

When straight my merit was proclaim'd

THE

To bear a Pedagogue's state

Must make him humble in his gait

Not could he travel with a weight

WHILE you, who Pindus might ascend,

Your thoughts on British freedom bend,

And make the public good your end,

But in his prudence should not spoil

And tenet,

The Pedagogue

His levee.

My

In books and men compleatly read,
 By S——pe's bright example led,
 With honest heart and active head.

THE

In senate ;

My humble station me detains
 On bleak Hibernia's lonely plains
 To pipe, like Philips, to the swains

Full simple

Where, if I should essay to rhyme
 On any subject more sublime,
 In vain my Pegasus would climb

I

O T

Olymp-hill:

To bear a Pedagogue elate
 Must make him stumble in his gait,
 Nor could he travel with a weight

So heavy:

Yet C——d, renown'd for long,

It seems would have me, right or wrong,

Among the folks, that us'd to throng

His levee.

in

B s

My

My ancestors might claim some rank,
 But, as for me, I drew a blank
 From Fortune's wheel, for which I thank

My dead aunt :

Estates with suits are often rife,
 But she would free me from the strife,
 And I was doom'd to be for life

A pedant.

It must have been delightful sport
 To see my Doctorship at Court,
 While C——d in civil fort

Would shew me :

'Till then I little had been deem'd,
 When straight my merit was esteem'd,
 The very Bishops bowing seem'd

To know me!

But greater condescensions yet
 In Chaplains envy must beget,
 Such freedoms were enough to set

My head a-gog.

I labour'd in a barren soil,
 My Lord at last rewards my toil,
 But in his prudence would not spoil

The Pedagogue.

Attend

Then

Then Pallas, mother to this peer,
Through pity whisper'd in my ear,
" You have three hundred pounds a year

" Each shilling:

" Be wise, betimes resign your pen,

" Leave poetry to gayer men,

" Look grave, and mind your school at En-

" n—g.

" Your men of business look a-quint

" At rhyming prostitutes in print."

I paus'd, and took the wholesome hint

Discreetly.

When plodders rule the roast, and carve,

"Tis better to put on the larve,

Than tune an empty song, and starve

Most sweetly.

But in vacation I may send

A letter to my ——— friend,

And who could blame me, though I penn'd

A poem?

Besides, to justify my lay,

The season prompts us to be gay,

And this I offer by the way

Of proem.

Attend,

CANT. I. PARSON'S REVELS.

7

Attend, ye Muses, great, and small,
While I describe the courtly ball,
And revellings at B—p hall,
Full dainty:

Where beef and mutton in their prime,
Fat subjects for heroic rhyme,
You may behold, at Christmas time,
In plenty.

Some merry wag, perhaps, may say
In Irish, 'tis not ev'ry day,
That Maurice was observ'd to slay
An ox, Sir;

But raillery apart, for here
You find it Christmas all the year,
And then, for claret, rum, and beer,
Good stock, Sir;

With fundry sorts of salted fish,
And fowl, as good, as heart can wish
To see, serv'd up in decent dish,
Or platter,

Such, as would make an Abbot smile—
But here we must suspend a while
Our appetites for other style,
And matter.

Without

Without delay begin the dances,
 Each shepherd with his nymph advances
 For worse or better, as their chance is
 In marriage.

Who in their praises could be dumb
 Their various parts they all become,
 Some for agility, and some
 For carriage.

As brisk, as fillies in the spring,
 When wanton love is on the wing,
 The lasses frisk it in a ring,
 Like Fairies.

T—— P—— moves demurely starch,
 Bluff, as a Croat on his march,
 Young M—— plays a thousand arch
 Vagaries.

Full deftly B—— plies his stumps,
 And now he skips along, now jumps,
 And cuts, to shew his pretty pumps,
 A caper.

But, for the ladies at the ball,
 Gay K—— C—— surpass'd them all
 In nimbleness, though not so tall,
 Nor taper.

Round

Round as a pad, that feeds on clover,
 B——, and D——n, once a rover,
 Although their dancing-days were over,
 Would rush in:

But these the lasses bid go mump
 O'er godly books in doleful dump,
 Nor shake their legs, but gravely thump
 The cushion.

Each blithsome damsel shews her shape,
 Enough to burst her stays and tape,
 And bangs the boards: the fiddlers scrape
 Their cat-guts:

Brave C——, foe to popish dogs,
 In boots, as cumbersome as clogs,
 Displays his parts, and B—— jogs
 His fat guts.

But C—— held his head elate,
 And, for his person, look'd as great,
 As either king in royal state
 At Bantam.

The Bully-Greeks, as Homer writes,
 Ne'er went without their boots to fights;
 Nor C——, even when he ——
 Would want 'em.

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 For worse or better, as their chance is
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Ne'er went without their boots to fights;
Nor C——, even when he ——
Would want 'em.

Much less his gaffles, made of steel,
To dizen either gallant heel,
And make the stoutest ladies feel

His weapons;

For spurs, right martial to be seen,
Were made for birds of mettle keen,
And not for dunghill-cocks, I ween,

Or capons.

Embassadors, politely bred,
Without them never go to bed
To guaranty a maidenhead,

As proxies:

Nor would the Captain be endow'd
With other armour, if allow'd
To pick his partner from a crowd

Of doxies.

And, as the bold Aeneas, crack
Of Ilium, bore upon his back
The fates and fortunes of his pack

Of tories;

So C— wore about his middle
A belt, embroider'd with a needle,
In which you plainly might uniddle

His glories.

A dog-

A dog-boy with his crooked horn,
 And hounds in argent field of corn,
 One border of the belt adorn

Right neatly:

While on its opposite were seen
 A fox, and gentlemen in green,
 High mounted on their courfers keen

Compleatly:

But from the mid embossment springs
 A levee, such, as fortune brings,
 As numerous, as any king's,

Or caliph's.

A joyful heir, in mournful black;
 Receives the cringes of the pack,
 Nor yet suspects behind his back

Two bailiffs.

The next compartment shews a beau,
 Caparison'd from top to toe;
 His tinsel-trappings gorgeous glow,

Like rockets:

Bright goddesses compose his train,
 As chaste, as those of Drury-lane,
 To glut his wishes, and to drain

His pockets.

Then farther, spread in black and blue,
A gaming-table you might view,
And master, circled with a crew

Of sharpers:

At Lee's he revels, and dragoons,
Discharging vollies in platoons
Of oaths, with fidlers, pimps, buffoons

And harpers.

But mark his triumph in the shade:
The figures animate display'd
Such heroes, as in street-parade

Would wound us.

The chiefs, with mimic fury warm,
Break lighted lamps, in hostile form
Assail the watch, and bravely storm

A round-house.

The rusty wrath of pikes they spurn:
The forces vigilant return
The dreadful charge, and jointly burn

For battle.

They widen ranks, and wheeling close
On either side their haughty foes,
Down knocking fine brocaded beaux,

Like cattle.

Yet

Yet neither side would turn their tails,
Nor this, nor that as yet prevails,
While fair Astræa weighs in scales

Their vigour.

But now the battle warmer waxes,
Each fop as hot, as flaming flax, is,
Sharp swords encounter blunt pole-axes,

With rigour.

A watchman here, bewray'd with mud,
Wide-gaping welters in his blood,
Another wounded fighting stood,

Yet fearless.

There, black with knocks from angry foes,
A champion frowns, a second blows,
With one whole eye, but half a nose,

And earless.

One bully-beau had lost his hat,
And one his wig, a third lay flat,
As rank, as any civet cat,

Or rue, Sir;

The hero, sprawling in the belt,
Appear'd, as if in fact he felt
The bruise of bill-hook; for the welt

Was blue, Sir.

Black
The

The panting combatants engage
Again with recollected rage,
And fifty war heroic wage,

Pell-mell, Sir:

Their prowess nothing could retard,
Not even constables of ward,
Assisted by the city-guard,

Could quell, Sir.

Each party seems to bear the bell,
Reciprocal they stood, and fell,
'Till tir'd with loss of blood, as well

As leather,

They mutually desist from fight,
Applauding one another's might,
And spend, like loving friends, the night

Together.

The buff, that brac'd our hero's heart,
Diversify'd with curious art,
Exhibits from another part

A duel:

Two fops, engag'd with musky stench,
Contending for an oyster-wench;
For nothing, less than blood, could quench

Their fuel.

One

One falls, and cries, with accent weak,
" I dye for dear Ostræa's sake —
Nor could the languid lover speak
In blood more;

Yet let it be (the victor said)
Some consolation to your shade,
That you have fallen by the blade
Of C—— .

A swain there was, and you may guess him,
Who look'd as fine, as hands could dress him,
As if ten milliners, (God bless him)
Had trim'd him:

Full fit he was to head a troop
Of horse: to foot he would not stoop,
But Mrs. D—— with her hoop
Unlimb'd him.

Though she could run into your sleeve,
Her hoop was (this you may believe)
As big, as any brewer's keeve,
And round it

Was fenc'd with cane, a mortal sin
For Parson's wife, and had therein
A lump of lead, that broke his shin,
Confound it!

Black

Black was the bump, but shed no gore,
 Yet bloodily, some say, he swore:
 He limp'd, and, could he have done more,
 He would more.

His evil genius laid this trap:
 But mark we now the sad mishap,
 That straight befel the noble Cap-
 tain C —

As upright, as a mizzen-mast,
 Through many dances he had past,
 And would have reap'd, no doubt, at last
 High honour;

But that, resolv'd to do his best,
 As he his partner had address'd,
 And through mere kindness closely prest
 Upon her;

His trusty spur, when arm'd to kick,
 With which he often us'd to prick
 His palfry, play'd him now a trick
 Most scurvy:

It seiz'd her hoop, which made her stop,
 And, in the middle of his hop,
 Quite tumbled o'er our hero top-
 fy turvy.

His

His wig flew off, and was by chance
 Put strangely out of countenance,
 Although he lately got from France

The model :

Yet up again with heart he rose,
 The fall had somewhat maul'd his nose,
 But could not greatly discompose

His noddle.

The son of Thetis long ago
 Was proof above against the foe,
 Yet had a tender part below

For Paris:

But C—— has a hand and heart,
 And head and heels, to play their part,
 And mainly fashion'd for the art

Of war is.

Great Cincinnatus held the plough,
 Yet was a leader, all allow,
 As brave, as any hero now

In Flanders:

But C——, though he scorns to hold
 A plough, has hands, for action, bold,
 As any of your new, or old

Commanders.

VCL. II.

D

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But C——, though he scorns to hold
A plough, has hands, for action, bold,
As any of your new, or old

Commanders.

They were as hardy, as the shield
Of Ajax, and prepar'd to wield
His weapons at militia-field,

Or table,

Nor were that hero's half so stout,
When he on sheep would lay about
With rage, and this I tell without

A fable.

Then for his heels, I must declare,
Achilles could not shew a pair,
(Though Thetis wash'd 'em) half so fair

For speed, Sir.

Well hung they were, and in their prime,
And these, you know, through ev'ry clime
Are worth two pair of hands in time

Of need, Sir.

The head of Ajax was a farce
To his, nor would this Cud of Mars
At dancing hang it, though his a--se

Was hopper.

A head it was, with cauls enroll'd
Of fat, and, were it to be sold,
Well worth its weight in solid gold,

Or copper.

Perhaps

Perhaps you think, I mean to scoff
 At such a head; but here I doff
 My bonnet, and say nothing of

The stuffing:

And now he danc'd among the grigs
 To horn-pipes, minuets, and jigs,
 While clouds of powder from their wigs

Flew puffing.

The merry king of Scots had seen
 Such dancing never on the green
 From Edinburgh to Aberdeen

In verity.

They puff'd and toil'd at such a rate,
 'Twas well they stomacks had for meat:
 But now they mov'd with not so great

Celerity.

The Captain, who was wont to brag
 Of courage, lo! begins to lag;
 Scarce B—— able is to wag

His bowels:

He had no wind, but what he let
A parte post, and with his fw——
 He could (to speak in measure) wet

Six towels.

Yet C—— a minuet began,
 And stalk'd with ghostly village wren,
 Grave, as the pious priest of Man

The fluting.

And Soder.

Away then J—— B——
 'Twas well he did, or else his toes
 Had copiously regal'd your nose

Flew passing.

With odour:

He went in quest of liquid cheer,
 Taught by his nose his course to steer,
 And made an ample jug of beer

In verity.

His capture.

Mean-time the bell for supper rings,
 We fly without the help of wings,
 The very fiddlers crack their strings

Celerity.

In rapture.

Three goodly boards were spread, each board
 With delicate provision stor'd,
 No fasting bishop could afford

His powels:

More dishes.

Short grace was said (the Parson thank)
 And, roundly seated without rank,
 We fed, like cormorants, and drank

Six towels.

Like fishes.

CANTO

The cocks, though cut we chop, and crows sum up
The more we drink, the drier grow
As coals with water, keener glow

PARSONS'S REVELS, &c.

We revel, like a daisy-mouse, how soon, when chapped
And, roaring, rend the rattling house,
As milk and buxom, as a house,
He spurr'd his hind

CANTO II.

We had what liquor we could give, but still
To sink the Pope's pretending slave,
But toast King George, and all the brave

THE greedy worms of hungry maws
From banqueting began to pause,
And, fatiated, releas'd our jaws
From working:
Yet in our throttles, as at first,
Still rag'd an inextinguish'd thirst,
Like dropfy, by potation nurs'd,
Deep-lurking.

True

H

True cocks, though cut, we clap, and crow,

The more we drink, the dryer grow,

As coals with water keener glow

Bedashen;

We revel, like a dairy-mouse,

And, roaring, rend the rattling house,

As brisk and buxom, as a louse,

New-washen.

We had what liquor we could crave

To sink the Pope's pretending slave,

But toast King George, and all the brave

Blood-royal.

This health went round, and many more,

Full to the tune of twenty score;

While Captain C—— pray'd, and swore

Most loyal.

He

He damns each Jacobite, and tory,
 Yet, in the midst of all his glory,
 Relates a sad, and rueful story

To read, Sir ;

As how, that he, who would be thought
 An honest whig, had lately bought
 A Popish horse, not worth a groat,

Indeed, Sir.

From Deraffier he bought this horse,
 And, having mounted on his dorse,
 He spurr'd him on without remorse,

Alack, Sir !

His tail, though seeming fair and plump,
 Was disaffected to his rump,
 And only wedded to a stump

With wax, Sir :

So down upon the street it dropt,
 For which the voucher should be cropt,
 And have his head and shoulders chopt

Asunder :

Whoop ! cry'd the rabble with a pudder,
 " Your honour's horse has lost his rudder,"
 Which made him fret, and fume, and shudder,

No wonder.

Like

Lke Bashaw brave, of tail bereft,
 He wheel'd about, and would have cleft
 A score — their flight was only left

To screen 'em.

Old Chiron was but half a nag,
 Yet had a tail without a tag,
 But Cud and his could not one wag

Between 'em.

To folder all this matter up,
 We bid him take another sup:
 At which he seiz'd a special cup

Of Rhenish,

And off it went : there was no fear,
 Mine host the Parson boon was near,
 And whisper'd in his butler's ear

“ Replenish.”

As Damons for their Chloes spread
 Promiscuous flowrets, white, and red,
 On mossy banks, instead of bed,

And blanket :

Or as a city-sheriff treats
 The number-men with motly meats,
 And in his plenitude compleats

A banquet;

In

In equal wise the Parson had
 Some sober folks, and many mad,
 Some humourfome, and some as sad
 As Smedly.

The world, he knew, from long conviction,
 Was all made up of contradiction,
 And so he chose without restriction
 A medley.

But, as in soups, though serv'd in state,
 And with eringo-roots replete,
 The fetid assa must create
 The haut-gout;

So C——, you for gleeful gust
 Could kindle a superior lust,
 And he, that would deny it, must
 Berogue you.

The lasses whether you assail
 In dancing, or inspir'd with ale,
 You club your joke, and tell a tale
 With gayety.

But enters now the Parish Priest,
 Who was by Patrick and by Chreest,
 As great a wolf, as ever fleec'd
 The laity.

Although but little known to fame,
By birth and breeding he would claim
Profound respect; for why? his name

Was Fegan:

He swore, he travell'd many a league
To Paris, Antwerp, and the Hague,
And was descended from Sir Teague

O Regan:

His body-coat was fac'd with fat,
His head as grey, as any cat,
And belly big, to cupboard what

He gathers.

His wit and humour much he mothers,
But numerates his learned brothers,
And quotes his venerable mothers,

The fathers.

Quoth he, "I am vwell boarn and bnd,
" Shur Teague O Regan vvaith my hid,
" Aldough, deer joay, I nivr rid

" Your Nhomars;

" Yit Fegan can confabulaat

" In Frinch and Laatin, dher mey faat,

" And hild a Teshis at dhe graat

Shaint Omars.

" Yit, bey dhe bilt, fhwich Franshis vwoar,

" Dhe crass ov Chreest, fhwich Paatrick boat,

" Dhe Baads ov Bridgit, and fwhat's moar,

" Mey Vistimints,

" I louv your clargymin indeed,

" Fwho bovow to Jeshuz in dhe creed,

" Aldough dhey lit dheir laamin reed

" Dhe Tistimints.

" Gaad blish king Gaarge and hish Lutterians,

" But cursh upon dhe Proshpiterians,

" Dhe knaaves are oogly Nolliverians,

" And apish—"

But Denison began to chafe here:

A Turk, or Pagan must be safer

Than thee with all thy Gods of waser,

Vile Papish!

Thy brethren, void of faith, and hope,

And charity, deserve the rope;

Old Antichrist is but the Pope

In scarlet:

The rock, which you would rest upon,

As I shall fairly prove anon,

Is but the spawn of Babylon,

A harlot,

Who curses with her blessings mixes,
 Trick'd up with painted babies, pyxies,
 Indulgencies, and crucifixes,
 Her trapping.

A church, upheld by lying rumours,
 Long bloated with unhealthy tumours,
 And ripe (if you would purge her humours)
 For tapping.

He said, and in his fury collar'd
 The Priest, who cry'd, "I am a scollard,
 "Na Manichæan, Arian, Lollard,
 "Or Pagan.

"Compeshe linquam, deshine
 "Stultishiam, et probabo te
 "Shin---cate---gore---mati---she
 "A Dagon.

"Shed, shee jam mavish dishputare
 "Pugnish, quam lagishe pugnare,
 "Tantundem dat, præsheptor chare,
 "Tanteedhem.

"Etiam-shee veenee bibish undham,
 "Immundum spiritum confundham,
 "Et shatanhem ex te contundham
 "Par feedhem."

Thus

Thus Fegan, fraught with Latin, huffs,
 And Presbyter as proudly puffs,
 Preparing for conclusive cuffs

Their thumpers.

But B——, with pacific grace
 Uprising, splits the doubtful case,
 And reconciles them with a brace

Of bumpers.

Quoth Jowler, arm'd with cudgel thick,
 For executing justice quick,
 And old Toledo, wont to stick

A-kimbo,

'Twas well you stopp'd the farther growth
 Of duel; or, however loth,
 I should have straight committed both

To limbo;

And not without sufficient cause—
 Such violation of the laws
 A scandal on the nation draws:

In fine, Sir,

I value not what mortal hears,
 The King, the Commons, and the Peers
 Have been assaulted through these ears

Of mine, Sir:

Quoth

If

If thus commissions be withstood,
And brav'd by batteries to blood,
All government swims down the flood

Of course, Sir.

We grant, that Juries may be packt,
But Justices should go by fact:
I wish we had the riot act

In force here.

They tell us of a Censor morum,
Who kept in awe the Roman forum,
And I sit Justice of the quorum

At sessions:

I rank with Judges of assizes,
Hear civil bills, and nizi-prizes,
And punish, as the court advises,

Transgressions.

To me for law the people trudge,
No rioters about me budge,
I bind men over, or, as judge,

Release, Sir.

I make the proudest hectors quake,
Protect the humble and the weak,
And break the heads of those, who break

The peace, Sir.

Quoth

Quoth Fegan, how he swills vwith pride,
For why? he vwaited on dhe tide,
And aftin maad, af not bely'd,

Faalse intries:

Gaad shave us, bey mey gosshop's cup!
Dhish underling ish vwell cum up,
To shitt vwith justishes, and shup

Vwith gintries.

O Jeshus Maary! how he praates!
Aldough he craacksh av braaking paates,
And magnifysh, at such vwild raates,

Cummishions;

Yit I vwoud sthaak mey vry life,
Unlesh he quarrils vwith hish vwife,
He nivir broak van hid in thirise,

Shave Prishian's.

The spirit of the squire, we know,
Quoth C—, is often high, and low,
Just even, as the tide may flow,

Or ebb, Sir,

But Jowler's honest, were he dead,
As any man, who lives by bread,
Although he owes a broken head

To W—bb, Sir.

He said, the very name afresh,
 Dismay'd the Don, for W—bb could thresh,
 Without commission, human flesh,
 Like barley.

Down sunk authority decay'd,
 Nor had his Worship longer stay'd,
 If B—— had not kindly made
 A parley.

The Prince of Printers, whom we dub
 Sir George, and Emperor of Grub,
 At end of all this hopeful club
 Sat upper;

For he, right worshipful, could boast
 His title from the rubric post,
 And was high honour'd by mine host
 At supper.

His heart for liberty was true,
 Nor would he change his orange-hue,
 Although he got a garter blue,
 As Burrage.

And, though no star emblaz'd his breast,
 The very falcon in his crest,
 With blood-portending beak exprest
 His courage.

Full many worthies, passing bold,
 By cunning heralds are enroll'd,
 From Windfor to the knights of old
 Jerusalem.

Each knight his proper order has,
 No matter what his father was,
 His blood's as good, and antient, as
 Methusalem.

Sir George, says B—— with a bow,
 I beg your pardon, but I vow,
 That you were made a knight, 'till now,
 I never heard:

I hope, my freedom won't be blam'd;
 But, since the F——rs have been nam'd,
 Are you related to the fam'd
 Sir Everard?

The courteous knight replies, about
 That matter I was much in doubt;
 'Till Hawkins plainly made it out
 By long quest;
 He's but a younger branch—no more;
 The founder of our house came o'er,
 And was in credit long before
 The conquest.

From this important point he starts
 To sciences, and then, for arts,
 He gave a sample of his parts,

And reading.

Eor bold invention Homer sways,
 For judgment Maro bears the bays,
 And Flaccus for his happy phrase

And breeding.

I have from folios down to twelves,
 Ten thousand volumes on my shelves,
 And judge of authors by themselves,

Not rumour;

To please me Congreve makes a shift,
 And Quixote—but, of all I list,
 Commend me to the works of Swift

For humour.

When wicked Wood almost enslav'd
 The nation, and our senate brav'd,
 He, like an other Tully, sav'd

The realm, Sir.

And I could name a certain peer;
 I wish we had him always here,
 To patronize the press, and steer

The helm, Sir.

For Pope, his fame is at a stand,
 Not that I would his merit brand,
 But of his ethics on my hand

A load lyes.

Good preachers now are gone to rest,
 Your Tillotsons might stand the test,
 But then I never could digest

Your H--dl--s.

D—y fine without dispute is
 In his discourses upon duties,
 But he may thank me for some beauties—

And B—

Might print a work, which, I'll be bail,
 With my corrections could not fail,
 And I would pay him o'er the nail

Some cash for't.

Britannia boasts a master-piece
 To rival Rome or antient Greece—
 The Gallic writers are but geese

To Milton:

Yet even that prodigious man,
 Whose fancy so sublimely ran,
 Is not quite perfect in the plan

He built on.

We scarce discover in an age
 A single genius for the stage;
 The most accomplish'd must engage
 A faction.

I hate the rants of Dryden's rhyme;
 Old Shakespear was, (I grant) sublime,
 But broke all unities of time,
 And action.

Sir Isaac went, as Bacon beckon'd,
 And Hally, who by Newton reckon'd,
 Could calculate you to a second
 Eclipses:

They trac'd the planets o'er and o'er,
 But knew, like others heretofore,
 Of electricity no more,
 Than gypsies.

Old Spain, and Italy, by chance,
 Some good historians might advance,
 And many very well in France
 Have written,

To give our enemies their due—
 But then of all our annal-crew
 Produce me one, and travel through
 Great-Britain.

Hyde is majestic, flowing, full,
 Yet partial; dry Rapin but dull;
 And Burnet rakes the stews to cull

Diurnals;

His last productions are a botch,
 Patch'd with false English, and true Scotch,
 A party-colour'd, crude, hotch-potch

Of journals.

Though Bolingbroke should play the cheat,
 His dissertation is compleat,
 And shews for style and matter great

Command in't.

I know some people kindly mean,
 Who judge it written in our vein,
 But neither F——r, nor the Dean

Had hand in't.

Says Mackaway, with looks askew,
 Alas! the public little knew
 The deep designs, which he and you

Would drive at:

No wonder, being of a feather,
 You went, as coupled by a tether,
 And often crack'd your jokes together,

In private.

Suspicion

Suspicion flows from muddy founts,
 Replies his worship, and amounts
 To scandal, Sir; but your accounts
 Are Flemish.

Although we frankly took a pot,
 I hope, you do not mean a plot;
 My loyalty is free from blot,
 Or blemish.

We might be merry now and then,
 But no man, but the worst of men,
 My reputation or my pen
 Asperfes.

The Dean, (as Doctor D——n knows,)
 Would ask, when any doubt arose,
 My sentiments about his prose,
 And verses.

Says Mackaway, you grace the nation——
 I never meant a provocation;
 And would not hurt your reputation,
 Or weson:

Whatever you may write, or read,
 I don't suspect you, by my creed,
 For any plot, much less indeed
 For treason.

Quoth

Quoth B—— I revere your quill,
 But, with submission to your will,
 Sir George, your toast, and prythee fill

Your can up.

The knight was pleas'd to condescend,
 And so, says he, to make an end,
 Come, D——n, here's our worthy friend

P—— S——

Right trusty, well belov'd, so forth——
 We join in chorus to his worth;
 True, as a needle to the north,

And south, Sir:

You might have trusted ev'ry spark
 To fill his bumper in the dark,
 Nor would he miss, (God bless the mark)

His mouth, Sir.

The gentle 'squire of N——e,
 Although he would not drink before
 A Lord, except the Lord, who bore

The scepter,

The Viceroy's panegyric sounds,
 And gives his health for many rounds,
 Nor could old Cato within bounds

Have kept here.

A flincher

A fincher would have far'd the worst,
 And by the Parson been accurst:
 Grave Oaf and Denison would burst
 Their venters;

For, though their articles were low,
 They fill'd full high; their throats, I trow,
 On this occasion would be no
 Dissenters.

Your Turks may smoke themselves dry-drunk,
 But Oaf could foke, as well as funk,
 Like any Friar, Priest, or Monk
 In abbey;

And Denison could well define
 The worth, and virtues of good wine,
 In which he was a deep divine,
 And Rabbi:

With folks they cotton, in religion
 As opposite, as hawk to pigeon,
 The carrion-crow to teal, and widgeon,
 Or onion

To perfume is, and, in the brayings
 Of preachments glad us with the prayings
 Of old Hugh Peters, and the sayings
 Of Bunyan;

When

When fresh arrives the British mail,
 Sir George inspects it, bites his nail,
 And knits his brows, and growing pale
 As ashes—

Hibernia's downfal I deplore:
 The reign of Chesterfield is o'er:
 Our late rejoicings were no more
 Than flashes:

Poor authors now may sink, or swim;
 'Twere better I had crackt my limb;
 We lost ourselves in losing him,
 Sad sequel!

Ah D——n! well may F——r rue
 His resignation — so may you:
 When at the Castle shall we view
 His equal?

Though short, yet glorious was his race,
 Says B——, IN OR OUT of place
 My Lord must act with virtue, grace,
 And honour.

Quoth Fegan, dough hee vwash av Fwuig,
 Hee had av haart ash braad and buig,
 Ash Carty-more, or Rodheruig
 O Connor.

In vworth hee vwash an ould Milesin,
 A peerlesn peer in raoyal stefin,
 Dhe garden-genus ov aour nefin,
 A bright hid!

In him, says B———, you may find
 The statesman, patriot, patron kind,
 And poet of exalted mind

United.

My 'cast, quoth F———r, is satyric,
 But could I write, like some, in lyric,
 I soon should print his panegyric

In true words.

But you, my friend, untaught to fawn,
 His character have amply drawn
 As fair, as (what you merit) lawn,

In few words.

Let paltry Peers, of titles proud,
 In filence pass among the crowd:
 His merits claim an herald loud,

As Stentor.

I was, although no servile suitor
 For selfish ends, his co-adjutor,
 In politics his private tutor,

And Mentor.

While

While cringing Commoners by braces,
 With aking hearts, and smiling faces,
 In quest of some inferior places,

Or pittance,

Befieg'd my Lord, and, laying traps
 In antichambers, gaz'd at maps;
 I by the back-stairs got (perhaps)

Admittance.

His wit was quick, my judgment clear;
 He had my tongue, and I his ear—
 But more of that there need not here

Be mention'd.

Adieu to ministers of state;
 I am determin'd to retreat,
 Like Lælius, to my rural seat

Unpension'd.

In bonds and books I have some pelf—
 But, Sir, this poor poetic elf
 May hang his harp up, and himself

On one tree.

My mind, from public business freed,
 Should moralize on what I read—
 But O my country! O my bleed-

ing country!

Says Mackaway, with sneering snout,
 Whatever hand, in times of doubt,
 May steer us, you can tack about,
 And join it?

But why, friend F——r, would you chuse,
 To cast a damp on D——n's muse,
 When you might pick up better news,
 Or coin it?

Coin it? the Prince of Printers cries,
 I hate your sophistries, and lies,
 And love to speak without disguise,
 Or flattery.

Go, sweeten syrup, squeez'd from squills,
 Or gild, to swell the weekly bills
 Of death, some life-supplanting pills,
 Your battery.

Says B——, Doctor Mackaway,
 And you, Sir George, desist from fray;
 We met in order to be gay,
 Mirth clubbing:

Leave wrangling to the bar and bench:
 With wine your melancholy drench:
 Here's to the Spaniards, and the French
 A drubbing.

At

At flowing bumpers who can carp,
 Or in his jovial humour warp?
 Then fill your glasses: — tune your harp,
 O Murphy.

This Murphy, strolling up and down,
 Had been a harper of renown,
 And Bard as eloquent, as Crown,
 Or Durfy.

About O Neal he kept a pother,
 For why, he was his foster-brother,
 Begotten on a base-born mother,
 A spinster;

But, though reduc'd to live by strings,
 Greater than great O Neal he brings
 His father's blood from antient kings
 Of Leinster.

As ladies fair, of taste refin'd,
 Their petted linnets often blind
 To make them sing the sweeter, kind-
 ly cruel:

To strike his mind with visions bright,
 And give his hearers more delight,
 Melpomene depriv'd of sight
 This jewel.

Quoth

Quoth Oaf, I hate him, and his kin,
To hear his music is a sin:
For bringing such a rebel in

Small thanks t'ye.

His harp is hollow; so is he;
Both make one popish jubilee:
What can he play, but Garran-buoy,

Or Planksty?

At this O Murphy, like a nag
Spurr'd to his mettle, would not lag:
Quoth he, I am na ribil rag-

A-muffin,

But ov dhe reight Hibarnian feed,
Aldough mey fadhir cud nat reed,
Nat lek yur black fanaatic breed,

You puffin.

Luck backvward, and you cannat traace
VWan low meckaanic ov mey raace:
And, Mr. B——, bey your graace

And faavar,

Dhish pursh-proud upshtart, fwho vwud strut
VWid impty skull, and brusten gut,
Big, ash Tierna Beg, ish but

A vwaavar.

O Murphy,

O Murphy, Father Fegan cry'd,
You prickt hish puffy puckan-pride,
And bey dshe boans ov dsheoshe, fwho dy'd
In holly vwar,

It vwill becaam you from Lough Ernah,
Dhe graat graat grindson ov Shane Bearnah,
To dash dshish offscum ov dhat Kearnah,
Ould Ollivwar.

But now, to vix him moar, deer baoy,
And gif gud Maister B—— jaoy,
Yur woice and instrument implaoy

Altarnate.

He said: O Murphy soon obey'd
The father, holy by his trade,
Who had himself a father made

Incarnate.

His voice was brazen, deep, and such,
As well accorded with High-dutch,
Or Attic Irish, and his touch

Was pliant:

Dubourgh to him was but a fool;
He play'd melodious without rule,
And sung the feats of Fin Macool,

The giant.

He

He sounds in more majestic strains,
 How brave Milesians with their skanes
 Had butcher'd all the bloody Danes

Like weathers.

While Bryan Borough with a yell
 Flat on the bed of honour fell,
 When he might sleep at home as well

On feathers:

He celebrates with lofty tone
 Tyrconnel, Desmond, and Tyrone,
 Renown'd O Neal, who shook the throne

Of Britain;

O Donnel, fam'd for whisky rare,
 And then, O Rowrk, thy noble fare
 Of sheep and oxen, with — no chair

To sit on.

But now his harping he forbore,
 Of glasses guzzled half o' score,
 And with religious ardor swore

By Donaught,

That thou to monarchs wert ally'd,
 The Prince of Coshirers, and pride
 Of Erin by the Leitrim-side

Of Conaught.

At

At last, though much against his heart,
His tongue and fingers act their part,
Displaying with Orphean art,

And gentle Samson's song, And cunning,
How WILLIAM cross'd the Boyn to fight,
And how King James had beaten quite
His hot pursuers out of fight—

By running.
He plays, and sings it o'er and o'er,
Encore, quoth Denison, encore!
One Williamite would rout a score
Of trimmers:

Nassau, with bays immortal crown'd,
Nassau, Nassau the guests resound;
The GLORIOUS MEMORY flows round

In brimmers.

At last, though much against his point, soon in debate
His tongue and fingers set their party, as it were, at
Displaying with Orpheus all the tricks and sleight
THAT HE WAS CAPABLE OF.

How WILLIAM cried the Boy to fight, and fight he did
And how King James had beaten quondam, so did he
His hot partners out of sight—

PARSON'S REVELS, &c.

He plays, and sings it over and over, and over
Encore, quoth Denison, encore, in language
One Williamite would not a word of it
OF TIMMERS:

With balmy rest each sober beast
NASTAR, NASTAR the guests besought
The glorious memory flows round
IN TIMMERS.

T WAS now the time, when from the FEAST
Of LOVE your SAINTS in METHOD ceas'd,
And balmy rest each sober beast

Was taking;

While deep in dreams Projectors plod,
The Pedant brandishes his rod,
And Judges over causes nod,

As waking:

THE

H

When

When full-fed Aldermen on beds
 Of down repose their heavy heads,
 And gentle Somnus 'round 'em spreads

His poppies:

While breadless Bards, in garrets damp,

And dreary, trim the thirsty lamp,

Change title-pages, and new-vamp

Old copies:

When robbers for their booty roam,

And Lords from Arthur's dismal dome

Return with empty purses home,

Sore weeping:

When Centinels begin to yawn,

And fable night aside had drawn

Her curtains, to the dapple dawn

Forth peeping.

Yet now the topers rise to sing,
 Huzza, brave boys, long live the king!
 With merriment the glasses ring:

Jack B——

Would shew himself a dapper boy,
 And o'er the table leap'd for joy,
 But crack'd his crown, a very loy-

al maggot!

While C—— and B—— round the chairs,
 As mad, as any dancing bears,
 Bestir their hams, and some say, theirs

Were limber:

Sir George, though brave as Scanderbeg,
 Was not so pliable Greg,
 Yet hopp'd on his adopted leg

Of timber.

Such frolicks mischief still betoken,
 Some glasses by the rout were broken,
 And (oh! with horror be it spoken)

Of bottles

A dozen, fraught with claret sound,
 As good, as any under ground;
 At which, a pox, quoth I, confound

Their throttles:

Confound

Confound the bottles, B—— cries,
 The butler brings us fresh supplies,
 I hate your prudence, and despise
 Restraint, Sir :

Quoth Denison, and well he spoke,
 To lose our liquor is no joke;
 Such usage would almost provoke
 A faint, Sir.

A wicked action ! this contusion
 Of honest bottles, and effusion
 Of christian claret are prelusion
 To riot :

What would a Board of Elders think,
 To hear that Captain damn, and sink ?
 Then sit ye down, and drink your drink
 In quiet.

Quoth Crab, the Quaker, who had sat
 Beneath the pent-house of his hat,
 Thine arguments come in so pat,
 And pithy,

Albeit I renounce thy clan,
 And covenants, mine inward man
 Now moveth me to cup, and can
 It with thee.

But

My

My flesh is vexed, and, in fact,
 My spirit broken, and distract,
 To see those chosen vessels crackt

In sadness.

Learn wisdom from the little ant:
 Lo! wilful waste makes woful want:
 Repent your foolishness; recant

Your madness.

The grape is good, and eke the juice
 Thereof was made for human use,
 Which thus ye toss about profuse

So merrily.

Then, brethren, sit ye round the Board,
 And fill your cups with one accord,
 It is the creature of the Lord,

Yea verily—

So down we sat at his command:
 Quoth B—to his boy at hand,
 Go, take a brace of bottles, and

Decant them.

Together lovingly we cling,
 As close, as herrings in a string,
 When C— began to sing

An anthem.

But

But pious Oaf had slunk aside
 To smoke tobacco, cut, and dry'd,
 Nor could the Puritan abide

Such hymning:

He sat enstall'd in elbow-chair,
 Had Hogarth only seen him there,
 He would have made a figure rare

For limning.

Philosophers will argue, whether
 The whole (suppose it were a feather)
 Do differ from the parts together,

Compounded:

But view him over from the sole
 Of arctic foot to noddle-pole,
 And all the parts become the whole

Of round-head:

His feet imprimis were the bases,
 And in circumference, as plaices,
 Contriv'd, as fit in such a case is,

To paddle:

His legs were buttresses to prop
 The superstructure, which might drop,
 If otherwise he strove to hop,

Or waddle:

His belly, rather his abdomen,
 To give it but its proper nomen,
 To guard their capons, as an omen,
 Might warn all:

The gulph was horrible, indu'd
 With alti—longi—lati—tude,
 The sepulchre of victuals crude,
 And carnal.

As butchers, when a calf is stuck,
 Together sell the head and pluck,
 The bargain's made, and strike me luck,
 No more said;

So, for the corpus of this wolf,
 Between a Falstaff, and Bardolph,
 You might include it in the gulph
 Aforesaid:

His capitol, though batter'd oft,
 Was fortify'd, and stood aloft,
 To guard his brains, that were as soft,
 As jelly:

The sacred way, his mouth of cod,
 Convey'd, officious at his nod,
 His victims to that household god,
 His belly.

Some

Some say, that faces were design'd
To be the copies of the mind,
If so, quoth Edkins, you may find

My Uncle's.

His usage was true blue, the which
Appear'd as fat, as bacon-fitch,
But red with rubies, rough with rich

Carbuncles.

But now it look'd like (let me see)
The Moon is clouded majesty,
Or, baleful to the company,

A Comet.

He puff'd, and puff'd, 'till round the room,
He spread an universal gloom;
No devil such a fusty fume

Could vomit.

But in the cloud - compelling close
His eldership began to doze,
And serenade us with his nose

Sonorous :

Rever'd for psalmody before,
And in efflat tun'd to snore,
It would not baulk his throat, but bore

A Chorus.

October stout his senses drown'd,
 With curling vapours curtain'd round,
 He slumbers in a trance profound,
 Perspiring.

From whiffing now there was a pause,
 Yet, faithful to the black old cause,
 His pipe stood cock'd between his jaws,
 For firing.

Renown'd for pot-heroic facts,
 His dextrous hand its office acts;
 For, as the mousing owl contracts
 Each talon,

He crook'd his claws, and by the lug,
 Though fast asleep, he held a jug,
 That might contain of liquor snug
 A gallon:

But, as he nods in brawny state,
 The very candle, which of late,
 His pipe had kindled, by sad fate,
 And sudden,

Invades his wig, that hung a-wry;
 Such blazes round his temples fly,
 As if his noddle, by the bye,
 Were wooden.

Lo! Denison, in panic-dread,
 At such a flaming beacon-head,
 Look'd pale, to see it look so red,
 And horrid;

Yet fellow-feeling for Noncon,
 He seiz'd the chamber-pot anon,
 And dash'd a deluge full upon
 His forehead.

So, when of old the Trojan 'squire
 Was typify'd with flames, the fire
 Mistook the visionary fire
 For true light;

His watermen, a trusty rout,
 Amaz'd, and trembling all about,
 Apply'd their engines to put out
 The new-light.

This antidote, in time apply'd,
 Preserv'd of all, that was unfry'd,
 The head, and half the wig beside,
 Worth seeking:

Whereat the patient with surprise
 Unlocks the shutters of his eyes,
 And, what's the matter, gravely cries,
 All reeking:

But, when he found, with choler big,
The singeing (as it were of pig)
That had befallen to his wig

Anointed,

It made him frantic with vexation,
'Till Denison with wise oration
Assur'd him, so predestination

Appointed.

Quoth he, your folly makes me blush,
Your losses are not worth a rush,
Consider Moses, and the bush ;

Continue

To ponder on that type aright,
And eke the blazings of this night,
As only shadows of the light

Within you.

Says Mackaway, I'm very sorry,
(And so says Jemmy B——) for ye ;
But you have had your Purgatory,

In Ordeal:

'Twas well you happen'd, Sir, to wake—
One bumper some amends may make,
Then for your consolation take

This cordial :

Not

Not Robinson with all his art,
Nor Doctor Fergus could impart
A better to revive your heart

With gladness.

But, fam'd for breeding through the city,
Says C——, who would be witty,
When he should rather shew his pity

In sadness,

The wig, if properly convey'd,
A pack of Barristers may lead,
Yet from combustion could not plead

Exemption :

Were I to chuse, I should be fond
Of such a wig — but don't despond,
Although the tail be dock'd beyond

Redemption.

But B—— went, and from a stock
Of wigs, that over-aw'd his flock,
Compleatly thatch'd his pye-bald block

Canonically.

It seem'd to sooth his inward man;
He wip'd his face, and so began
To join among the jovial clan

Harmonically.

Then

Then Farmer Lyndon, who had long
Remain'd a mute among the throng,
Propos'd to cherish with a song

Our wizard:

He grimly smil'd a ghastly grin,
But groan'd as for some deadly sin;
For still the wig was sticking in

His gizard.

Profuse of hospitable glee,
Then B—— bid him jolly be,
And tofs his bumper off, but he

Sat mum for't.

The friendly Farmer, to be brief,
Observing, that he was in grief,
Resolv'd to give him some relief,

And comfort:

Ah! Mr. Oaf, you little know,
What honest Farmers undergo,
I wish you pass'd a year or so

On tillage:

But thank your planet, you have made
A fortune by your city-trade,
And now possess, in quiet laid,

Your village:

Your

Your wife with small expence can make,
A shirt, or pudding: let us take
The parish round, and who can bake,
Or brew so?

On winter evenings you regale
Your honest heart with toast and ale,
Then smoke your pipe, or tell a tale
From Crusoe:

In spring, or summer, at your ease,
You feast on bacon, beans, and pease:
The pullet, kid, or pig, to please
Your mind, falls.

At Michaelmas on geese you dine,
Pluck mellow pears, and pippins fine,
And treat your friends, or fatten swine,
With windfalls.

Your time's in daily pleasure spent,
Your houses yield you ten per cent,
While we can hardly clear our rent,
By labour:

You could not bear it for your blood;
Nor would I have it understood,
I speak in envy to so good
A neighbour.

But

But, while we sweat, you take a nap on
 Your elbow-chair, with woolen cap on,
 Nor care a straw for what may happen
 To-morrow.

What though your periwig be lost?
 The best of men are often cross'd;
 And much I suffer to my cost
 And sorrow.

The rats, a vermin, which you scorn,
 Have eat me half a rick of corn,
 And I have lost this very morn
 A black ewe-lamb:

Yet, like a trusty Trojan true,
 I fairly fill my glass with you,
 And here you see me drink su-
 per-naculum.

He said, and quaff'd the brimmer ample,
 Wise Oaf, who lik'd the ruddy sample,
 Forgot his wig, and took example
 Full stoutly.

Grave Denison (you may conjecture)
 With bowels yearning for the nectar,
 Would practise such a wholesome lecture
 Devoutly.

Cries

Cries B— —d, I am very dry;
 Says B— —, fill your glasses high;
 And, D— —n, give your toast — quoth I,

But B— —d, in his thirsty rage,
 Attack'd a jug of liquor sage,
 And empty'd it, although the guage

This challenge never could retard
 The Captain, staring B--df--d-ward,
 Who sat undaunted on his guard,
 Or wine post:

Nor would he leave him much to brag on;
 For off at once he drain'd a flaggon,
 As fierce, as any flying dragon
 On sign-post.

Quoth Denison, this emulation
 Is very wicked in potation,
 I pray thee give us toleration,
 Kind Vicar:

Of drinking I could never boast,
 Nor should exceed, for any toast,
 The half of half a quart, at most,
 Of liquor.

Quoth Mackaway, let none submit

To such a scanty sufficit;

I wonder, how it makes your wit

So pleasant.

At least repeat the simple potion,

And, if you sicken by the lotion,

My service is at your devotion,

Here present :

Sir, if it misses, let me pass

In phyfic for an errant ass,

You need not fear the least disas-

ter from it.

Your water-drinkers are phrenetic,

Good claret is a diuretic,

Besides the very best emetic,

Or vomit.

This balm of Bards, and Rhetoricians,

Exceeds the spells of Drug-magicians,

And dry prescriptions of Physicians

Fantastic.

This causes gentle perspiration,

The spirits keeps in agitation,

And gives the blood a circulation

Elastic.

This

This generates nutritious chyle,
 And dissipates the sooty bile,
 Purging from fluids pure the vile,

And mucous :

Hence courage to your heart of grace
 Reverts in pudding-time a-pace,
 Wit to your head, and to your face

Its fucus.

If from your stomach you would rout
 Its mortal enemy the gout,
 Digest your dumpling, and redoubt

Your cutis ;

If you should happen to be sick, Sir,
 Or want for shaking hand a fixer,
 Let this become your grand elixir

Salutis.

Well said, quoth B— —, learned Doctor,
 And I depute you to pernoct here,
 My trusty, well beloved, Proctor,

And Cousin.

Agreed, replies the good Physician,
 Then bring (to open my commission)
 Some bottles, bring with expedition

A dozen.

Says Oaf, who rather thought it small,
To judge him by his inward call,
That quantity will set us all

To slumber.

But C——e's wit began to bubble,
Says he, to save a second trouble,
Be provident, and fairly double

The number.

Jack B——t not a word could utter,
Nor E——s hawk, nor H——n sputter,
Yet B——d lovingly would stutter,

And hickup:

Kind Ca-ca-captain, you shall skink,
I love you by this go-good drink——
Bri-bring do-dozens (though we sink)

Quick, quick, up.

The liquor came, and well I ken it,
For I was sick to that day se'nnight,
When lurking L——n, and Jack B——t, law

Who roundly

Had cramm'd their bellies with fat pullets,
Hot apple-pies, and pickled mullets,
Display'd the virtues of their gullets

Profoundly.

The

The thirst of glory fir'd their blood,
 To challenge even Captain C—,
 Who drank, while drinking could be good,
 And longer.

Quoth Maurice, E—s is half dead —
 I wish the Captain were a-bed,
 And B— —d with him, or his head
 Were stronger.

Quoth B— —d, who began to wrench,
 Ca-carry me to yon' Be-bench;
 For I have ha-ha-had my drench,
 You all see.

Quoth C— —e, who was over-shotten,
 My throttle, yet as dry, as cotton,
 Could tipple, but my hand has gotten
 The palsy.

Quoth Crab, good fellowship instilling,
 Assist him, neighbours, in his filling,
 The flesh is weak, but spirit willing,
 And ready.

Says C——n, you do much wrong,
 To keep us toping here so long,
 Besides the wine is very strong,
 And heady.

Quoth

Quoth Father Fegan, bey mey hand,
 Dhe glash ish drunk, and can nat shtand,
 But bey dhe bautle I will shcand,

Ad metrum :

Laudate Dominum : potabo ;
 Et de profundish hic clamabo ;
 Tit-titubash, tit-titubabo

Par Petrum.

Then Oaf, whose eyes began to stare
 At Fegan with tremendous glare,
 Back tumbled from his elbow-chair

Of wicker :

He deeply groan'd, "I'm very ill !
 " Good Christians, help, and try your skill
 " To lift my carcase, or I spill
 " My liquor."

Our hands aboard, a pretty number,
 As willing all to disencumber
 The floor, upheav'd the living lumber

Of finner.

And for the labour, which we bore,
 The social 'squire of N—
 Invites the company at four

To dinner.

We

We quaff'd the stars out, one by one,
And lighted up the jolly fun,
So that to bed we well might run.

Quoth Denison,
Your bottles cork, your barrels peg,
Long may the Parson shake his leg,
Nor want good-living, nor the Beg-
gar's benison.

THE END.

PARSONS 72
CANT. III
We quaff'd the stars out, one by one,
And lighted up the jolly fun,
So that to bed we well might run.
Your bottles cork, your barrels peg,
Long may the Parson shake his leg,
Not want good living, nor the Parson
A gar's denison.

PUBLICOLA:

POEM.

Qui didicit Patriæ quid debeat, et quid amicis.

HOR.

HOW blest'd is good Publicola, who tends
The means of riches, for the noblest ends;
The world well knowing, by the wise approv'd,
Priz'd by the worst, and by the best belov'd!

Far

Far from the noisy, servile, crowd retires,
 Yet still pursues what common-weal requires.
 Through all the series of his time, no void
 Inglorious rolls, no portion misemploy'd:
 Survey the circle of his life, each part
 Beams from the center of a godlike heart.
 As undeceiving, undeceiv'd he pries
 Quick through the knave's and parasite's disguise;
 Nor less indignant of the mean and proud,
 Explores true merit through the sablest cloud.
 Prompt are his hands, and anxious is his breast
 To counsel, soothe, and succour the distress'd.
 His converse flowing from a gentle mind,
 And humour, temper'd with a taste refin'd,
 A rich repast for Attic ears afford,
 And dignify the hospitable board.

LORD of himself, and more than Prince at home,
 He bids the vain for gilded honours roam,
 In guilty courts to prostitute their shame,
 And barter Freedom for an empty name,
 Spend half of more than half mis-spent estates,
 To sit in senate, and perplex debates,

His

Grant votes of licence to the regnant peer,
 As if the mines of Mexico were here;
 Torment their tenants into double rent,
 And, when the whole of half their half is spent,
 Run on in debt, and strut about in lace,
 In hopes to gain a pension, or a place.
 They buzz, and glitter with a borrow'd ray,
 The maggot insects of a summer's day:
 While conscious worth disdains the mock parade,
 And shines with native lustre in the shade:
 There calm Publicola devotes his days
 To man's advantage, and his Maker's praise.

He plans the dome, the pillar'd pomp designs,
 Spreads rural taste, and, as he spreads, refines.
 He bids the garden terraces extend

Their levell'd walks, and prospect hills ascend;

While through the mazes of the sweet parterres

Art gaily sports, and regularly errs;

With various charms deludes our wand'ring eyes,

And makes fair order from confusion rise.

Here nature long appear'd a barren wild:

He said, "be fruitful," and the desert smil'd.

His

VOL. II.

I

GRANT

Where oozy fens, and wither'd heath were seen,
 See fair canals, and plats of living green!
 Where horrid brambles fring'd their mossy beds,
 Majestic forests wave their branchy heads.
 Inform'd by him, the many-figur'd trees
 Exclude the sun, or catch the cooling breeze,
 Arch the thick bow'r with interwoven shade,
 The vifto stretch, or round the colonade,
 His happy cares the vernal blooms unfold,
 And autumn paint with vegetable gold:
 Nor less the tracks of distant glebe confess
 His genial aid, and triumph in his drefs.

HERE bleating flocks with fleecy sable stain,
 Or blanch with snowy white the verdant plain.
 There lowing herds in gay disorder pafs,
 Frisk through the meads, and crop the verdant grafs.
 With horny hoofs the neighing courfers bound
 Swift o'er the printed fod, and shake the solid ground;
 While yellow fields, undisciplin'd before,
 Maturely teem with life-preserving store.
 Hence blessings flow (what greater could be sent?)
 Joy to the Lord, and to the swain content:
 Hence manly labour wide diffuses round
 Unphyfick'd health, and peace, with plenty crown'd.

NOR hath his genius, with paternal toil,
 Reclaim'd alone the temper of the soil:
 Rude were the men: he brav'd the savage storm,
 And fil'd their manners into social form;
 From honest gain purg'd avaricious rust,
 And made them happy, for he made them just.

PRECEPTS in vain are often preach'd and penn'd,
 And laws may punish whom they cannot mend;
 But active virtue keeps the world in awe,
 And is to others, as itself, a law.

So sung Alexis, and, with rapture stung,
 Friend A--m--r listen'd, as the Poet sung:
 However virtue be depress'd, he cry'd,
 And honest arts, and industry subside;
 However vices in a torrent flow,
 Commerce be cramp'd, and public credit low,
 The deeds of good Publicola might raise
 A sense of honour, and a thirst for praise.
 A few such heroes, if I right presage,
 Might bless our isle, and plant a golden age.
 But in what soil, Alexis, may we find
 This foe to fraud, this lover of his kind?

Him

Him should I strive to copy without flaw,
But ne'er can trace him by the lines you draw.
The Bard replies, it is a common case
In pictures either of the mind or face.
In vain I should portray the lengthen'd ears
Of venal Commons, and ignoble peers:
I hold my mirror; yet no jobbing knave,
Sink but the name, observes himself a slave.
An ape is ravish'd to behold an ass,
Nor notes himself, though grinning in my glass.
A mitred hog confronts himself in lawn;
Then smiling adds — for whom has it been drawn?
Among the various ranks, expos'd to view,
The many vicious, or the virtuous few,
Through self-distrust, or self-opinion blind,
Not one his own similitude can find.
Though warm'd by love, by truth inspir'd, I paint
Publicola, my colours are but faint:
But, were they glowing, as the life we see
The piece had been a mystery to thee.

EPITOLA

COMITEM DE C.

AUCTUS agris per te genium regalibus ultro,
(Qui patrios late campos, populumque paterno
Præsidio lætum, et placida ditione beasti)

Unde

In what a state of rapture can I roll
The quick sensation glazes
That deeply move my soul
Within the volume of my mind
Ur non majores memini sub N

What store of envy, or applause pursues
Thy princely bosom
Is doubtful: certain is my faithful heart
To persevere
Let approbation crown thy name
Or malice breathe to blast my name
All chances I despise
For such sweet friendship
I matter not the matter
Nor

Nec stimulos scire duci sub melle recuso.
Should I be loud, or boast in praise
Hence **E A R L** of **C** --- --- --- **D**.

Thence wild career, an altar, an altar
Yet rather light, and cypher
Hinc rapit ambitio. Vano levius inter habet.

ENDOW'D by thee with royal tracks of land,
The free donation of thy genial hand,
(That parent hand, which bore Hibernia's reins,
And cheer'd her happy sons, and bless'd her ample plains)
In

Unde tibi possim dignas effundere grates?
Carminibus quibus? ingenii quo flumine tantas,
Ut non majores memori sub corde supersint?

INVIDIÆNE tuis, an plus accrevit honoris,
Muneribus dubium; fido non defore certum est
Officio, seu laude ferar, seu forte maligno
Dente petar, cunctos casus obiturus amœnam
Propter amicitiam, generosum propter amorem.
Hac mihi lege labor nullus gravis, aut mihi durus,
Nec stimulos acres dulci sub melle recuso.

Te canat, an fileat? premit hinc oblivio vatem,
Hinc rapit ambitio. Vanos levis inter haberi,
Quam niger ingratos malit, ni sapius istis,
Quas numeris ornare velim, virtutibus obfim;

In what a tide of rapture can I roll
The quick sensations of a grateful soul?
That deeply more may not remain impress'd
Within the volume of my brooding breast.

WHAT store of envy, or applause pursues
Thy princely bounties to an humble Muse
Is doubtful: certain is my faithful heart
To persevere, and act the pious part.
Let approbation crown my rising name,
Or malice breathe, to blast my fairer fame,
All chances I despise, and soar above,
For such sweet friendship, such exalted love:
I matter not the rancour they may bring,
Nor, for the honey, would avoid the sting.

SHOULD I be loud, or silent in thy praise,
Hence base oblivion shrouds the Poet's bays;
Thence wild conceit intoxicates his brain:
Yet rather light, and cypher'd with the vain
He would appear, and bear the critic jibe,
Than black be number'd with th' ungrateful tribe,
Unless he might dishonour with his praise,
And sink those virtues, which he meant to raise;

Aut non tam veteris videat meminisse favoris,
Quam sperare novum. Sed quid sperare, quod æque
Et prudens roget, et St-nh-p-s concedat honeste,
Non liceat? mihi summa peto, dum posco sodali
Non, quas vulgus opes, et honores turba clientum
Miratrix; nec enim tanti sit gratia regum
A-m-ro, nec, quod contingat cuilibet, optat;
Sed quod verus honor mandat, quod mascula virtus
Concitat, et ratio selegerit, atque probarit.

INDE fit, ut, qui jam præceptis pectus amicis
Muniit, haud ullis addictum partibus, hospes
Se velit esse tibi propiorem, quem procul omnes
Suspiciunt, paucisque sequi per lubrica vitæ,
Publica privatis hecquentem commoda, fas est.

DENIQUE

Or seem to have no other points in view
From antient favours, than to hope for new.

BUT what, my Lord, to give ambition scope,
May not my pride from your indulgence hope,
That prudence can entreat with modest face,
Or St-nh-pe grant with dignity and grace?
Thy Poet, panting for the noblest end,
Sues for himself in suing for his friend,
Not sordid riches, which the mean require,
Or gilded honours, which the proud admire;
For A--m--r neither would esteem the state,
And smiles of monarchs, at so high a rate,
Nor languishes for what may fall, as due,
To John O Nokes, as well as him, or you;
But what true worth, what manly virtue moves,
And prompts, as reason chuses, and approves.

It happens hence, that he, by merit charm'd,
Whose bosom glows with social maxims arm'd,
Bound to no party, wishes to be free,
And therefore wishes to be near to thee,
Whom distant all revere, and seek apace,
But few can follow through the lubric race
Of mazy life, connecting, as they should,
Their private welfare, and the public good.

DENIQUE, pro meritis in se non immemor altis,
 Hunc tibi Musa virum tradit: tu, carminis auspex,
 Pierii tutela Laris, Citharæque facultas,
 Has pietatis opes, mercedem fuscipe dignam
 Te, Laribusque tuis. Hunc experiere fidelem,
 Artubus insanum, votis animoque valentem,
 Pergratumque, licet surdis minus auribus aptum,
 Cujus vita domi vestrae non absona vitæ,
 Et nivei mores respondent moribus almīs.

A N

SUCH is the man, and such the Muse at last
 Presents in duty for thy graces past :
 And thou, bright leader of the tuneful throng,
 The guardian, guide, and genius of my song!
 This living treasure, willing tribute, deem
 Well worth acceptance, and thy fair esteem.
 Him in his limbs enervate thou shalt find,
 A very Sampson in his heart, and mind,
 Though less adapted for distemper'd ears,
 A rare companion for the prime of Peers,
 Whose life, compos'd to harmony divine,
 And candid morals correspond with thine.

A N
E P I S T L E
T O T H E
E A R L of C - - - - D.

MY LORD,

YOUR fast friend, trusty correspondent, and faithful ally, the Prince of Printers, Archibibliopolist, Intelligencer-general, and General Advertiser of the kingdom of Ireland, having lately discovered, that I had not for many months addressed your Lordship by letter, or otherwise, with a very grave face and composed countenance, but with a fervor and tartness of style, unwont to flow from the dispassionate tongue of his most Serene Highness, called me roundly to task, and expressed his august indignation, and royal resentment. What, said he, was it for this, that We brought thy labours from the darkness of thy closet into our shop, and clothed thy naked, and neglected name with legible respect, and titular dignity? what apartment from the base to the summit of our Palladian palace hath not been open for thy reception, and furnished for thy residence? when was our oval table unspread for thy repast? when was Our big-bellied bottle withheld from thy lips? hast thou not sat down in Our presence, even on our right hand, while Poets have stood in waiting? and have We not in familiar-wise conversed with thee, while We have only nodded unto Critics?

THOU

THOU hast been both an ear and an eye-witness of that perfect union and harmony, that reciprocal respect and confidence, which ever subsisted between Us and his Excellency, during the course of his administration and government here. We concerted our measures, planned our schemes, calculated our projects, and co-operated for the reformation, improvement, and enrichment of this poor, miserable, and infatuated nation.

WAS he strenuous and active in supporting the rights and freedom of the Subject? and were we not as vigilant, and indefatigable in asserting the liberties, and properties of the Press?

WE have ever looked on Parliaments with profound veneration, and he, however tenacious of the regal prerogative, would by no means infringe on their privileges. He revered their unanimous and steady proceedings and seconded their wise and salutary resolutions. Their loyal, and national addresses were always grateful to his ears. Nor were they deaf to our candid and cordial remonstrances. In a word, our and their journals were just and equal objects of his attention and admiration.

HE was an avowed and irreconcilable enemy to venality, jobs, and corruption, which must unhinge our government, crush our state, and subvert our constitution. And were we not as loud and ardent in exclaiming against projecting pent-houses, cobblers bulks, and street-invading cellars, rotten walls, ruinous roofs, and other notorious nuisances, which disgrace our police, and may probably terminate in the confusion, mutilation, and downright destruction of our worthy fellow-citizens?

NO temptation could seduce his Excellency from the paths of honour and virtue; nothing, but merit, could bribe his favour: nor can we be taxed with any prostitution, save that of pure, neat, and fair bodies of divinity, politics, and poetry. To be brief, the *reason*, and the *justice*, which shone through all his words and actions, are, as we may say, the distinguishing characteristics of our manifold Editions; and, if to the beautiful and excellent we superadd the *utility* or *lucrative*,
tive,

tive, it may, with submission to his Excellency, be considered not an improper appendix, without which would follow the woful FINIS indeed, an end of all book-sellers, books, and book-makers.

NOTWITHSTANDING his Excellency's great candour, condescension, and affability, yet had he, what you may stile his Arcana Regni, mysteries of government, which are not absurdly typified under that oracular mantle of dimness, and ambiguity, spread over the letter, and spirit of our politics, which to vulgar eyes appear an indigested group of mishapen monsters; but, to persons, admitted into the secret, present most regular, and beautiful systems, reflected on the walls of our Camera Obscura.

It is universally granted, that his Excellency, like the middle term of a syllogism, had a wonderful knack of uniting extremes, and reconciling antipathies, that, during the late unnatural (*a*) rebellion, he cemented Protestants of all denominations, and untaught Papists their political creeds, without shutting up their mass-houses, or persecuting their priests, insomuch, that there was no leading into captivity, no murmuring in our streets: nay, that he made the trumpeters of sedition ambassadors of peace, and the tools of parties instruments of patriotism: and, were we dead, or dormant on that critical occasion? did not our labouring press groan with liberty, and our pregnant types teem with loyalty? were not our hawking heralds, whom you would stile, CRYING EVILS, the messengers of good tidings, and our very Devils the ministers of good works?

THE wisest laws without promulgation are of no force or effect, and the best principles, if not propagated, are as hidden treasures: wherefore we stood up, and shone forth: we were not only the reservoir, but also the conduit of sound precepts, and wholesome admonitions. As the heart receiveth the blood from the veins, and returneth it by various arteries to the several members, by which means it sustaineth the body natural: in like manner did we support the body politic, by receiving a multitude of zealous and animated addresses, and exhortations from

(*a*) In the Year 1745.

the

the hands of Prelates, and Heads of Corporations, which we maturely diffused through the sundry quarters of this kingdom, not to mention the many well affected paragraphs, composed by ourself, which, together with his Excellency's admirable speeches, might, and should stand impressed on royal, and pro-patria paper, as indelible monuments of our truly constitutional spirit.

THUS have we mutually served our king and country; for, although England, in the contracted sense of the word, may be termed his native soil, yet should we deem Ireland his also; since he hath made it such by his benefits: and perhaps future annals may tell, not only how much old Ireland, but also Great-Britain hath been indebted to LITTLE GEORGE FAULKNER.

WHILE his Excellency resided Ambassador in Holland, he was beloved to such a degree by the Dutch, that they looked upon him as a real Batavian, in spite of his wit: and, should we migrate thither, we should become another Elzevir, if not Hogan Mogan; nor doubt we, but there would be as great dissention among the Seven United Provinces for the honour of our nativity hereafter, as formerly there was among the seven cities of Greece for the birth of Homer.

THE parallel may yet be farther extended between us and his Excellency; we were both nursed, as it were, in the bosom of Pallas, dandled by the Muses, and educated among the sons of Phœbus. These have been the play-fellows of our youth, and are still the companions of our age, to whom we have so far addicted ourselves, that we frequently fly from the petulance of the dead living to the conversation of the living dead. These are his entertainments and amusements, and are our business and livelihood. We tread upon classic ground, and in respect of literature, the sole essential difference between us and him seemeth to be this, that the bulk of our erudition is confined to the local dimensions of our shop, whereas, he carrieth about in himself a library.

HE, although possessed of such eminent abilities, never looked down with contempt on men of inferior talents, but rather encouraged their honest ambition, and cherished their laudable attempts: and we, whom you will acknowledge to be full as great an original in our province, have been ever fond of adopting good copies, and making them in a manner our own children by regeneration.

CASTOR and Pollux could only shine alternately, but we rose together, as two primary planets, on this hemisphere; and such authors, as discovered any sparks of genius, were our satellites. These we distinguished; these he preferred, and among such wast thou rated, and promoted: but thou hast been a meteor, which, being raised to a certain altitude, blazeth for a moment, and then vanisheth.

MUST our faithful types, which gave birth to thy first essays, and are still ready to perform their obstetric office, be now treated as insignificant, and dead letters? must that Hibernian harp, which the hand of C——d new-strung with silver wires, rust in dumb suspense? and can we hope, that thou wilt regard us, when thou neglectest him? or, that thou wilt remember the founder of thy fame, when thou forgettest the fabricator of thy fortune? we had some thoughts——but well, no matter——we shall be more cautious and frugal in recommending folks for the future. Necessity, we find, is the mother of invention, and to speak our sentiments more explicitly, ministers of state, and masters of the literary mint should treat their authors, as the grand monarch doth his noblesse; that is, puff them up with pompous titles, but at the same time keep them poor, in order to render them dependent. They should lead them through the wilderness of distress to the very top of Parnassus, and, having fed them with airy hopes, and given them a distant prospect of the land of Promise, leave them there to perish, like the Patriarch on Pisgah.

WE should, in short, manage our Poets, as prudent Farmers do their mules, which are excellent beasts of burden, while inured to daily labour, and hard feeding; but, when turned to clover, and suffered to rest for any time, become vicious and intractable.

THIS charge, however harsh and severe, was too well grounded, to be refuted; wherefore, instead of offering any formal defence, or plausible excuse, I confessed the justice of his accusation with an humble acknowledgment of my fault, and obtained his gracious pardon, on condition, I would make an immediate and ample atonement, to which I readily submitted.

THIS

WE shall not, said his Highness, aggravate your sins of omission, but rather bury your past silence in oblivion. Our poetical harvests have indeed for many years been very thin; yet would we not appear extravagant in our demands; but thou hast lain so long fallow, that we may now well expect a double crop, which, considering the present general dearth of wit, we should husband to the best advantage; that is, distribute for the benefit and relief of the public, with some grains of allowance for our own private œconomy.

It is altogether unnecessary to give you particular instructions, whether you lament our LAWSON, or applaud your C——D: you cannot be too witty, humorous, and jocular to the latter; nor too sad, serious, and solemn on the former.

WHAT then, replied I, must I write a tragi-comedy? by no means, rejoined he, such theatrical monsters are intolerable. We must have two distinct panegyrics. You will find room enough besides, for by-compliments to persons at the helm of affairs, and whatever you may sing, or say concerning ourself by way of allusion, or comparison, shall neither be cast into a corner, nor put under a bushel.

MOREOVER we see no reason, why you should exclude yourself on this occasion: the same vehicle, which bore the hero, carried the charioteer, and Homer celebrates them both together: and, why may not the patron, and the poet be contained in the same composition?

A poor modern panegyrist, born under Mercury, who was the God of eloquence and felony, shall display the whole armament of his rhetoric, and strip a dozen dead heroes of their dedicated habiliments, to dizen, and furbish up one living lump of nobility: yet, after the loss of all his labour and oil, although he should hunger, and thirst ever so much after applause from his readers and hearers, he may gape in vain; wherefore, in the distribution of his eleemosynary doles to such, as lack them, he should maturely consider his own necessities.

To set one's own merits in their proper light, however it may be deemed arrogance and conceit by the censorious and envious, is but a piece of personal, and poetical justice, as we could evidently prove from an illustrious roll of immortal antients, and a cloud of indisputable authorities within the weekly bills of mortality.

By this commendable self-commending quality several materials points are attained.

In the first place you pre-arm, and counterbalance yourself against the dispraises of your enemies.

In the second you save your friends the trouble of pleading your cause.

In the third you shew yourself a man of sincerity, truth and candour, in expressing the real sentiments of your very soul.

AND, in the fourth and last, you prevent all jealousy, which is the bane of all domestic happiness, inasmuch as you may love, and admire yourself without a rival.

BUT why should we longer delay thee by digressions from the main scope of our discourse? time is on the wing, a bird of passage, which, like Noah's raven, goeth forth, and returneth not, and, perhaps, while we speak, an entire distich, or half a simile may be lost. Go then, garret thyself up, and, as the weather proveth foul, or fair, exert thy ludicrous, or melancholy talents.

I WENT, as bidden, and have now been above two months considering, and re-considering, what I should, or should not, write on subjects of such diversity, when, behold! the good master, mine host, hath drawn up his bill of fare, and invited a crowd of guests, before his unfortunate caterer and cook could prepare, or even procure one morsel for their entertainment. They come, no doubt, with keen appetites: but, by the time I shall have performed my part, they will have little relish for the first or second course. To speak plainly, my Lord, his most

Serene

Serene Highness hath had the start of my Pegasus, and alarmed to the world, I mean his world of readers, that I have something new to communicate through his hands to your Lordship.

AND, as his word vagrant, like the given promise of Homer's Jupiter, or volatile Hermes, escaping through the rifted alembic of some sage, and sooty chemist, is not now to be recalled by him, much less not obeyed by his humble scribe, some extraordinary productions will, of course, be forthwith expected, to the no small emolument of the publisher, the credit of his author, the honour of your Lordship, and edification of the public.

His repeated and solemn asseverations, his plighted and inviolable faith, his letters patent and circular, his printed manifestoes, authentic declarations, and categorical resolutions are, as I may say, the several infallible prognostics, and hopeful harbingers of these big, and important advantages in succession: as vapours, flying from the surface of lakes, antedate future clouds in the skies; clouds frequently presage, and brood lightning; lightning fore-runs thunder; thunder showers; and showers bespeak a plentiful harvest.

BUT, alas! how will the sanguine hopes and expectations of the parties premised be rendered totally null and void, when the bellowing tribe of meagre Bards, and lank critics, like Pharaoh's ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine, eat up my best featured and fairest offspring! what can be wrought, and finished with nicer art and ingenuity, than Arachne's lawn, suspended to the sublime cieling of a spacious hall, as it were beyond the reach of inferior accidents? when, lo! some vile, unthrifty chamber-maid cometh with her anti-christian Popes-head-brush, and sweepeth down the weaver and her web together.

SUCH, I fear will become the downfall and undoing of these my lofty lucubrations, disconcerted, and broken by the callous and clumsy hands of wittlings, and word-catchers, who from damned poetry have turned their heads to foul criticism, as folks convert their cast coach-horses to dung-carts.

THE small critics, although they never enrich themselves by prizes, are ever more at war with all adventurers in the fluctuating commodities of poetry, and yet lower their top-sails to your flag: wherefore I would implore your pass-port against the merciless captures, and illegal depredations of these piratical privateers.

It was the fond opinion of Doctor Swift, that a few men of genius united might rout the whole herd of dunces, and carry all things before them, which conclusion seemeth to have been drawn from the successful practice of Virgil, Varius, and Horace, whose common interests were embarked on the same broad bottom: and, verily, the poetical commerce might still be better maintained, and carried on by mutual, good correspondence, and bills of exchange.

As your Lordship's original fund disdains all partnership, so will it not admit of any competition. Yet, will not your generosity suffer you to become a monopolist, but rather an encourager of honest enterprizers, whose capital stock might otherwise but ill support their paper-credit.

WHEN I first launched out into the South-seas of bubble-fame, Doctor Swift was graciously pleased to direct my course by his charts, and accept some of my draughts; by which means I avoided many rocks and shallows, in exporting my home-spun-manufactures; and, although my dealings were not extensive, yet my returns were sufficient to keep my head employed, and my hands at work; and, as I never encroached on the craft of my neighbours, nor dealt in ill-wrought or contraband goods, I maintained the character of an industrious fair trader.

BUT, since I have lost the great Drapier's counter-security, and weight of authority, my little bark will, I fear, be set a-drift without ballast, and my notes protested by the public, unless your Lordship's indulgence vouchsafe to honour them with your acceptance.—*Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.*

THE same patriot principles, which influenced the whole tenour of his life, display themselves through all your actions; and those peculiar talents of wit and humour, in which his imitators are but remote followers, are congenial in your Lordship.

My personal obligations to him were such, that I must ever love, and reverence his memory; for he was not more zealous to raise my reputation, than solicitous to promote my fortune; and it hath been my singular happiness to have been, as it were after a providential manner, entailed on his co-equal in capacity, but superior in power.

OVID informeth us, that Memnon's effigies uttered harmonious notes, when smitten by the rays of the sun; and, I may say, without a fiction, that my Muse had remained as dumb, as ordinary statues, had she not felt my Lord C——d's influence; inasmuch, that she might well ascribe to him, what Horace hath attributed to Melpomene.—

Quod spiro, et placeo, si placeo, tuum est.

That yet I breathe is only thine,

And please, if haply please, thy gift benign.

AND here I cannot forbear from breaking out into Virgil's rapture.—

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,

Nulla Dies unquam memori vis eximet ævo.

Hail, happy pair! if aught avail my lays,

No distant day shall ever blot your praise.

IN the next degree to these indispensable obligations, and bonds of duty to benefactors, which, if not duly discharged, must ever stand in judgment against us, are those voluntary tributes, those debts of honour, which we render to men merely for their own worth and excellence. These necessarily beget admiration and esteem; and admiration and esteem are the natural parents of approbation and applause. This admiration, and this esteem, like involuntary pulsations of the blood-vessels, are often excited in the very hearts of inveterate enemies, and this approbation and applause, at intervals extorted, although not without some shock, even from the tongues of rank envy, like ætherial flame from the grossest bodies electrified.

THESE are universal and perpetual revenues, which your Lordship may well expect, not only from the natives of England and Ireland, but from all nations, and all ages, undebased with barbarism, undegraded with inhumanity. You will, you must remain recorded to latest posterity, and shine among those worthies, who have, as it were, invested themselves with immortality, by blessing, and adorning their species.

Quique pii vates et Phæbo digna locuti,

Inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,

Quique sui memores alios fecere merendo. VIRG.

Such pious Poets, as by Pœan sung,
In strains well worthy of the God have sung,
Or scienc'd sages, whose exalted parts
Have life embellish'd with invented arts,
And god-like patriots, who have deep-impres'd
Their deathless deeds on every good-man's breast.

IN this pre-eminent class I may with justice and propriety, rank the late Doctor Lawson: he hath a collateral right to participate these honours with your Lordship; and, I am persuaded, your modesty will receive no small relief in turning your eyes from your own eulogies to his obsequies.

It

It was my peculiar happiness to have lived, and conversed with him for the course of many years, under the most familiar and unreserved degrees of intimacy, not without those mutual attachments, which unite persons, addicted to the same studies and amusements, and indeed it was impossible to know him well, and at the same time not love, and esteem him thoroughly.

The following poem was principally written at the pressing instances of the worthy gentleman, to whom it is addressed; not to repeat the powerful importunities and positive injunctions of my Friend Faulkner, whose unwearied services to the public, for a long revolution of years, if seriously considered, merit the grateful acknowledgments of all his countrymen, and whose probity, liberality, benevolence, and humanity might reflect no sinister dishonour on the stars and garters of many Right Honourables.

Few men have sufficient patience and temper to be jested with, and see themselves exhibited in a ludicrous light: yet Socrates, the wittiest, the best, and wisest of uninspired mortals, could behold the farce of Aristophanes, without the least resentment, or confusion of countenance. Such is our Prince of Printers; and, as his good-humour would not scruple to publish the raillery, relative to himself, in the former part of this epistle, I hope, his modesty will be the less offended at this favourable, but honest representation of his real character. Your Lordship knoweth him well, and will therefore pardon the loose impropriety, for the strict justice of this digression.

BUT, to return to Dr. LAWSON.—I should judge all encomiums unnecessary to recommend his Merits, nor should I now venture to display them, had I not found his Writings, and Abilities decry'd, and vilified by the tongues, and pens of profound pedants, and shallow critics.

THESE noxious animals haunt, and persecute his remains, brooding, and fluttering over his little Inaccuracies, like bats (which are but a flying species of vermin) nestling in, and hovering over the crannies of consecrated churches, and Religion's advocate, and Virtue's friend.

like ill-boding owls, in their hideous vespers hooting over the monumental repositories of the dead, to the great annoyance of the living.

WHEREFORE I think it high time to vindicate, and assert the reputation of an author, whose life and actions were dedicated to the service of his Creator, and the benefit of his fellow creatures, and whose death must consequently be lamented by all good men, whose genius reflected honour on our University in particular, and on our nation in general, and whose exquisite lectures, whilst any tincture of literature abideth amongst us, notwithstanding a few lapses, will remain the standard and criterion of sound judgment, masculine stile, and sublime sentiment. But I shall not farther anticipate what may be said of him elsewhere with a better grace; and, for myself, I shall only add, that I am, with all dutiful deference, respect, and gratitude,

My Lord,

Your LORDSHIP'S

most obliged,

and most obedient,

humble Servant,

WILLIAM DUNKIN.

OBSERVICES: AN EULOGUE.

ADDRESSED TO

M-R-G-T-S-N-A-M-R, Esq.

*His saltem accumulatum domus, et fangar inani
Munere*

Vinc.

A-M-R, accept the grateful homage, due
To worth departed, and bewail'd by you,
By you, whom well a Poet may commend,
Religion's advocate, and Virtue's friend,

FROM

Lord

Lord of himself, and of his fortune, born
 To point those precepts, which his life adorn,
 Whose hospitable soul, serenely great,
 Ennobles ease, and dignifies retreat;
 Whose bosom beats, unstudious of applause,
 But big with honour, for his country's cause:
 Hence heave the sighs for learning in decline,
 For drooping arts, for poesy divine,
 And manful eloquence, in LAWSON'S doom,
 Consign'd for ever to the silent tomb.

BUT should he fall? and shall the lonely Muse
 The tuneful tribute of her grief refuse?
 Refuse to him her memorable tears,
 With whom she sported in his tender years?
 While, yet unconscious of himself, he stray'd,
 Unsought, unnotic'd, thro' the pensive shade,
 With wealth unfavour'd, to no lordly line
 Ally'd, but PALLAS, and the sacred NINE,
 She cull'd him out from all the sable crowd
 Of ALMA'S tribes, indignant of the proud,
 The pert, the vain, prefer'd his humble name,
 And woo'd his friendship with a pious flame.

WHEN

WHEN gracious (b) GORE presided at the helm,
 Diffusing blessings through his native realm,
 Awak'd HIBERNIA's harp, inflam'd her Bards
 With rival spirit, and propos'd rewards,
 The youth, auspicious in his first essays,
 Enter'd the liks, and bore away the bays,
 For Latian strains in honour of our king,
 Such strains, as Maro's Muse might deign to sing:
 High was the subject, and as high the song,
 Harmonious, ardent, vehement, and strong,
 The genuine son confess'd the Delphic fire,
 And rag'd with Homer's heat, and Pindar's fire,
 So, when of old, on fam'd Elean plains
 Contending heroes gave the flowing reins,
 And lash'd the foamy steeds, the palm in view,
 While from their eyes the living lightning flew,
 Some princely youth, applauded by the throng,
 Superior drove his dusty car along:
 The fervid wheels impetuous, uncontroll'd,
 Roll'd to the goal, and kindled, as they roll'd.

(b) Sir Ralph Gore, Bart. Speaker of the House of Commons, and one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, who distributed an hundred pounds among such young gentlemen of our University, as produced the best copy of verses on the King's birth-day.

FROM

By

FROM antient authors others by degrees
 Toilsome and slow extract their store, as bees
 Rife the flow'rs, and from their balmy bells
 With dulcet thefts replete their waxen cells.
 But LAWSON had a native fund, immense,
 Pure, and perpetual, as a fountain, whence
 Unnumber'd rivulets irriguous flow,
 To cheer the swains, refresh the vales below,
 And, if he borrow'd any thought, the loan
 Was well repaid with beauties, not its own.
 Whatever hint, whatever sketch he took
 From each approv'd, each venerable book,
 Receiv'd new form, proportion aptly plann'd,
 And light and life from his creative hand,
 Through him, though long inimitable deem'd,
 The great original still greater seem'd.
 (c) So, when the Sun in his meridian way
 Pours from his purple orb the golden day,

(c) These lines are a translation of the following beautiful and sublime passage
 in our author's poem on his present Majesty, in which he compliments him on the
 choice of his ministers.

Aliena etiam virtute decorus:
 Haud secus illustris medio quum Phœbus ab axe
 Purpureo vomit orbe diem; micat æmula pontus,
 Lumina reflectens, auctosque reverberat ignes,
 Splendidiorque suum rursus bibit ille nitorem.

The

The rival ocean with effulgence streams,
 Refunds his glories, and augments his beams:
 He shines aloft more eminently bright,
 And drinks his own reverberated light.

POSSESS'D by Phœbus, and the museful pow'rs,
 He gaily play'd thro' fancy's painted bow'rs,
 Yet, soon revolting from her fairy train,
 He check'd the sallies of his youthful vein,
 To graver studies, deeper thoughts, in quest
 Of fairer knowledge, form'd his pliant breast:
 His growing mind, extended, and unfurl'd
 (d) Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
 Launch'd into regions, whither Newton soar'd,
 Regions by former sages unexplor'd,
 Above the sun, above the starry train,
 Nor devious wander'd through the liquid plain,
 Like Epicurus, buoy'd with bubble-bliss,
 Lost, and bewilder'd in the vast abyss.
 Exploring Nature's universal laws,
 And tracing from effects the distant cause,

(d) ~~Some bound the talents of the free-born Mule~~ Extra
 Processit longe flammantia mœnia mundi.

LUCRET.

By

By reason steering to the port of truth,
 He prov'd the mental manhood of his youth,
 And mix'd, acknowledg'd in these envious days,
 Minerva's ivy with Apollo's bays.

SOME soar to science on ambition's wings,
 And court the goddess for the praise she brings:
 But his incentive was a nobler flame,
 The love of wisdom, not the lust of fame;
 Nor was his mind in speculation deep
 Alone awake, but to the world asleep;
 His active spirit from the moral page
 Transferr'd her part, and practis'd on the stage,
 Thro' scenes as various, as the human face,
 Could still preserve her character with grace,
 And all the shafts of baneful envy foil,
 Calm and serene amidst this mortal coil.
 So some fair vessel, freighted with a store
 Of Indian treasure for the British shore,
 Well mann'd, and rigg'd, a floating forest rides,
 And braves the boist'rous winds, and stems the roaring tides.

SOME hoard the talents of the free-born Muse,
 And heap up learning, which they never use.

But

But LAWSON'S lamp refulgent glory shed,
 Aloft suspended, and by Pallas fed.
 When, with engaging, unaffected air,
 The great Professor grac'd the critic's chair,
 What excellence appear'd in what he taught!
 What weight of argument, extent of thought,
 And energy of stile, sublime, refin'd,
 And simply clear, the mirror of his mind!

NATURE in him had so perform'd her part,
 She left but little for the work of art:
 Yet, art mature, from all the stores of Greece,
 And Rome, adorn'd this finish'd master-piece
 He sat unrival'd on her envy'd throne,
 And ev'ry grace and beauty was his own.
 As choral planets at due distance run,
 Revolving subjects, round the regal fun;
 The younger genii round his orbit, charm'd
 With all his precepts, by his influence warm'd,
 Obsequious mov'd, and in their present night
 Imbibe his fervor, and reflect his light.
 Self-pois'd, attractive with collected force,
 He could inform, and moderate their course;

High as her head celestial Science rears,
 He reign'd the center of their lucid spheres,
 Infusing life and motion through the whole,
 (e) Like his own Plato's universal soul.

(f) As here the sea with lunar tides abounds,
 And overflows the wide-extended grounds,
 But there deserts her former bed, a waste
 Now void of waters, and with ooze defac'd:
 So men in some their opulence display,
 In other arts their penury betray.
 But he could form his vivid works to glow
 With all the colours of the watry bow.
 (g) Vertumnus-like, his genius knew no thrall,
 But wore all habits, and became them all.
 The comic, epic, and the tragic strain
 Through various channels from his happy vein
 Exundant issu'd, as if each had sole
 Receiv'd the copious currents of the whole.

(e) ——— Totamque infusa per artus

Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet. VIRG.

Æn. 6. ——— (f) See Pope's Essay on Criticism.

(g) Talis in æterno felix Vertumnus Olympo,

Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet.

TIBULLUS, lib. 4. Eleg. 2.

No vulgar flame, emotions faint inspire
 The raptur'd Poet, if his Muse of fire
 Æthereal mount, and with delightful change
 Wide through the fields of rare invention range,
 His flying Pegasus keeps equal pace
 With mighty Shakespear's in the magic race.
 In moral vision, if his fancy rove,
 With awful Plato's, through the solemn grove,
 His lively fictions but embellish truth,
 Flush'd with the bloom of never-fading youth:
 The radiant robe, that veils the purer skin,
 Attests the bright divinity within.

NOR Pope, nor Lucian could excel his wit
 In pointed satire, ever sure to hit
 The mark in view, and hitting leave behind
 A lasting ulcer on the victim's mind,
 Had not the flowings of a softer heart
 Restrain'd its rage, and wash'd away the smart.
 His weapon splendid, and from poison pure,
 That gave the wound, could minister the cure,
 Preserving sound from imminent decay,
 By cutting proud and putrid parts away.

HE, far from envy, when a brother shone,
Emblaz'd his merit, but conceal'd his own.
Not prone to dictate with pedantic pride,
A candid critic, and familiar guide,
Like faint-remembering Socrates, of soul,
Tho' clogg'd with clay, yet rapt above the pole,
He led us on insensibly to rise
From humble earth, to scale the lofty skies.
The lowest subject in his hand became
Sublime, enliven'd with his lambent flame,
Promethean flame, deriv'd from heav'nly fire,
And re-ascending to the solar fire.
The Lydian king, pourtray'd in fable dim
By Bards, was but the prototype of him:
Whate'er he touch'd, refin'd from rust and mold,
Was metamorphos'd into classic gold.

BUT, if a critic, with invidious eye,
Should here and there some small defects espy,
Such blemishes, which Homer could not shun,
May well be deem'd, as atoms in the sun,
Few freckles in a face, divinely fair,
Foins to the jewels, which a prince might wear,
Unlabour'd elegance, more apt to please,
And only graceful negligence and ease.

THE mien majestic, foul-expressive air,
And colour'd passions are the master's care :
Due draperies, though niceness they demand,
Are but the province of an under-hand.
Both imitate realities, but claim
Unequal portions of attending fame;
This mimics well the taylor's work express'd,
The flowing mantle, or embroider'd vest :
That soars aloft through bolder paths untrod,
And copies man the master-piece of God.
Such Lawson was; for manly beauties born,
He look'd on little ornaments with scorn.
Yet, when his judgment would reform our schools
From reigning errors with unerring rules,
He bade the Stagyrte, who darken'd lay,
To reptile worms, and baser Goths a prey,
Enrich the West, and beam in British stile,
Fil'd from the rust of commentators vile.
So sage Ulysses, Ithaca's high boast,
By rolling billows on Phœacia's coast
An alien cast, with chilling horror shook,
Death in his eyes, and famine in his look,
Till bright Nausicaa, cheering with her charms,
Array'd with royal robes the man of arms :

His

His heart regal'd with vigour sprang a-new,
And all the hero stood confess'd to view.

IMMORTAL Tully, like a comet rose,
Portentous terror to his country's foes,
And darted radiance from the Roman bar
Widely diffus'd, and propagated far,
Which, recollected through his manly lines,
With double ardor animated shines.

THROUGH the long series of destructive years,
Demosthenes with Attic pomp appears,
Another, and the same; he springs elate,
Fresh from his ruins, and survives his fate:
He breathes in Lawfon, more than mortal speaks,
In volleys, hark! his oral thunder breaks
Refistless—raging with revengeful thirst,
His kindled hearers into heroes burst;
They catch the patriot, and the martial flame,
The same their spirit, and their voice the same,
“(b) Come snatch up arms, repel this Philip, lo!
“This lawless tyrant, this perfidious foe.”
They march, they fight, and, falling on the plains,
Expire Athenians, to prevent their chains.

(b) See the 2d. Lecture of our author, page 43.

BUT, should the preacher with diviner zeal,
Like Paul, the sacred oracles reveal,
Plead from the pulpit, and his audience move,
Inform, exhort, admonish, urge, reprove,
Dash bold blasphemers, to delinquents nice
Present the foul deformities of vice,
And in their angry majesty display
The judge and terrors of a future day,
Embattled ministers of wrath extreme,
The terrors instant, and the judge supreme,
When, raying from his eye, one spark of ire
Shall set the peopled universe on fire,
And loud the trumpet rouse up all below
To boundless bliss, or everlasting woe,
The guilty trembled: frighted at the charge,
Remorseless libertines, who roam'd at large,
Devoid of honour, and a sense of shame,
Through nature's forest for unlawful game,
Themselves a prey, perceiv'd the watchful wolf,
The pendent precipice, and yawning gulf,
From death recoiling: Dests, wont to rail
At truths divine, with conscious horror pale,
Sunk self-condemn'd, renounc'd their pagan creed,
From passion, pride, and prepossession freed,

And saw with wonder through the gospel-day,
(i) Beneath what cloud the light of nature lay.

WHILE others lopp'd the suckers, and the shoots
Of irreligion, he tore up the roots;
Yet, when, to stem the torrent of our crimes,
He lash'd the flagrant vices of the times,
To sinners open'd death's tremendous rolls,
Knock'd at their breasts, and shook their inmost souls,
To quell their agonies, abate their fears,
And melt them into penitence and tears,
He taught them to regain supernal grace,
Infusing balm, and all within was peace;
Then dawning hope, then radiant faith serene
Enlarg'd their prospect to a blissful scene,
And rais'd them, rapt as on seraphic wings,
To sing hosanna to the King of Kings.
(k) So, when JEHOVA gives his voice on high,
From pole to pole the forky lightnings fly;
From pole to pole redoubled thunders roar,
The frighted billows bound from shore to shore,

(i) *vidit quanta sub nocte jaceret*

Nosstra dies. — *LUCAN.*

(k) *Paradise Lost, Book II.*

The

BUT

Then shrink into themselves: convulsions rend
The clouds: the clouds in cataracts descend:
The gloom dispell'd, a sudden calm ensues,
The sun returns, the meads unfold their hues;
The cattle sport, the plauding birds around
Warble their joy, that hill and vale resound.

WHEN meek-ey'd charity, celestial guest,
Which long he cherish'd in his brooding breast,
Smil'd on distress; when, in her cause endear'd,
The man, the patron, and the priest appear'd,
Thicker than furies on the briny flood,
Thicker than pines in some Norwegian wood,
Each tender accent for the sons of woe
Descended, softer than the plummy snow.
The ravish'd audience with attention hung
On vocal nectar, flowing from his tongue.
Disdainful grandeur stood abash'd, and aw'd,
Ruthless oppression, avarice, and fraud,
Warm'd with humanity, began to melt,
And sigh for sorrows, which they never felt:
While Christian Jews, in usury grown old,
Unty'd their bags, and manumiss'd their gold
From rusty durance, speeding it, late-freed,
To clothe the naked, and the hungry feed,

Willing to purge their harpy-claws from leav'n,
 And bribe a blessing from the hand of Heav'n.
 (1) So, when the prophet, by divine command,
 Through dreary deserts, and a barren land,
 The haunt of dragons, led the race of God,
 A-thirst, and fainting, with his potent rod,
 That rod, which wonders over Egypt wrought,
 Prodigious, quick, as instantaneous thought,
 He smote the rigid rock; a fountain gush'd;
 Prone to the vale the vital eddy rush'd.
 Thus Lawson spoke, and, with persuasive dint
 Of argument, unlock'd the heart of flint,
 To stream with alms. What Herod would not feel
 His rhetoric? though fenc'd with triple steel,
 Who could resist such tender strokes of art,
 Such language, flowing from an honest heart?
 That heart, in which all dignities combin'd
 To form the man, and christianize the mind:
 There honour held her adamantin tower,
 Unsway'd by faction, and unaw'd by pow'r;
 Fast friend to naked truth, her object sole,
 To that still pointing, as her proper pole.

(1) See Addison's campaign.

There

Vol. II.

Good-nature there, to human failings blind,
Prevail'd, and there the love of human kind:
There friendship glow'd, harmonious as his lyre,
And pure and constant as the vestal fire.
Thence grateful filial piety repaid
The parent stock with nutrimental aid,
And love fraternal, to supply their wants,
With kindly dews reviv'd the kindred plants.
Devotion, wing'd with animated pray'r,
Serenely reign'd, as in her temple, there,
Devotion pure, of godlike gifts the prime,
Profound, as ocean, and, as Heav'n, sublime:
While contemplation on the mystic maze
Of Nature's works and Providence's ways
Confirm'd his faith, and taught him, as he trod
Through dubious paths, to shape his course to God,
The martyr's crown, the pious pilgrim's gains,
Sum of his hopes, and solace of his pains.
Through ling'ring languors, dolorous decay,
The load of life, the servitude of clay
Patient he bore, and fix'd his mental eye
Full on the glorious liberties on high,
And joys, whose fulness in eternal rounds
Nor measure knows, nor whose duration bounds,

Fast by the fountain of beatitude,
 All-bounteous parent of perpetual good,
 The King of Glory, at whose distant sight
 The stars, extinguish'd in a flood of light,
 And suns on suns, with orient gold array'd,
 Are but the shadows of his fainter shade :
 All splendors fade, extinct, as in their urns,
 Save what the presence of the lamb returns,
 The filial presence of the lamb benign,
 Who, cloath'd with blissful majesty divine,
 Could condescend in human form to dwell,
 And now, triumphant over Death and Hell,
 Allays the brightness of his father's beams,
 Accessible through mercy's milder streams.

AROUND his throne, attun'd to sacred song,
 Angelic hosts innumerable throng,
 Hymning alternately, with loud acclaim,
 Their great Creator's and Redeemer's name:
 There Lawfon, mixing with the joyful quire,
 Exalts his voice, and modulates his lyre ;
 Each willing note the touch, and breath obeys,
 Now swelling into love, now trembling into praise.

He there, exempt from envy, pain, and strife,
 Reflects with raptures on a well-spent life;
 Enjoying, purer than Riphæan snow,
 The fruits of all his virtuous deeds below.
 The soul enlarg'd new faculties acquires,
 (m) Her happy mansion, late attain'd, admires,
 Crown'd with victorious and immortal wreath,
 Beholds the less'ning clouds and stars beneath,
 With glad surprise reviews our stormy seas,
 And from the haven of her Halcyon-ease
 Looks down with pity on this rocky coast,
 With high disdain on what we value most,
 The miser's idol, courtier's gaudy train,
 The hero's triumphs over armies slain,
 The pomp of titles, beauty's fading flow'r,
 The grasping statesman's undivided pow'r,
 (While, early posted at his gilded gate,
 The cringing crowd of craving clients wait
 To kiss his hand, and with officious wiles
 Quake at his frowns, and bask upon his smiles)
 The golden scepter, which his monarch bears,
 And crown, attended with a troop of cares.

(m) *Insuetum miratur Olympi,*

Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sidera Daphnis.

VIRG.

SUCH

SUCH, Alma, was my friend, no longer mine,
 Such was thy son, alas ! no longer thine :
 Nor sunk in pleasure, nor in soft repose,
 Full on thy lighten'd hemisphere he rose;
 He shone, he set ; nor could our isle deplore
 A greater loss, since St-nh-pe left her shore.

HIS living fountains of the true sublime,
 And liquid lapses of melodious rhyme
 Inspir'd our Poets with diviner dreams,
 And fed their genius with Mæonian streams ;
 Those limpid streams Lethean are become,
 Those lapses frozen, and those fountains dumb.
 He sleeps in death, compos'd to balmy rest,
 Or only wakes in visions of the blest'd.
 Surviving Bards, who feasted on the store
 Of his ambrosial and enchanting lore,
 Conceive no dreams, but solitary sit
 In fasting vigils of untasted wit :
 While I, connected to his friendship long
 In social union, and consenting song,
 Reflect with sadness on our joyous days,
 And only mix my cypress with his bays:

My

My Muse remains like some unhappy dove,
 Wrapt in the shade, and widow'd of her love:
 No second flame, no nuptial joy she knows,
 Sole-tun'd to plaints, and eloquent of woes.

IN him, the pulpit occupy'd by drones,
 Who grate our ears with harsh discordant tones,
 Or, humming with monotony, diffuse
 Religious opium over peaceful pews,
 Of audience thinn'd, hath to its woful cost
 Another (n) Secker and (o) Delany lost.
 In him the church, with sceptics over-run,
 Laments a stedfast and undaunted son.
 By turns the weeping fatherless forlorn,
 And widows, void of consolation, mourn,
 In him, exalted to the fainted quire,
 Another husband, and another fire.
 O! had indulgent Heav'n prolong'd his days,
 To reap the harvest of his growing praise,
 What sterling treasure should we then behold,
 Fin'd from his ore, and minted in his mold!

THINE Homer, (p) Maurice, which the Bard benign
 (q) Fondly propos'd to polish, and refine,

(n) (o) (p) (q) See the Note to page 202 of his 12th Lecture.

Sleeps

Sleeps unadorn'd, and indigest
 Like rude Evander with imper
 Or like some savage potentate
 Rough with sharp arrows, and
 Within whose darksome and ca
 Vast heaps of pearl, and adan
 Ermin, and Ambergris, and pu
 A precious chaos, in confusio
 With gums of saba, spices of
 And gold in embryo, but no c
 Retouch'd, and colour'd by hi
 Thine English Iliad, like the G
 Distinguish'd, like its Diomed
 With blazing armour, and by
 (r) Or like that star, which ris
 New-bath'd, beams brightest of

But say, O Muse! what wo
 In life maturer had thy Lawfor
 What matchless monuments of
 To deck his Athens, and to co

(r) Ἀστὴρ ὁπωρὶν ἐναίγκιον,

ἀλλὰ πρὶν ἐλαφροῦσι λευκαῖσι; οὐκ

LOGUE

digested now,
 imperial brow,
 nate rever'd,
 , and horrific beard,
 and capacious vault
 d adamant unwrought,
 nd purple dye,
 nfusion lie,
 es of Amboyne,
 t no current coin.
 by his art divine,
 the Greek, might shine
 iomed, attir'd
 d by Pallas fir'd.
 ich rising from the main,
 test of the sun-fed train.

hat wonders of his own
 Lawson shown!
 ents of prose and rhyme,
 d to combat time,

εναλιγκισιν, οστο μαλιστα

ελαμμενος; οκτασμι.

Нон.

When

When to the lines his quick'ning hand
Each finish'd grace, and bid the colour

OF all the rich productions of his
But one, expos'd to public view, re
One volume only, to record his name
One (/) stately pillar, to support his
And could the gentle Bard, resign'd t
Condemn, like Maro, with his part
His golden reliques to the flames? his
To glut pale envy with Athenian spo
And blast the sweet memorial of his
Forbid it, all ye laureat sons of arts;
For you, the promise of a better ag
He turn'd the Grecian and the Roman
For you he bore Aurora's chilly damp
Toil'd the long day, and trimm'd the
For you his fancy soar'd on eagle-win
And trac'd the Muses to their distant
For you his judgment set that fancy
And pois'd her glossy plumes, and ste
Heirs of his fame, and of his labour
Assert your claim, and vindicate yo

(/) Lectures concerning Oratory.

hand should give
colours live!
his brains
ew, remains,
name,
rt his fame :
gn'd to death,
s parting breath
s ? his toils
n spoils ?
f his parts ?
arts ;
er age,
Roman page ;
damp,
d the midnight lamp ;
e-wing,
istant spring ;
ancy right,
and steer'd her arduous flight.
abours too,
ate your due.

LET

LET LAWSON'S labours, which MINERVA spun,
 Burst into day, and travel with the sun:
 His labours, which the sister-graces wove,
 Reserv'd as incense for imperial Jove,
 Should only feel the great, the final fire,
 Triumphant over time, and with the globe expire.

To fit your claim, and vindicate your due.

Fly to the bench, thy spirit would retire,
 The free, the loyal, and the good,
 Whom yet my country's honour is
 And consolation but a civil strife
 How there can I be
 Reveal his talents, and admit his face
 How, circled with solemnity, display
 His wit and labour, and his honest
 With happy negligence licentious roam
 From thought to thought, and late himself at home
 As, when with A ————
 The serious business of the serious day
 Convert with S ———— in easy classic strain
 And take those who, as well as I, are not at all at ease

RICHARD M. Y., Esq.

Or me, the insect of the human race
 The lucid intervals of life
Aude, hospes, contemnere opes, et te quoque dignum
Finge Deo, rebusque veni non asper egenis. **VIRG.**
 In recreation, and let
 The greatest bliss that Providence can send
 A quiet conscience, and a cheerful friend

IF from the bench thy spirit would retire,
 Dare to despise what meaner souls admire,
 But, cloy'd with which, the pale possessor pines,
 Luxurious dishes, and expensive wines,
 Embroider'd vassals, many-figur'd plate,
 And all the gaudy miseries of state:

Fly to the shade, nor sacrifice to pow'r
 The free, the social, and the genial hour.
 Enslav'd to forms, where candour is bely'd,
 And condescension but a civil pride,
 How there can M——y with peculiar grace
 Reveal his talents, and adjust his face?
 How, circled with solemnity, display
 His wit unlabour'd, and his humour gay?
 With happy negligence licentious roam
 From thought to thought, and rate himself at home?
 As, when with A—— he would laugh away
 The serious business of the tedious day,
 Converse with S—— in easy classic strain,
 Or me, the meanest of the tuneful train;
 The lucid intervals of time employ
 In recreation, and serene enjoy
 The greatest bliss, that Providence can send,
 A quiet conscience, and a cheerful friend.

ATTRACTIVE friends, unspotted with the stain
 Of base detraction, and the rust of gain,
 The bar affords: thine such, my Baron, be,
 As H——, M——, D—— were to me,

And

And others, whom the conscious Muse might name,
 Approv'd for worth, and soaring into fame;
 Whom yet my offspring, if he should explore
 My faithful records, when I am no more,
 Shall often mark the fairest in my page,
 Pride of my youth, and honour of my age:
 From them far distant am I fix'd, yet here
 The just memorial ever brings them near.

HERE may my guest his anxious cares appease
 In sweet oblivion, and inglorious ease,
 Act, as he wills, unfold his inmost mind,
 And taste those joys, that leave no stings behind;
 If with contentment he should chuse to dwell,
 Plan lofty fabricks in my humble cell,
 Or on the base of solid sense sublime
 Erect his fame, and build harmonious rhyme.

THROUGH vales romantic should he wind his way,
 Or on the banks of ambient Erna stray,
 And fondly view the rising isles between,
 Imbrown'd with woods, or cloath'd with living green,
 Successive beauties, and of various forms,
 That smile, superior to the shock of storms,

And

And represent, amidst a watry strife,
The few calm days of this tumultuous life.

If in my study he should travel o'er
Remotest realms, heroic deeds explore,
And through the pages of unerring seers
Revolve the wisdom of three thousand years,
Or condescend to grace the rural board,
With wholesome food inelegantly stor'd,
And glance on arts, in conversation clear,
That, softly gliding through the willing ear,
And mixing morals with the circling bowl,
Refines, enlarges, and exalts the soul.

HERE may he find, what wealth can never gain,
And proud ambition would pursue in vain,
A mind proportion'd to the present cast
Of fortune still, not troubled for the past,
Obscurely studious for the public weal,
But foe to factions, feuds, and party zeal,
Which, once fomented in the human breast,
Its gentlest motions in their dawn infect,
Misguide the prudent, and pervert the good,
Like cankers preying on the rosy bud.

HERE

HERE envy, pining at her friend's applause,
 Ne'er fix'd her fangs, nor avarice her claws;
 No scandal here prevails, no shrewd remark,
 No poison'd arrow, pointed from the dark
 To wound fair Virtue; no malignant breath,
 To honour soul, as to the body death,
 To rob ripe merit of its rich perfume,
 Or blast bright beauty in the tender bloom.

HERE none denies the graces of K ---,
 The mind unspotted, as the form is fair.
 Here none arraigns, what all the nation knows,
 The wit of D ---, eloquence of B ---,
 The depth, and height of S --- in laws,
 Or S ---'s vigour in his country's cause,
 Bright C ---'s lustre, and persuasive tone,
 Or yet the rapid torrent of M ---,
 N ---'s decrees, yet unrevers'd, applaud,
 And hail his justice in a world of fraud.

HERE Phœbus glows, and Flora decks the sod,
 Approve thy lineage, and approach the God:

For

For thee the God exerts his golden beams,
 And fructifies the glebe, and gilds the streams;
 For thee the goddess wakes the vernal flow'rs,
 And variegates my walks, and weaves my bow'rs;
 Such Maro lov'd, and Maro was divine,
 Haste, hither haste, and make my cottage thine,
 Imbibe the breezes of untainted air,
 Your veins replenish with familiar fare:
 Mean is my fare, and simple, as my heart,
 Then take from nature what I want in art,
 Long lost in courtly crowds, review the plain,
 And wander here to find thyself again.

Should phlegmy bile, from indigestion bred,
 Malign your stomach, or assault your head,
 Disdain the motion of your chariot wheel,
 And ply the knotted whip, and armed heel:
 Though much you reckon on experienc'd skill,
 And B - - - friendship should prescribe the pill,
 From Chiron's practice you shall more succeed,
 The best physician was but half a steed:
 Then realize the tale: with active bounds
 Fly to the summons of the deep-mouth'd hounds;

For

O'er

O'er distant hills they sweep their mazy way,
Through mystic paths unravelling their prey;
Fatigue your active limbs with manly grace,
And recollect new spirit from the chace.

BUT, if amusements of sedater kind
Should prove more grateful to your gentle mind,
Divide the lake with well-proportion'd oar,
And, as you coast along the sedgey shore,
Maintain your dignity, prepar'd to strike
The guilty caitiff and arrest the pike,
Fell tyrant of the flood, like man, who plays
With ruthless rage, and on his kindred preys.
He gapes! behold! inflict the blade of law,
And rend the living morsel from his maw.

WHILE lawless lust of arbitrary sway
Wide through the plains would populate their way;
The sons of Freedom in the days of old,
A few in number, but in action bold,
Hemm'd in this isle, with indignation stood,
And breath'd resistance 'cross the parting flood,
Nor breath'd alone: in vain would Berwick's arms,
A wood of steel erect, and hostile swarms

Repel their ardor: clouds involve the skies,
 And big with fate a leaden tempest flies:
 Some guard the town, some vindicate the fort,
 Some rush on swords, for horror was their sport.

SUCH were the deeds of antient worth renown'd,
 With conquest grac'd, and living laurels crown'd;
 Nor think that this exalted flame expires,
 Or that the blood, which spirited the fires,
 Abates its martial tide, but purely runs
 Rich through the lineal veins, and animates the sons,
 If rights invaded, and a sinking state
 Should rouse their fury to prevent their fate,
 And younger WILLIAM, like the former, wield
 The sword of GEORGE, and thunder in the field.

HERE as I rove, heroic deeds infuse
 Unbidden thoughts, and fire the raptur'd Muse.
 Here princely STANHOPE bade the Muse be free,
 The Muse would share that happiness with thee:
 His dear indulgence stimulates my breast,
 With all the weight of gratitude oppress'd;
 Within the bounds of tuneful measure pent,
 It scorns the vulgar path, and labours for a vent.

Thou

Thou too, my friend, with equal heat inspir'd,
 With love, esteem, and veneration fir'd,
 His worth recordest; come to swell my lays
 With choral voice, and mingle praise with praise.
 So meet two rivers, that in various turns
 Flow'd smoothly, fed by subterraneous urns,
 Through distant meadows, and through many a dale
 They deepen; blended in some lowly vale,
 The former limits of their streams disdain,
 And rush one torrent to the boundless main.

A circling crown of bays he wears,

That dignifies his hoary hair;

One hand composes his whole attire,

And one sustains an ancient lyre.

Descending to familiar style.

While at his graceful stature I late

Majestic mien and noble air

As smitten with religious awe

I stood abash'd, and their fall

Approach, he says, and

Nor danger from Ambition's

The pious Bards, who tell the

Or live within the walls of

While

S₂

BOEOTIA.

Repel their ardent wishes, with equal heart and hand,
 And bid with fate a bloody monument stand,
 Some **B**ard the world to tell my name shall bring,
 Some **O**ne the world to tell my name shall bring,
 Some **E**arl the world to tell my name shall bring,
 Some **I** the world to tell my name shall bring,
 Some **A** the world to tell my name shall bring.

So meet two rivers, that in various turns
 Flow'd smoothly, fed by subterranean urns,
 With conquest gained, **ADDRESSED TO THE**
 Nor think that this is all the world has seen,
 They deeper; blended in some lowly vale,
 Or that the blood of their streams did stain,
 The former limits of their streams did stain,
 And rich the former to the bottom of the vale,
 Rich through the lineal veins, and animates the soul,
 If rights invaded, and a sinking state
 Should rouse their fury to prevent their fate,

And younger William, like the former, wild
 The sword of George, and thunder in the field.

Spes vitæ cum sole redit—

Juv.

Here as I rove, here as I muse,
 As late I mus'd upon the fates
 Of various monarchies and states,
 The revolutions on this ball,
 The rise of empires, and their fall,
 Ambition, power, pleasure, strife,
 And all the splendid woes of life,
 The solid views and watchful schemes
 Of men appear'd, as empty dreams:

While

While indignation fill'd my mind,
I sigh'd in pity to my kind,
Till sunk in meditation deep,
Insensibly I fell asleep,
As if repos'd to rest: yet fraught
With active, visionary thought,
Transported beyond seas I stand
On fam'd Bœotia's magic land:
When, lo! a Theban Bard appear'd,
Serene his front, and sage his beard:
A circling crown of bays he wears,
That dignifies his hoary hairs;
One hand compos'd his loose attire,
And one sustains an antient lyre.
He meek salutes me with a smile,
Descending to familiar stile.
While at his graceful stature high,
Majestic mien and eagle-eye,
As smitten with religious awe,
I stood abash'd, and would withdraw:
Approach, he says, and lend an ear,
Nor danger from Amphion fear.
The pious Bards, who till these glebes,
Or live within the walls of Thebes,

Are ever hospitable found;
 For here you tread on classic ground.
 Each guest (and be it long our boast)
 Shall find an easy cheerful host.
 All men, who breathe Bœotian air,
 But chiefly strangers, are our care.
 Contented with our present store,
 We seek from Providence no more,
 On Nature's bounty freely live
 Unbounded, and as freely give.

To Phœbus we, devoutly true,
 The lust of lucre never knew,
 No passion, but his purer flame,
 No thirst, but that of honest fame:
 Those walls, that citadel, which throws
 Its head imperial in the clouds,
 To letter'd eyes distinctly shine,
 And own their architect divine.
 From harmony such beauty springs,
 I touch'd the silver-sounding strings:
 The rocks began to move enorn,
 And roll'd spontaneous into form.

B O E O T I A

BOEOTIA, memorable long
For valiant deeds, and lofty song,
In tears had utter'd her complaints,
That she, condemn'd to sad restraint,
Despis'd, neglected, and oppress'd,
Should ever stand a public jest:
But Jove, in pity to her cries,
That often rent the distant skies,
At length, amidst the grand affairs
Of high Olympus, hears her pray'rs,
Assenting to her wishes, nods,
And thus harangues th' assembled Gods.

To each of you, ye sacred pow'rs,
Who share with me these blissful bow'rs,
My substitutes, I have assign'd
Some province over human kind.
Triumphant Mars conducts the race
Of quiver-bearing hardy Thrace.

TARENTUM and Sidonia's coast,
Through you their distant commerce boast,
O Neptune, who the realms divide,
To bless them with a golden tide.

THEE

THEE Lemnos hails, Ætnean fire,
 Array'd with majesty of fire,
 To forge against the bold revolts
 Of rebels my terrific bolts,
 That, from this arm indignant hurl'd,
 Shall blast the tyrants of the world.

You, goodly Bacchus, foe to care,
 And that my sister, Venus fair,
 Controul the Cyprian nymphs and swains,
 And bind your slaves in silken chains.

GAY Pan, attended by the fauns,
 And satyrs, dancing o'er the lawns,
 Attunes the rural reed, and roves,
 Licentious through Lycæan groves;
 Or gently waves with potent hand
 His crook, the scepter of command,
 To teach the tender bleating breed
 Amid the verdant vales to feed,
 Or lead from nightly wolves and cold
 His fleecy subjects to their fold.

You,

You, Pallas, in perfection born,
 With arts divine your sons adorn,
 And, wide through Attica rever'd,
 Protect the towers, which you rear'd.

AND yet behold a nation, known
 For old allegiance to my throne!
 For me their choicest victims feed,
 And hecatombs unnumber'd bleed:
 To me, with reverential vow,
 Their blameless priests obedient bow,
 And pour unsparing at my shrine
 Libations of the purest wine.
 If virtue claims a just reward,
 Bœotia merits my regard:
 But she, renown'd of old for arts,
 Accomplish'd heads, and martial hearts,
 Is now become the ridicule
 Of each unbred, unletter'd fool.

BUT, Phœbus! thou, my son sublime,
 Revisit this unhappy clime.
 To thee I delegate my might,
 Thou genial God of wit and light.

There exercise thy guardian sway,
 Though demi-gods lament thy stay.
 Thy beams shall banish black despair,
 And purify the grosser air.
 Each pleasing attribute is thine;
 Thou, skill'd in pharmacy divine,
 Shalt all her perturbations calm,
 And give to ev'ry wound a balm.

Thy quiver, with becoming pride
 Suspended by thy regal side,
 Such, as adorns the virgin queen,
 Shall teem with darts and arrows keen,
 Though none, but animals malign'd
 By vice, and preying on their kind,
 Shall ever from experience know
 The feather'd vengeance of thy bow.

Go then — nor shalt thou go alone,
 Astræa shall support thy throne,
 Nor shall she blush again to see
 The world, when countenanc'd by thee.
 Her shall the never-failing horn
 Of plenty, joy, content adorn,

While

While she, by passing crowds ador'd,
Shall poise the scales, and wield the sword.

Thy brother Mercury shall deign
To lead the graces in thy train,
And they to mortal eyes reveal
Their beauties half, and half conceal.

The Muses should obey thy call,
But they in thee are centred all.
Then shall Bœotia's offspring rise,
To lift her glories to the skies,
Thebes rival Athens in her charms,
And shine in arts, as well as arms.

Already she thy presence waits,
See, rushing through her crowded gates,
Her Poets, each with rapture led,
To bow to thee the laurel'd head!
Thy great example shall inspire
Their souls with more exalted fire,
And teach the Druids of the grove
To celebrate thy father Jove.

VERTUMNUS at thy sight renews,
 The beauties of a thousand hues,
 And rich Pomona, who had pin'd
 So long, by watry clouds confin'd,
 Thy radiance blushing to behold,
 Displays her vegetable gold;
 While yellow Ceres through the land
 Invites the lusty reaper's hand.
 Bright Liberty, like this above,
 Who knows no bands, but those of love,
 Establishes her empire now,
 And Peace extends her olive-bough.

BOEOTIA, cherish'd by thy rays,
 Begins a course of Halcyon days;
 While many troubled nations round,
 Excited by the brazen sound
 Of horrid war, with Stygian breath
 Spread ruin, rage, and mutual death.

So Delos, which had stray'd before
 Latona sanctify'd her shore,
 Confess'd the present God in you,
 And first a firm foundation knew,

While

While other isles no rest could gain,
Toss'd through the wide Ægean main.

He said: away the vision flies;
I, sudden starting in surprise,
Was 'waken'd by the glad uproar,
That C — — — D was safe on shore.

For ever vanish, here ambition ends;
Here let me waste my solitary days
Forgetting, here forgotten by my friends:
Farewell, Eblana; St. Nepe shall no more
Benign revisit thy forsaken shore.

Mourn, ye Naiads, who frequent the wood
Of lonesome Phoenix, shelter'd by the shades
Of aged oaks, where lovely nymphs were seen
In many circles on the matted green.

There guardian Satyrs, shaded from the raging heat
To please the shepherds, and to guard the fold
Ye shepherds, bind your flocks on the mossy banks
Ye nymphs, bedew the flowers with your sweet tears.

CAMILLO'S

Of winding fern, enshrouded by the foliage
Of ancient groves, with mosses and ferns
There

While other illes no rest could give
To's'd through the wide Aegean main
And rich Pomona, who had
So long, by watry chere;
Thy radiant beauty to behold
Disloyal her
While
Invites the lusty reaper
Bright Liberty, like
Who knows no
Establishes her

CAMILLO'S COMPLAINT.

— *Hæc incondita solus,*
Montibus et sylvis studio jactabat inani. " *VIRG.*

Begins a course of Halcyon days;
While many troubled nations round
Excited by the brazen sound
Of horrid war, with Strygian

AS lately, shaded from the raging heat
Of fultry Sirius by the verdant ranks
Of reeds and rushes in a cool retreat,
Camillo wander'd on the mossy banks
Of winding Ern, ennobled by the toils
Of antient heroes with immortal spoils:

He

He sang of St-nh-pe, and the sable stream,
As if, affected with his just complaint,
Slow-flow'd, in measure to the solemn theme ;

Slow was his motion, but his Muse more faint,
Her strain more doleful than the quest of doves,
In woody mansions for their absent loves.

Hence, all ye scenes of busy life, he says,
For ever vanish ; here ambition ends ;
Here let me waste my solitary days

Forgetting, here forgotten by my friends :
Farewell, Eblana ; St-nh-pe shall no more
Benign revisit thy forsaken shore.

Mourn, all ye Naiads, who frequent the flood
Of Liffy, straying through romantic glades ;

Mourn, all ye Druids, who frequent the wood
Of lofty Phoenix, shelter'd by the shades

Of aged oaks, where lovely nymphs were seen
In mazy circles on the matted green.

There guardian Pan a (a) monument would raise
To please the shepherds ; but he disappears :

Ye shepherds, bind it with his native bays ;
Ye nymphs, bedew it with your pearly tears ;

(a) His Excellency at his own expence erected a pillar in the Phoenix-park, and adorned it with trees, and other improvements.

There

There vent, instead of roundelays, your moan,
And hang your garlands on the figur'd stone.

Soft as ye rove among the balmy lawns,

Where, at his presence, innocently gay,

The scudding does, the lightly-skipping fawns,

And bounding stags were often wont to play;

Beneath his elms renew your mournful tales,

And sigh your wishes to the dying gales.

Mourn, all ye matrons, who were wont to bless

(b) Pastora's hand, and hail her bounteous lord;

Mourn, all ye sons of merit in distress,

And all ye Bards, ambitious to record

His matchless deeds: extinguish'd is your flame,

And wreck'd the fair adventure of your fame.

Prince of each talent, that exalts his kind,

Or social joys, and happiness imparts,

He kindled virtues in the base-born mind,

And gave new vigour to desponding arts:

Cheer'd by his influence, by his conduct fir'd,

They rose, and sinking with his reign expir'd.

(b) The Countess of C——d.

There

So

So from our senseless earth the God of day,
Attracting vapours to his purer skies,
With orient gold, and living colours gay,
Inlays their skirts, and gilds them, as they rise;
But soon they fade, divested of his beams,
And sink inglorious to their parent streams.
He first inflam'd my soul with sacred fire;
He rous'd me first, from filling hollow reeds
With rustic breath, to touch the lofty lyre,
And sound the martial trump to William's deeds:
I fought no vulgar arts, to raise a name,
No labour'd arts; his patronage was fame.
Ere yet he rose upon our hemisphere,
In vain, relying on the Muse's aid,
I soar'd; Apollo heard but half my pray'r;
I warbled pining in the barren shade:
Immortal strains, reply'd the God, I give;
But princely St-nh-pe bade the Poet live.
He bade me live with letter'd ease endow'd,
He bade me live, my wishes to compleat,
Above the malice of the giddy crowd,
And independent of the guilty great:
He rais'd my fancy to sublimer views,
And swell'd the raptures of the free-born Muse.

So through some woody vales profound recess,
 Uncheer'd by solar beam, or vernal show'r,
 Exploring nature in her humble dress,
 The curious botanist espies a flow'r;
 No various dyes its op'ning bosom paint,
 Dead are its beauties, and its odours faint.
 But, if, unsparing of his tender toil,
 His hand commit it to a kinder mould,
 New flourets rise, and, conscious of the soil
 And genial sun, their gemmy buds unfold:
 Fann'd by soft gales, and nurs'd by silver dews,
 They breathe fresh sweets, and glow with vivid hues.
 From servile scenes, where anxious cares employ
 The tedious moments for precarious bread,
 The Muse, restor'd to liberty and joy,
 Plum'd her weak wings, and rear'd her drooping head.
 How could she pine, when plenty blest'd our shore?
 How could she droop, when St-nh-pe bade her soar?
 So deathless Pollio (could my soul but claim
 An emanation from the Latian spring!)
 Inspir'd young Maro with a thirst of fame,
 To mount melodious on Mæonian-wing;
 Nor blush'd the Consul of Saturnian days
 To blend his fasces with the Poet's bays.

So gentle Sydney, sweetest of the swains,
 Who charm'd Arcadia, dignify'd with meeds
 Poor (c) Colin, piping on the lonely plains,
 And tun'd his voice to (d) Gloriana's deeds,
 So D-rf-t's bounties, by the world admir'd,
 Sustain'd the Muses, whom his genius fir'd.

Let venal statesmen, who have never felt
 The woes of others, hate the tuneful arts,
 Like drops in flames, where precious metals melt,
 Become obdurate, and unman their hearts;
 Vain let them float on Fortune's fickle side,
 And sink to meanness, while they swell with pride.

Not St-nh-pe so his elevation bore,
 Excelling, others taught he to excel,
 And deign'd amidst the dignities he wore
 To visit merit in her humble cell;
 As his own Phœbus eminently shines,
 Yet ripens jewels in the darkest mines.

(c) SPENCER.

(d) QUEEN ELIZABETH.

No borrow'd props from ancestors approv'd,
No distant pride of delegated sway
Upheld his pomp: he spoke, he look'd, he mov'd
Serene, and gentle, as the son of May;
His condescension, with a grace refin'd,
Enhanc'd the greatness of his godlike mind.
He, long conspicuous in his country's cause,
Diffus'd a spirit through the lifeless land,
Adorn'd each patriot with unfeign'd applause,
And guarded virtue from the spoiler's hand:
His pity stoop'd, meek-beaming from his eyes,
To earth; his justice mounted to the skies.
So stood some antient oak, that often crown'd
Heroic brows with honours undecay'd;
His bending branches, interwoven round
To pious pilgrims gave a grateful shade:
Rever'd by consuls, consecrate to Jove,
His heads majestic overlook'd the grove.
The public welfare was his only view,
No fair deceit, no ministerial scheme:
His words were manly; for his heart was true,
Pure was the fountain, and as clear the stream,
Reflecting lustre on the royal throne;
While all the monarch in the vice-roy shone.

Such

Such were the triumphs of his rising reign,
So bright each scene, so popular each deed,
That nations, far divided by the main,
Might hear with wonder, and with envy read:
We reap'd such blessings, unallay'd with fears,
And hop'd those blessings for a length of years.
When, O short pleasure! and O long regret!)
He bade the blossoms of the Muses bloom,
A storm arose: the blossoms fell; he set,
And left their bays to wither in the gloom:
In dreary deserts, unattun'd to sing,
They hang their heads, nor hope a second spring,
Camillo paus'd: the sedge bank receiv'd
His languid limbs. Disconsolate he lies:
Repeated sighs his throbbing bosom heav'd,
And, big with sorrows, overflow'd his eyes,
Till clos'd in sleep — but rest his fancy spurns,
And real anguish in his dreams returns.
For now a band of melancholy forms
Appear'd with looks dejected and forlorn:
Here shiver'd Commerce, as oppress'd by storms,
Her size contracted, and her members torn:
She held, yet reeking from the watry world,
The shatter'd remnants of a flag unfurl'd.

There

There Agriculture, as in deep despair,
 Horrid with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn,
 Now moap'd incumbent on a rusty share,
 Now grasp'd a sheaf of scanty-bearded corn :
 On her right hand sat Indolence and Theft,
 And meagre Want and Famine on her left.
 Then rose the guardian of the linen loom,
 Whom Pallas tutor'd for Ierne's weal ;
 Her locks ambrosial shed a rich perfume ;
 Fair was her breast, and snowy was her veil ;
 The veil she tore, she broke her checking reel,
 Her clues entangled, and unbrac'd her wheel.
 Next came the sisters of Olympic line
 By twin-creation, poesy sublime,
 And music, melting with a breath divine,
 Or magic touch : they, faded in their prime,
 Their own sad elegies alternate sung,
 Their lutes neglected, and their harps unstrung.
 Here painting pin'd, that held a doubtful strife
 With parent nature, prodigally fair ;
 Pale were her cheeks, as destitute of life,
 And fix'd her beamless eyes, and cold her air :
 She thrice essay'd with Ch-st-rf--ld to swell
 The level-canvas ; thrice her pencil fell.

There

CAMILLO'S COMPLAINT.

151

There, as, envelop'd in a wintry sky,
 On abject earth the sun obliquely lours,
 Rude Architecture cast a sullen eye
 On blotted plans of steeples, domes and tow'rs :
 In prostrate mode she supplicates the Gods,
 While o'er her head a Gothic-ruin nods.
 Last came the groupe of manual-arts, which wrought
 The quarry, forest, or metallic vein,
 For ornament or use, unpriz'd, unsought,
 And many more, a miserable train !
 A briny flood ran gushing from their eyes ;
 Their bitter wailings rent the distant skies.
 These phantoms vanish'd from Camillo's dreams,
 Like smoaky vapours, wafted by the wind,
 Or atoms, floating in the sunny beams,
 But left a deep impression on his mind ;
 His filial ardor for his country burns ;
 Disdain, and pity fill his breast by turns.
 When thus the Genius of Britannia, deck'd,
 In fleecy robes, with rising turrets crown'd,
 The swelling currents of his fancy check'd
 With awful front, and, as he spoke, he frown'd.
 Submit, Hibernia ; such your fate must be,
 Nor dare contend with Providence, and me.

Think

Think not my St-nh-pe was design'd to grace
 One nation only with perpetual stay :
 Much I condol'd Ierne's deep distress,
 And much her wants, but she has felt his ray.
 From clime to clime, redressing human woes,
 He shifts, and scatters blessings as he goes.

Then came the groups of men, and women,
 The dainty, for, or metal, or wood,
 For ornament of life, or for the
 And many more, a noble train,
 A princely host, and gathering from their eyes
 Their bitter weeping rent the distant skies.
 These phantoms vanish'd from Camillo's dreams,
 Like smoky vapours, wafted by the wind,
 Of atoms, floating in the sunny beams,
 But left a deep impression on his mind;
 His filial ardor for his country burns,
 Disdain, and pity fill his breast by turns,
 When thus the Goddess of Britannia, deck'd
 In fleecy robes, with mingled tapers crown'd,
 The swelling currents of his fancy check'd,
 With awful front, and, as he gazed, he found
 Submit, Hebe! such your fate must be,
 Not dare contend with Providence, and me
 Think

AN

EPISTLE

TO

ATTICUS.

AS harden'd finners oftentimes
Are mov'd with horror at their crimes,
And wish to quit the paths of sin,
Yet want the courage to begin :
So I, condemn'd to musty Greek,
Deferr'd to write from week to week
An answer to your friendly letter,
In hopes to hit on something better :

VOL. II.

X

Yet

Yet still, the longer I delay'd,
My Muse became the duller jade,
And, gaining time to clear the score,
I only ran in debt the more.

At last, unfurnish'd with credentials,
I come upon my penitentials,
And, waving privilege of wit,
Implore the Parson's benefit,
Like guilty felon, who rehearſes,
To ſave his neck, religious verſes,
Your ſuppliant in Apollo's court
To mournful metre has reſort :
Recanting all his errors paſt,
He hopes to meet with grace at laſt,
And, though the numbers be jejune,
To move your pity to ſome tune.

UNGIFTED with poetic light,
I ſet me down anon to write,
And, as the coſtive crambo fails,
I ſcratch my head, and bite my nails,
Whereas I might at firſt compoſe
A cheaper compliment in proſe,

A line or two of stuff demure,
And tack'd with — humble serviteur.

So R-g-rf-n, of thought profound,
Refus'd an artist fifty pound,
To stop a water-breach at first,
And bade the billows do their worst;
But, when the gap began to widen,
Enough to let the rushing tide in,
His heart he open'd, and unthrifty
Advanc'd five hundred for his fifty.

HOWEVER, to be serious now,
If your indulgence would allow
An after-plea, you should not deem
My silence flight, or disesteem;
Thy friendship, and thy worth are such,
I could not shew my love too much;
Nor should thy D——n meanly hide,
What he might tell with greater pride,
That Atticus, whose ample heart
From honour never can depart,
Has been, to serve no selfish end,
His benefactor and his friend.

YOUR shallow streams, of muddy taint,
Although the current be but faint,
Along the margin often foam,
And winding murmur, as they roam;
While rivers deep with equal tide,
And marble-bosom calmly glide,
And yet with swifter pace convey
Their liquid homage to the sea:
So flatterers, who bend the knee,
And bow the neck with weening glee,
Are found to differ in effect
From real, honest, friends erect.

THE sound of vessels, you confess,
Assures us of their emptiness;
And from the same identic cause
We presently detect their flaws.
The tryal answers well on glasses,
Yet flattery for candour passes;
Or how should sages be the tools
Of servile sycophants, and fools;
While with aversion they despise
The men of truth and undisguise,
As dainty ladies hug an ape,
Yet startle at a human shape?

Then

Then let my measure of affection
 Be weigh'd with stricter circumspection,
 And on another bottom try'd ;
 For though my tongue, and hands were ty'd,
 My solid actions should attest
 The very language of my breast.
 Let these interpreters declare,
 How deeply thou art rooted there.

THE painter's happy lines may strike
 The lover with his Chloe's like,
 And yet how faintly must they shine,
 If rated by the nymph divine,
 The breathing air, the moving grace,
 And soul expressed in the face?
 A dead contrast, to hold a strife
 Between the shadow and the life!
 And words, however well design'd,
 But ill depaint a grateful mind:
 Ambiguous words, the foul supports,
 And prostitutes of guilty courts!
 The baits of parasites, and knaves,
 To cozen dupes, and shackle slaves,
 Like Cæsar's image, which may pass
 Not more on gold, than mimic brass!

BUT

BUT grant, thy D—n should display
 His thoughts, or sing, as one would say.
 Alas! what profit, or delight
 Could you receive from what I write?
 Sagacious F—lk—r, who in stile
 Shames half the Poets of our isle,
 Can in a journal tell you more,
 Than I by letters, half a score.

THE son of Maia (Virgil sings)
 Was furnish'd with a pair of wings,
 And was (if we may trust his Muse)
 The God of eloquence and news;
 Whence modern politicians boast
 The mystic name of FLYING POST:
 From east to west, from north to south,
 With packet-mail, and open mouth,
 Swifter than circuiting Attornies,
 His Godship o'er Olympus journies,
 Deputing F—lk—r plenipo,
 His quid-nunc oracle below:
 And, as Cyllenius with his rod
 Drove people to the land of Nod,
 So F—lk—r with as little pain,
 Or wak'd them into life again ;

By

By magic-type arresting breath,
Anticipates the stroke of death,
And by the same authentic spell
Recalls his victims up from hell.

As limping Vulcan brought the head
Of Jupiter of old to bed,
By timely dint of hatchet-blows,
Whence Pallas, Queen of wisdom, rose;
So F--lk--r, by the letter'd aid
Of trusty lead, supports the trade,
And, when the maggots of the brain,
Fermenting in poetic strain,
Contend to wing their insect-flight,
And rush on paper into light,
Delivers all the sons of Phœbus
Of songs, acrostics, puns, and rebus.

To him Astræ (though she shrouds
Her doubtful head among the clouds)
Her mysteries of state reveals,
And delegates her sword and scales:
Hence, like a pilot at the helm,
He steers the business of the realm,

Rewarding

Rewarding at his good discretion
Desert, or punishing transgression.

His court of justice through the year
Is ever open, as his ear,

And not like other courts in town,
Where clients dangle up and down.

On suits he never nods, nor hatches
Delays, but gives us his dispatches.

Attended by his daily guards
Of Critics, Politicians, Bards,

And Hawkers, Yeomen of the tongue
For pamphlets to be said, or sung,

The Monarch sits, and, from diurnal
Reports, compiles his potent Journal:

Sublimely seated on his throne,
He makes his regal pleasure known,

And in the stile of Majesty
Instead of I begins with WE,

To signify throughout the region,
That in himself he is a legion.

THE Stoics argue, that dominion
Is only founded in opinion,

And

And wise Philosophers, although
So humble, that in outward show
To wealthy folks they bend the head,
And condescend to beg their bread,
Maintain their native freedom still,
And may be Princes, when they will:
So F--lk--r, while in manner fervent
He is your servant's humble servant,
And deals to vagabonds his papers,
Is like the sun attracting vapours,
Which, though the vagrant clouds absorb
The distant lustre of his orb,
With genial heat revives our air,
And shines within his proper sphere.

PERHAPS the Stoics have defin'd
An empty kingdom of the mind:
But F--lk--r is as great a Lord,
As any monarch on record,
Though he were Persian, or Ægyptian,
And holds his title by prescription.

IN prose and poetry he rules
Dictator to the distant schools;

The pendulum, that gives vibration
 To humour, wit and conversation;
 The great recorder of the pen,
 Among the various ranks of men,
 From Bufo, who would fill the fobs
 Of public knaves, for private jobbs,
 To St-nh-pe, who the herd would ferret,
 And only barter place for merit.
 From Bubo grave to merry Morgan:
 And, as the bellows of an organ,
 Like minister of state, beneath
 Through all the pipes together breathe,
 And correspond, like hand and glove,
 To feed the various notes above:
 So F--lk--r with a puff infuses
 His inspiration through the Muses,
 And glads us from their high abodes
 With sonnets, epigrams and odes.
 THE life of verse, as Critics mention,
 Consists in fiction or invention;
 And surely neither Pope nor Swift
 Can cope with F--lk--r in this gift.
 As Epicurus from a jumble
 Of atoms on a world would stumble;

So F--lk--r from the medley-mazes
 Of types a new creation raises,
 And then, to teach the sons of rhyme,
 A tincture of the true sublime,
 Whatever dialect he chuses,
 Is marvellous in all his news's
 Although some Critics would remark
 His oracles are often dark,
 And fraught with mysteries profound,
 Which none besides himself can sound;
 So none could find his passage thro'
 The labyrinth without a clew,
 (Were even Argus to pervade it)
 But Dædalus the wight, who made it;
 And, as that fabric (if we construe
 The Poets rightly) held a monster,
 So F--lk--r's paper (barring blunders)
 Abounds with prodigies and wonders.

THE sage projector vainly dreams,
 Unless he has refin'd his schemes,
 In politics he steps between
 The wily states-man, and the screen;
 And, as the city Prætor stops,
 To weigh the bread in bakers-shops,

And sentence meet on loaves denounces ;
 So F—lk—r with Utopian ounces,
 When war commences, weighs the fates
 Of haughty emperors, and states.
 What wise conventions, armies stout,
 And navies could not bring about,
 Is finish'd with a fiat : præsto !
 He whips me out his manifesto :
 Nor fate nor fortune can unfix it,
 It must be so ; for IPSE DIXIT.

FROM him, with reason, you may seek
 The wit and wisdom of the week :
 From D—n, fasten'd to a clog,
 Like some domestic mastiff-dog,
 Unfree to give his fancy scope,
 What entertainment can you hope ?
 I seldom handle pen and ink,
 And rarely go beyond my link.
 What razor, whetted on a hone,
 Preserves its edge against a bone ?
 And, though your whiskers might surpass
 The bushy beard of Hudibras,
 Would you not rather bear the heap on
 Than mow it with the wicked weapon ?

What

What racer of Arabian feed,
 And hospitable ——'s breed,
 If taught by ruder hands to bow
 His vassal neck beneath a plough,
 Could ever after speed to gain
 The prize, and honours of the plain?

COULD I command the flying hour,
 And had a fortune in my pow'r,
 My thoughts, devoted to the Muse,
 Should soar above the sordid views
 Of venal Poets, who degrade
 The tuneful office to a trade.

AVERSE from avarice and fear,
 Thy friend should ponder half the year
 In studies, distant from the town,
 Nor unbecoming yet the gown;
 Like Horace, in familiar rhimes,
 To lash the vices of the times,
 But spare the persons; while with art
 My satire play'd about the heart,
 In easy strains to harmonize
 The rigid lessons of the wise,

Arraying

Arraying virtue with the powers
 Of fancy's many-colour'd flowers;
 Or, if sublimer heat inspir'd
 My breast, with deeds heroic fir'd,
 With Roman laurels to reward
 The mighty man of Oudenard,
 And cloath him in immortal strain,
 With terrors on the martial plain.
 As lately in Germania's day
 He led his hosts in dread array;
 While WILLIAM, burning for the fight,
 Collecting all his father's might,
 Impell'd the troops, or bravely stood
 To seal his glory with his blood.

THE Chief of Europe saw the swarms
 Of hostile bands, and adverse arms,
 He saw unmov'd; he paus'd; he spoke —
 The thunder of Britannia broke;
 While Heav'n resounded to the roar,
 And Mænius blush'd with Gallic gore.
 His voice, though PHILIP should combine
 With lawless LEWIS on the Rhine,
 Superior still to force or chance,
 Is life to A-str-a, death to Fr-n-e.

So, when of old, with hoary head,
 The pious Antoninus led
 His thirsty legions faint and few,
 A sudden cloud of various hue,
 Descending on the Roman train,
 Refresh'd them with an heav'nly rain;
 While, wing'd impetuous to perform
 Its dire commission in a storm
 Of rattling hail, denouncing woes,
 It flash'd upon the blasted foes,
 And, speaking more than mortal ire,
 Repell'd them with coelestial fire.

Thus would thy Poet fondly sing
 The matchless actions of our king:
 But, soon bewilder'd in a fog,
 Relapses to a Pedagogue.

Ty'd, like an oyster to the shell,
 With humble virtue let me dwell;
 And, as I sail through busy life,
 Unruffled with the storms of strife,
 Glide with my little flag unfurl'd,
 Though low, not useless to the world;
 If haply by the stamp of truth
 I mould the waxen minds of youth,

With

With plastic arts persuasive plan
 The principles of social man,
 And from the Greek and Roman page
 Extract a store for later age.

AND thou, to whom of right belongs
 The grateful tribute of my songs,
 Reflect upon my case, and then
 Forgive the silence of my pen:
 Impute it never to my will,
 Or, if I stand convicted still,
 Although the discipline be odd,
 Yet let your Pedant kiss the rod.

Thus would thy Post fondly sing
 The matchless actions of our King
 But soon bewild'rd in a fog,
 Relapses to a Pedagogue.
 Thy'd, like an oyster to the shell;
 With humble virtue let me dwell,
 And, as I sail through busy life,
 Untrifled with the storms of strife,
 Glide with my little bark untried,
 Though low, not useless to the world;
 It haply by the stamp of **AN**
 I mould the waxen minds of youth,
 With

EPISTLE

R - B - - T N - G - - T, ESQUIRE.

WITH A PICTURE OF

DOCTOR SWIFT.

TO gratify thy long desire,
 (So love and piety require)
 From B-nd-n's colours you may trace
 The PATRIOT's venerable face,
 The last, O N-g-nt! which his art
 Shall ever to the world impart;

VOL. II.

Z

For

For know, the prime of mortal men,
 That matchless monarch of the pen,
 (Whose labours, like the genial sun,
 Shall through revolving ages run,
 Yet never, like the sun, decline,
 But in their full meridian shine)
 That ever-honour'd, envy'd sage,
 So long the wonder of his age,
 Who charm'd us with his golden strain,
 Is not the shadow of the Dean:
 He only breathes Bœotian air —
 “Oh! what a falling off was there?”

HIBERNIA'S Helicon is dry,
 Invention, wit and humour die,
 And what remains against the storm
 Of malice, but an empty form?
 The nodding ruins of a pile,
 That stood the bulwark of this isle?
 In which the sisterhood was fix'd
 Of candid honour, truth unmix'd,
 Imperial reason, thought profound,
 And charity, diffusing round
 In cheerful rivulets the flow
 Of fortune to the sons of woe?

SUCH once, my N—g—t, was thy Swift,
Endu'd with each exalted gift.
But, lo! the pure ætherial flame
Is darken'd by a misty steam:
The balm exhausted breathes no smell,
The rose is wither'd, ere it fell.
That godlike supplement of law,
That held the wicked world in awe,
And could the tide of faction stem,
Is but a shell without the gem.

YE fons of genius, who would aim
To build an everlasting fame,
And, in the field of letter'd arts,
Display the trophies of your parts,
To yonder mansion turn aside,
And mortify your growing pride.
Behold the brightest of the race,
And nature's honour in disgrace:
With humble resignation own,
That all your talents are a loan,
By Providence advanc'd for use,
Which you should study to produce.
Reflect, the mental stock, alas!
However current now it pass,

May haply be recall'd from you,
 Before the grave demands his due.
 Then, while your morning-star proceeds,
 Direct your course to worthy deeds,
 In fuller day discharge your debts;
 For, when your fun of reason sets,
 The night succeeds, and all your schemes
 Of glory vanish with your dreams.

AH! where is now the supple train,
 That danc'd attendance on the Dean?
 Say, where are those facetious folks,
 Who shook with laughter at his jokes,
 And with attentive rapture hung
 On wisdom, dropping from his tongue?
 Who look'd with high disdainful pride
 On all the busy world beside,
 And rated his productions more
 Than treasures of Peruvian ore?

Good Christians! they with bended knees
 Ingulph'd the wine, but loath the lees,
 Averting (so the text commands)
 With ardent eyes and upcast hands,

The

The cup of sorrow from their lips,
And fly, like rats from sinking ships.
While some, who by his friendship rose
To wealth, in concert with his foes
Run counter to their former track,
Like old Actæon's horrid pack
Of yelling mungrials, in requitals
To riot on their master's vitals,
And, where they cannot blast his laurels,
Attempt to stigmatize his morals:
Through scandal's magnifying glass
His foibles view, but virtues pass,
And, on the ruins of his fame,
Erect an ignominious name.
So vermin foul of base extraction,
The spawn of dirt and putrefaction,
The founder members traverse o'er,
But fix, and fatten on a sore.
Hence! peace, ye wretches, who revile
His wit, his humour, and his style,
Since all the monsters, which he drew
Were only meant to copy you,
And, if the colours be not fainter,
Arraign yourselves, and not the painter.

BUT,

BUT, O! that He, who gave him breath,
 Dread arbiter of life and death,
 That He, the moving soul of all,
 The sleeping spirit would recall,
 And crown him with triumphant meeds,
 For all his past heroic deeds,
 In mansions of unbroken rest,
 The bright republic of the bless'd!
 Irradiate his benighted mind
 With living light of light refin'd,
 And there the blank of thought employ
 With objects of immortal joy!

YET, while he drags the sad remains
 Of life, slow-creeping through his veins,
 Above the views of private ends,
 The tributary Muse attends,
 To prop his feeble steps, or shed
 The pious tear around his bed.

So pilgrims, with devout complaints,
 Frequent the graves of martyr'd saints,
 Inscribe their worth in artless lines,
 And, in their stead, embrace their shrines.

AN

EPISTLE

WILLIAM P-LT-N-Y, Esq.

WHILE in the senate, crown'd with vast applause,
You boldly plead your injur'd country's cause,
Assert her freedom, paint her deep distress,
And Cato's mind in Tully's words express,
Young Patriots pant, and catch a transient beam
Of public spirit from thy parent flame :
Then stands appall'd the guilt of mighty knaves,
And statesmen wonder how they could be slaves.

BUT,

BUT, when you cease, and with convulsive throes
 Close the last scene of drooping Britain's woes,
 The venal herd return to what they left,
 To public rapine, or to private theft.

THUS, P—lt—y, thus, whilst from the pregnant skies,
 Loud thunder bursts, and forked lightning flies;
 The beasts of prey no longer dare to rove,
 But crouch, and tremble through the gloomy grove:
 Yet when the troubled air is calm again,
 Those savage tyrants rush upon the plain,
 Each from his den to glut his hungry maw,
 Rend the tame flock, and make their will their law.

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 And watchmen wonder how they could be slaves.

But,

AUTHOR

HIMSELF

AMBITION, paying court to knaves,
And fools, to lord it over slaves,

Like creeping ivy, which would rise

From humble earth to brave the skies,

Yet in its progress often falls

With ruinous and rotten walls,

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178 THE AUTHOR ON HIMSELF.

Never annoy'd my youthful years
With sanguine hopes, or abject fears:
Yet often have I wish'd to see
My days from low dependance free.

INDULGENT Providence at last,
In pity to my labours past,
Preferr'd my suit in sending o'er
Accomplish'd St-nh-pe to our shore
Supreme of all the tuneful throng,
He listen'd to my simple song,
He listen'd, and approv'd — but left
The song, like many more deceas'd,
Should not survive, though he might give
Applause, he bade its author live.
Remov'd from Dublin's clouded air
To breathe a purer atmosphere,
His Bard on antient Erne's banks
To Heav'n and him returns his thanks.

HE there sequester'd from the crowd,
And independent of the proud,
Imprints the principles of truth,
And honour on the minds of youth.

If haply his assiduous toil
 May benefit his native soil,
 Peopling with Patriots good and wise,
 The venal world, from which he flies,
 He triumphs there compos'd to dwell
 With calm contentment in a cell,
 Nor once inveighs against the Fates,
 That robb'd his birth of three estates.

EPISCOPUM C. M. M.

QUI impium munus integro
 Cultus tuos cum el oviss



Devota Christo, temple reponeret

Angus gaudens, nova condideret

Archi querebant, Præm, redem

A a 2 **ÆDIS**

ÆDIS APUD E--N,

AD RECTE REVERENDUM

EPISCOPUM C---M,

O QUI supremi numinis integros
Cultus tuentes quin et ovilia,
G---te, custodes tueris
Mente pia vigilique cura!

Devota Christo, templa reponeret
Antiqua gaudens, nova condere,
Audi querentem, Præsul, ædem
Et laceræ miserere fortis.

Me

THE

CHURCH

AT

E - - - - - N.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND THE BISHOP OF C - - - R.

O G—T, who with zealous heart sincere
Thy Maker's holy worship dost attend,
And with a pious mind and watchful care
Defend the shepherds, who the folds defend!

Rejoicing to reform those antient fanes,
To Christ devoted, or with fairer grace
To build new temples, hear my plaintive strains,
And pity, mitred chief, my doleful case.

A race

Me gens virorū clara fidelium,
Audaxque bello, struxit in insula,
Hinc inde pratis quam virentem
Lapsus aquæ sinuosus ambit.

Loīge refulsit turrigerum caput,
Multosque firmo robore constiti
Victrix per annos, et Jehovæ
Docta sacras iterare laudes :

Donc, procellis icta furentibus,
Crebroque sævæ grandinis impetu,
Densisque nimborum catervis,
Tecta cavis patuere rimis.

Tandem ruinas ætheris horridas
Ævique plagas, heu lacrymabiles !

Mercede conductus, redemptor
Continuo reparare spondet ;

Pactumque fabri nunc opus inchoant :

At, dum refixis extima culminum

Munire contendunt tigillis,

Et fragili decorare saxo,

Vultus pudicos ut Pharisaica

Gens induebat, conscia criminum,

Ac, turpis introrsum, patellæ

Rite superficiem lavabat,

Interna

A race of heroes rais'd my goodly pile,
Religious heroes, crown'd with martial wreaths,
In that egregious, meadow-skirted isle,
Which winding Erna's ambient eddy bathes.

My spiral front, refulgent far around,
Arose, and I, compos'd of solid wood,
Triumphant long, and tutor'd to resound
The hallow'd praises of Jehova, stood:

Till beaten, batter'd by the frequent force
Of raging tempests, cruel hail and bands
Of torrent rains, resistless in their course,
Yawning with chinks, my dome horrific stands.

At length, engag'd by mercenary ties
Of promis'd fees, an undertaker sage
Vows to repair the ruins of the skies,
And lamentable wounds of eating age:

And now his mates the rated work commence;

But, while they labour to refix aloof
With slender rafters, impotent defence,
And beautify with brittle slates my roof,

As once the faithless Pharisaic herd,
Conscious of crimes, put on a modest mien,
And of the cup, in sacrifice prefer'd,
Within polluted, wash'd the surface clean,

My

Interna, dictu tristia, negligunt,
Aut latiori funere proruunt,
Sanctumque conspirant lacunar
Cum rapidis violare ventis.

Divulsa nutant membra sedilium;
Raucum refractæ vocis imagine,
Debellat oratoris arma
Semirutum per inane rostrum.

Fragmenta celsis de laquearibus
Horrenda, quanto pondere pendula!
Infra precantum comminantur
Verticibus ruitura mortem.

Atqui, sacrarum, tu, Pater optime,
Tutela rerum, me refici jube,
Læsi que jam vindex decori,
Redde suos adytis honores.

Non, sicut est mos papicolæ gregis,
Ritu sinistro splendidus impie,
Ornata gemmarum, nec auri
Congerie simulacra posco;

Non mortuorum lintea vivida
Divum figuris, non crucis æmulas
Diræ tabellas, nec colenda
Virginæ genetricis ora:

Sed

My parts internal they neglect, or crush
With wider waste, O dismal tale of shame!
And with the winds, precipitant to rush,
Conspire to rend my consecrated frame.

The pews disjointed totter; half-destroy'd
The pulpit, screaming to the hoarse alarms
Of babbling echo through the vocal void,
Defeats the preacher's oratorial arms.

The fractur'd cielings, as by subtil threads
Dreadful dependent with what cumbrous weight!
To praying crowds, full o'er their subject heads
In act to tumble, threaten instant fate.

But thou, paternal President, the guard
Of sacred things, my dignities renew,
And, patronizing decency, now marr'd,
Restore their honours to my mansions due.

Not, like base bigots, trammel'd in the ways
Of papal homage, splendidly profane,
Demand I statues, deck'd with orient rays

Of gems, and jewels, prodigally vain;
Not canvas, glowing with the living lines
Of saints departed, not on pictur'd board

The direful cross, nor with accurs'd designs
The Virgin Mother ap'd, to be ador'd:

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The Virgin Mother ap'd, to be ador'd:

Sed quo facilli gratior emicet
 Cultura simplex; ceu tibi candidi
 Mores honestant jure mentem
 Ingenuam, et sine fraude comptam;

Quo vota, puro pectore supplices,
 Tuti clientes fundere gestiant,
 Neu quid paveſcant præter acres
 Cuncta Dei ſpeculantis iras.

But

But that my neat embellishment may shine
 More plainly grateful : as the candid heart
 Adorns thy mind with probity benign,
 Innate, refin'd without the guise of art :

That from their souls, with purer rapture fed,
 Free from the perils, which impending nod,
 Their vows my suppliants may refund, nor dread
 Aught, but the vengeance of all-seeing God.

Not know the sweet
 Those anxious breasts, which claim your tender cares,
 Once throbb'd with other hopes, and other fears ;
 Like yours, their insatiable thirst for love,
 But never may yours end, as these have done !

To you, select spirits, next I bend,
 For the Benefit of the Distressed Widows,
 Who, greatly overpowered by loss of home,
 Children of CLERGYMEN
 Slight life's frailties, and eternal flame,
PRO-A
B b 2

From earth's cold shades, and seize the skies :
 From forced to kneel, maintain'd to arts of woe,
 With tears, which struggling flame forbids to flow,
 No common mourners interest our scene,
 To plead distress, beyond its power to feign :
 'Tis

CHURCH [A 881] - 2 - M A
But that my neat embellishment may thing almost our has
More plainly grateful : as the candid heart plain stating
Adorns thy mind with propriety benign, unadorned error
Innate, rest'd without the guise of art : to, thumagat
That from their souls, with purer rapture fed
Free from the ties, which impeding
Their vows may supplants may reling, nor dread
Aught, but the vengeance of all-seeing God.
Cecilia Dei speculatrix
P R O L O G U E
TO THE TRAGEDY OF

C A T O,

For the Benefit of the Distressed Widows, and
Children of CLERGYMEN.
A P R O - B P s

UNUS'D to kneel, untrain'd to arts of woe,
With tears, which struggling shame forbids to flow,
No common mourners interest our scene,
To plead distress, beyond its power to feign :

'Tis

'Tis yours to raise them, fan their hopeless fires,
 And, while you bless the sons, forgive the fires,
 Who, nobly careless heap'd no hoarded chest,
 But, fix'd on one reversion, scorn'd the rest.

YE gentle youths, who with observant eyes,
 Sigh for the fair, and faintly hope she sighs ;
 Ye fair, who love's first sweet emotions prove,
 Nor know the sweet emotions spring from love ;
 Those anxious breasts, which claim your tender cares,
 Once throbb'd with other hopes, and other fears ;
 Like yours, their infant passions first begun,
 But never may yours end, as these have done !

To you, selected spirits, next I bend,
 Whose high conceptions larger views extend,
 Who, greatly overpower'd by love of fame,
 Slight life's short lamp for her eternal flame ;
 'Tis thus on social Virtue's wings you rise,
 Emerge from earth's cold shades, and seize the skies :
 From social Virtue flows each deathless deed,
 Her gen'rous impulse makes the Roman bleed,
 Enriches Addison's immortal vein,
 And forms an audience worthy of the scene.

O GLORIOUS

O GLORIOUS zeal! with Heav'n herself to share,
 Adopt her children, and divide Her care!
 O pleasing task! to stop the rising sigh,
 Flush the wan cheek, and light the faded eye!
 The widow's, orphan's happiness to plan,
 And prove humanity the boast of man.

Sigh for the fair, and faintly hope the sigh;
 Ye fair, who love's first sweet emotions prove,
 Not know the sweet emotions spring from love;
 Those anxious breasts, which claim your tender care,
 Once throbb'd with other hopes, and other fears;
 Like yours, their instant passions first began,
 But never may yours end, as these have done!

To you, selected spirits, next I bend,
 For the Benevolent, whose views extend
 Whole high conceptions larger views extend,
 Who, greatly overpowered by love of fame,
 Slight life's short lamp for her eternal flame;
 'Tis thus on social Virtue's wings you rise,
 Emerge from earth's cold shades, and seize the skies:

From social Virtue's flow each deathless deed,
 Her generous impulses the Roman deed,
 No common monuments immortal vein,
 And forms an audience worthy of the scene, faithful base
 To plead distress, and plead for woe.

O GLORIOUS

PROLOGUE

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

LYING-IN-HOSPITAL.

TH E tragic Muse to noblest action fires
The raptur'd soul, and purest thoughts inspires:

She forms the hero, struggling with his fate,
In pain triumphant, and in ruin great,
Gives injur'd virtue a more lovely dress,
And dignifies bright beauty in distress.
With fond compassion then our bosoms melt,
And throb for sorrows, which we never felt.

IF

If such the grief a well-wrought scene imparts,
 How must a real anguish touch your hearts?
 The tender mother and the faithful wife,
 Panting to bear her burthen into life,
 A life of woe, and destitute of means
 To prop that being, which she scarce sustains;
 Like some wreck'd sailor, who would fain explore
 A savage morsel on a desert shore!

YE Fathers, who possess the growing joys
 Of blooming virgins, and of hopeful boys,
 Let nature plead, without the guise of art,
 And shew, that pity is a manly part;
 That you were fashion'd with exalted mind,
 And lordly sway, to guard the weaker kind.

YE gentle Matrons, who have felt the throes
 Of teeming labour, soothe your sex's woes.
 Why should they moan, and not affect your ears?
 Why should they weep, and you restrain your tears?

YE generous Swains, whom honest passion warms,
 Smit by the genial beams of female charms,

Like

Like antient worthies merit fair renown,
By saving lives, deserve a deathless crown:
So may glad Hymen recompense your youth
With blissful beauties, and unspotted truth.

AND ye, chaste Maids, who, ripening, hope to prove
The sweets of wedlock, and the fruits of love;
With inward worth your outward gifts adorn,
And calm the parent's pangs, and cheer the babe unborn:
So may just Heav'n reward your nuptial rites,
Mirth wait your days, and pleasure crown your nights.
O may you long your softer sex repair
With daughters, fairer than their mothers fair;
With manly issue bless the public weal,
Nor ever, ever feel the wounds you heal.

102
191
In such the grief a well-wrought scene imparts,
How must a real anguish merit fair renown,
The tender mother and the father's hand
Passing to hear her youth
A life of **H Y M N,**
With blissful beauties and unspotted truth.

To prop that being, which the source of bliss
And yet chaste Maids who ripening hope to prove
Like some sweetest of wedlock, and the fruits of love;
A savage morose;
FOR THE CHARITY-SCHOOL OF ST. ANDREW'S, DUBLIN.

And calm the parent's pang, and cheer the babe unborn:
So may just Heav'n reward your nuptial rites,
Mirth wait your days, and pleasure crown your nights.
O may you long your lover's love repair
With daughters, fairer than their mothers were,
Above the Heav'n of Heav'ns thy throne,
Array'd with ever-living light!

How can thy glories be display'd,
Immortal, by a mortal tongue?
Thou spokest: lo! the world was made,
And order from confusion sprung.
What thine Omnipotence from nought
Created through thy wide domains,
Thy wisdom, beyond angel-thought,
Directs, thy providence sustains.

The

The sun, the moon, the stars, this ball
Harmonious wait upon thy nod:
The seasons, elements are all
The various ministers of God.
They speak his hand, Jehova, thine,
And awful own their limits round:
But thy benevolence divine,
And tender mercy know no bound.
'Tis thine to poise the ballance just
Of wealth and want among the crowd,
Exalt the humble, or to dust
Debase the triumphs of the proud;
To dry the widow's tears, to free
The captive, heal the broken mind —
The foodless orphan calls on thee,
The common parent of mankind.
'Tis thine to melt humaner hearts
In streams of charity to flow,
Like thy celestial sun, which darts
Its vital beams on all below.
Their bounties guard us from the stings
Of present want, and future shame,
Like incense, borne on heav'nly wings,
To warm us with religious flame.

While grandeur withers in its pride,
 And hoarded riches flit away,
 This treasure ever shall abide
 Without corruption or alloy.

Then let us, Lord, exalt our lays,
 And imitate thy purer host,
 High-raptur'd with the glorious praise
 Of Father, Son, and Holy-ghost.

Thou who art the Father of the poor,
 In the midst of the crowd,
 To dry the widow's tears, to feed the poor,
 The captive, heal the broken mind,
 The fatherless orphan calls on thee,
 The common parent of mankind.
 'Tis thine to melt human hearts
 In streams of charity to flow,
 Like thy celestial sun, which darts
 Its vital beams on all below.
 Their bonnet's guard us from the sun,
 Thy wisdom, Lord, and future frame,
 Directs thy people's path, and leads
 Like incense, borne on heavenly wings,
 To warm us with religious flame.

CHEMIÆ GENERATIO.

I P S E pater Divum, cœli speculatus ab arce
 Multiplices hominum casus, tristesque labores,
 Permixtos lachrymis gemitus, precibusque querelas
 Audierat, sævosque animi lenire dolores,
 Et membris cupiens jamdudum avertere morbos,
 Fulminis Ætnæum artificem, virgaque potentem
 Mercurium affatur placido sic ore, ministros.
 “ Cernitis ut tenui pendent mortalia filo,
 Stultitiaque sua, cæcaque cupidine rapta,
 Gens humana ruit ? quæ passim funera Bacchus,
 Quæ Cytherea dedit ! nequicquam numine lætas
 Herbas Phœbus alit ; nequicquam docta salubrem
 Elicit humorem, et medicas manus applicat artes ;
 Dum rerum natura latet sub nube creatrix,
 Aut male culta vagos veteris Chironis alumnos

Spe trahit, et veri prensantes ludit imago.
At mihi stat tandem sæcli fulcire ruinas,
Et miserum servare genus; ne debita cœlo
Templa vacent, ne non spirent altaria donis
Rite suis, breviorque brevis ne vita laboret.

Vos, mea progenies, crescenti occurrите pesti;
Divinas etenim vires, penitusque repositam
Virtutem implicui vobis, quo munere Pœan
Exerat officium, trepido felicius orbi.

Tu, celer interpres, delapsus ab æthere pennis,
Per cava terrarum spiracula, mollis ut imber,
Descende in thalamos magnæ genetricis, et infra
Comprime conclusam, et vitali semine comple:
Illa ferax, et mixta Deo penetralibus imis,
Concipiet, reddetque sacro cum fœnore fructus.
Hinc sale pregnantēs et odori sulphure fontes
Manabunt, oleoque haustus et alumine dites,
Et liquidi lymphæ Chalybis, vivoque fluentes
Argento latices, et quicquid fossile firmet
Lapsantes artus, animasque moretur ab orco.

QUUM

QUUM primos homines effinxerat arte Prometheus,
Undique particulam fertur sumpsisse coactam,
Quoque opus expleret, molemque agigaret inertem,
Æthereum in fensum flammam subduxit Olympo.

HINC variis elementa modis, et materiai
Semina, feminibus pugnantia, fœdere certo
Corpora componunt : ut magni machina mundi,
Sic hominis constat, coeunt in pabula cujus
Pocula dulcis aquæ, maris alti, mobile marmor,
Ubera terrarum, et cœli spirabilis aura.
Est adeo ex illis requies, finisque malorum
Ingenio quærenda Dei mortalibus ægris,
Et, quoniam, cunctas per partes didita, regnet
Ignea vis animæ, et vitæ moderetur habenas,
Te focium adjungas fratri, volo, Mulciber, Hermi.

JAM furnos operi, jam jam fornacibus ignes,
Ac tormenta para, quibus intima principiorum,
Indiscreta diu, tandem liquefacta patefcant.

NEC mora : naturæ rapido succen fus amore,
Proteus, in varias converso corpore formas,
Elapsam toties gelidis amplexibus olim,
Nunc ardore premet nympham, sistetque fugacem

Mille per ambages. Zona simul illa soluta,
 Quem vitavit, ovans, mutato more, sequetur.
 Hinc medicina potens, Chemiæ pulcherrima proles,
 Nascetur, minuetque, piis comitata ministris,
 Umbrarum imperium, late genitura salutem."

DIXERAT: ast illi supremi dicta parentis
 Auribus accipiunt avidis, ac jussa faceflunt.

N

ON THE
H A P P Y E F F E C T S

OF THE

R E V O L U T I O N.

PALLAS, descending from her native skies,
Fam'd Athens plann'd, and bade her turrets rise:

The maiden daughter of imperial Jove
There planted first the memorable grove,
Beneath whose awful, hospitable shade
The Graces danc'd, and tuneful Muses play'd,
Immortal sages, with the goddesses fraught,
Unlock'd their stores, and orient science taught.

VOL. II

D d

HENCE

HENCE architecture, emblems of her lore,
The square, the compass, and the plummet bore ;
While beauty by her side, for ever young,
Advanc'd, and order from confusion sprung.

HENCE tablets naked, as the barren strand,
Touch'd into life, confess'd the master's hand ;
While o'er the surface of the level'd wood
A fair creation in proportion stood,
Or seem'd to move: the passions took their place,
And all the soul was figur'd in the face.

ENORMOUS rocks, a rude and rigid heap,
Softened with steel, and wounded into shape,
Patriots, or heroes of undaunted breast,
And here a Venus, there a Mars express'd.

EURIPIDES with tender strokes of art
Through captive ears could penetrate the heart,
Teach real woe from fabled grief to rise,
And pity stream from sympathetic eyes:
While bolder Sophocles with raptur'd rage
Of panic terror shook the magic stage,
And deep Demosthenes was wont to guide
Attentive senates with a torrent tide

Of godlike eloquence in virtue's cause,
His country's life, and spirit of her laws.

IN arts, and arms, the lordly city shone
Unrival'd long, while Freedom was her own;
Till, by degrees, the Macedonian yoke
Her glories tarnish'd, and her genius broke.
When lust of lucre once corrodes the mind,
It leaves no trace of excellence behind;
When foul corruption spreads her gilded bait,
Nor wealth, nor wisdom can preserve a state.

OUR Alma, now majestic to be seen,
Like Athens founded by a virgin queen,
Prosper'd a-pace, and through her wide domain
Diffus'd the blessings of her letter'd train.
But in the womb of black succeeding times
Infernal envy, meditating crimes,
And superstition rous'd their Papal pow'rs,
To blast Eliza's venerable tow'rs.
Then mad misrule, and arbitrary force
Expell'd the Muses from their sacred source.
Our fires beheld Astræa's broken scales,
These mansions barracks, and our churches jails;

But glorious WILLIAM's vindicating sword
 Our laws, and rights, and liberties restor'd,
 The banish'd Muses to their seats return,
 And rise from ruin brighter o'er their urn:
 The great assertor of these gifts divine
 Entail'd his honours on the Brunswic line,
 From George to George his ensigns of command
 To rule, protect, and sanctify the land.

Our Arms, now destined to be seen,
 Like Aeneas founded by his progeny,
 Prop'd a pace, and through his wide domain,
 Diffus'd the blessing of his letter'd train,
 But in the womb of black succeeding times

Through envy, mechanical, and howling rage,
 And superstition's dark, and poisonous rage,
 To blast his venerable tower, and howling rage,
 And pity from his tomb, and howling rage,
 While bold'st of heroes, and howling rage,

HYMES

Of panic terror, and howling rage,
 And deep Despair, and howling rage,
 Attentive senators, and howling rage,
 But

H Y E M S I N U R B E.

INVECTA pennis jam Borealibus,
Anni senectus, fremit atrox Hyems,
Pontique fervere profunda,
Navifragis agitata ventis.

Jam nunc aquarum littora montibus
Longe reclamant fracta tumentibus,
Sylvæque strident, et Leones
Attoniti repetunt speluncas.

Horrescit æther nubibus arduus
Terramque Titan lumine languidus
Prospectat obliquo jacentem.
Orbe diem interiore claudens

Quin et Deorum rex nebulas poli
Diffindit atras oris anhelitu,
Fusoque debacchatus imbre
Diluvie populatur arva.

Volvuntur imis robora stirpibus
Annosa. Pontes vorticibus ruunt,
Et spes colonorum virentes,
Atque boum labor abluuntur.
Natura vero mox patitur vices,
Miranda formis versicoloribus :
En aer insævit, geluque
Rura rigent, nivibusque cudent.
Impulsa dudum gurgite flumina
Concreta constant compede vitrea,
Cœloque delapsæ volucres
Sylvicolæ pereunt Camœnæ.
Pastor per agros heu miseras oves
Quærit, nivali vellere conditas ;
Sulcisque formidans arator
Ante focum truculentus alget.
Væ tum vaganti montibus, advenæ!
Dum vix paternas rusticus accola
Explorat ædes, et coacta
Membra tenet glacialis horror.
Non sic beatis vivitur urbibus ;
Seu tecta grando verberat horrida,
Strictæque dependent pruina
Culminibus, fluitantve nimbi :

Densæ

Densæ minacem seu tenebræ polum
Cinxere, quassat five Diespiter,
Ventorum inhorrescens tumultu,
Turrigeras violenter arces.
Inter nitentes æmula virgines,
Hinc inde pubes ducit amabiles
Noctu choreas, datque flexos
Ad numerum sinuosa motus.
Seu vi modorum grandifonantium
Handellus, ipso dulcior Orphee,
Permulcet aures blandienti,
Et digitis fera corda frænat.
Jam nos theatro Shæcspereus allicit,
Socco pedestri, non sine plaufibus,
Altoque adornandus cothurno,
Ambiguus per utrumque princeps.
Torva soluti sollicitudine,
Cultu fugacem præripimus diem,
Præclara scrutantes Minervæ,
Et veterum monumenta vatæ.
Jamque ingruenti vespere vividus
Resplendet ignis: pocula ducimus,
Rebusque gaudentes paratis
Terribicis fruimur procellis.

Lethea

Lethea manes flumina sic pui
 Libant, amicti lumine proprio,
 Mœstisque lætantes sub umbris
 Elysiis potiuntur arvis.

P R O M O T I O N

O F

MR. J--N M-S-N, to a full Vicarage Choral, in
the Cathedral of ARMAGH.

LONG M-s-N's merits, though they call'd aloud
For better fortune, pass'd among the crowd
Of meaner songsters, like some precious gem,
That might adorn the regal diadem,
Beset with crystal drops. ARMAGH at last
Rewards the service of his labours past.
And who, like M-s-N, in the vocal quire
With holy transports could the soul inspire?

VOL. II.

E e

Like

Like him the voice of gratulation raise
 In heavenly anthems to his Maker's praise?
 And equal DAVID's majesty profound
 Of thought sublime, with not inferior sound?

FOR GEORGE's triumphs over land and main,
 And all the glories of his golden reign,
 A long succession of unrivall'd years,
 A tide of music bursts upon our ears!
 The vested vicars jubilant employ
 Their tuneful efforts with tumultuous joy,
 Treble and tenor; while, to crown the quire,
 The pleasing organ swells the rapture higher.
 M-s-n alone returns the solemn notes;
 The sacred dome with Halleluja floats:
 Nor acts he barely but a master-part,
 His voice is just the cadence of his heart:
 His heart, consenting to the noblest end
 Of husband, father, citizen, and friend.

D--N

[211]
D——N to S——T.

MOST dear to thy D——N, O S——T, ever dear
To the sweet-singing nymphs of Helicon clear !

Though, even in health, your costly fine dishes,
And ruddy-boon Bacchus were far from my wishes,
Though my heart be now sick, quite addled my brains,
And head split asunder with thought-gnawing pains,
Yet I shall attend thee, when Hesperus bright
Arises, fore-running the pale queen of night,
And day-giving Phœbus to tipple his potion,
Sinks into the chambers of broad-bosom'd Ocean.
For friendship so charming, a friend so sincere,
An host so facetious, what would I not bear ?
I yield on conditions: thy rigour suspend,
Nor shackle to bumpers thy flow-sipping friend.
O rouse not the fury of potent Margouze,
Nor play the fond tyrant against the weak Muse :

For D---n, that D---n of dastardly soul,
 Whom bravely you challenge to drain the full bowl,
 Apart from the tumult of crowded potation,
 Would pour to Muses a modest libation.
 But, if, in return to my visit, you spend
 To-morrow's glad evening along with your friend,
 I'll furnish an Attic repast in such measure,
 That father Apollo might envy our pleasure;
 A rare entertainment! well seasoned with jests,
 For L---n and M---e are both to be guests.

ON THE

D R A P I E R

UNDONE by Fools at home, abroad by Knaves,
 The Isle of Saints became the land of Slaves,
 Trembling beneath her proud oppressor's hand;
 But, when thy reason thunder'd through the land,
 Then all the public spirit breath'd in thee,
 And all, except the sons of guilt, were free.
 Blest Isle, blest Patriot, ever-glorious strife!
 You gave her Freedom, as she gave thee Life.
 Thus Cato fought, whom Brutus copy'd well,
 And with those rights, for which you stand, he fell.

On

For D——n, that D——n of D——n's soul,
Whom bravely you challenge to draw the full bowl,
Apart from the tumult of crowded location,
Would pour to Musæ a more fit libation.
But if, to retire to my study, you prefer
To-morrow's quiet evening along with your friend,
I'll furnish an Attic repast in such measure.

M **R.** **Q** **N.**

For L——n and M——n are both to be guests.

BEHOLD its long-lost honours to the stage
Restor'd, and hail the Roscius of our age.
In action Proteus! now with comic wit,
And pointed jest he feasts the crowded pit,
While his own foible, each spectator hears,
And drinks the charming bane with eager ears.
In him, as in a glass, the young, the old,
The grave, the gay, their characters behold;
From each deceit he tears the mask away,
And drags the villain to the glare of day.

Now chiefs, who bold in dreadful battle stood,
Be-wreath'd with palms, or red with patriot blood,

Now

Now tyrants, infamous for kindred slain,
 He brings to view, and swells the tragic scene,
 We start, we tremble at his lofty tone!
 We pant, we sigh for sorrows not our own!
 The wounds, the groans of dying worth excite:
 A pleasing horror, and a stern delight.

WHAT though the genius of immortal Greece
 Conduct the poet through a finish'd piece,
 His labour'd scenes are but a lifeless frame;
 The skilful actor breathes the vital flame.

Q—N ever is just what he would express:
 We feel by sweet delusion his distress:
 We hang on every accent with delight,
 Our ears infatiate, and uncloy'd our sight.

As the bright sun another and the same,
 Shines in the bow with many-colour'd beam,
 In fruits autumnal, ripen'd by his rays,
 A thousand beauties, thousand hues displays;
 So Q—N the same propriety maintains
 In forms as various, as the shifting scenes.
 Lord of each breast, he bids alternate rise,
 Love, terror, hope, compassion, and surprise.

WHEN

WHEN, Heav'n's high voice, redoubled thunders roar,
 Rent are the clouds, the tempests rage no more:
 Not less his awful eloquence controuls
 The crowd, and hushes their tumultuous souls;
 Nor in his voice alone the magic breaks,
 His look, his hand, his ev'ry gesture speaks.

BEHOLD
 Behold, and distant as the sun
 In action proud, now glowing in the sun
 And pointed just, his lighted path
 While his own light, his own
 And drinks the light, and the same
 Shines in the bow with many-colour'd beam
 In fruits autumnal, ripen'd by his rays
 A thousand beauties, thousand hues display
 So Q—n the same propriety maintains
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 WHEN

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS Dr. S—t, of all critics the best,
With violence often young D—n had press'd,
To alter, amend, and correct the bad rhymes,
Which in Travesty Virgil we meet with sometimes;
And also to change all those cursed ideas,
Which Cotton attributes to pious Æneas,
When in caverns and grottoes, confin'd by the weather,
That Hero and Dido had trifled together;
Above all, that he'd banish that wicked green groundsel,
Where with Venus Anchises once held privy-council.
Accordingly D—n had alter'd, amended
What exceptions appear'd, or what virtue offended.
But, alas! after all the fatigue of his head,
This book he has lent, by good-nature mislaid,
To some rascal acquaintance, who never return'd it;
(In a rage, says the Poet, I wish I had burn'd it!)

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A D-

[217]

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This book he has lent, by good-nature mislaid,
To some rascal acquaintance, who never return'd it;
(In a rage, says the Poet, I wish I had burn'd it!)

Or else by some rogue, in the shape of a thief,
 It was taken felonious; and therefore, in brief,
 If any friend have it, he now is requested
 To restore it, or dread being ever detested,
 Like ---- that robber and scoundrel in grain,
 Who borrow'd and stole half the books of the Dean.
 Let him not think it hard: To all Priests I'll appeal,
 That not to restore, is as bad as to steal.

Yet whoever will call on the Printer hereof,
 And this volume return, shall with pleasure sheer off
 With a Guinea of gold in his pocket to drink,
 And no questions ask'd. Pray, what do you think,
 Is not that a reward for the most honest fellow?
 A reward, that can make him both happy and mellow?

OR, if, when this book shall be offer'd for sale,
 Any printer will stop it, the bard will not fail
 To make over the issues and profits accruing
 From thence to the printer, for his care in so doing;
 Provided, he first to the poet will send it,
 That, where it is wrong, he may alter and mend it.

A D I A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

RICHARD and his CONSCIENCE, &c.

Locus est et pluribus umbris.

HOR.

CONSCIENCE.

THE fatal verdict now is past,
 And restoration comes at last,
 The vapour, lately wont to glide
 Meteorous with gilded pride,

F f 2

And

And awe the vulgar with portents
 Of dread calamitous events,
 With vain assault attempts to rise,
 In usurpation of the skies,
 Relapsing to its parent bog,
 It dies and mixes with a fog.
 Ah, Richard, how do I bemoan thee,
 For not a friend of thine will own thee!

RICHARD.

INTOLERABLE, odious cant!
 Vile comforter of Job, avaunt!
 I ever loath'd thy curtain-lectures,
 A mere chimæra of conjectures!
 Though wounded, dost thou think me dead?
 And has the hydra but one head?
 Suppose me beaten once: what then?
 My broken troop shall close again:
 My Swifs, when I can get them cloaths,
 Shall re-attack with treble oaths
 The vaunting foes, and with a yell
 Out-damn them to the pit of hell.
 For, if I understand a letter,
 They shall be taught their lessons better.

My

My knights, though somewhat now dismay'd,
Shall then be masters of their trade,
And (if they can secure their ears)
Be fully paid their old arrears.

C O N S C I E N C E.

NOT all the malice they can breathe,
With D——'s heart, and front of H---,
Can mend the matter : all thy drinkers
Are but a set of sorry tinkers,
Who madly put you on your mettle,
And strive to patch a leaky kettle.

YOUR witnesses are kifs-book-heroes,
A very chorus of Crowderoes,
Whose oaths, of jarring notes compounded,
Are but confusion worse confounded.
A pack of babblers at a bay,
Who, when they should pursue thy prey,
Run counter, like Actæon's pack,
And fall upon their Master's back.

BUT grant you raise another host,
A thousand worthies of the post,

The

RICHARD.

The verdict of that jury just
Must crush thy title into dust.

RICHARD.

DESTRUCTION, pestilence, and fury
Confound it for an honest jury!—
But still the battle is not lost,
Although I felt it to my cost,
And, if I truckle, or compound
With any A—— over ground,
Then may your right undoubted Lord
Be stigmatiz'd upon record,
Cohabit with a fingle wife,
Or be a gally-slave for life,
Or (what you meanly seem to dread)
Transported in my nephew's stead.
And, as more sultry still the day grows,
Condemn'd to stubb among the negroes,
And doom'd, whenever I depart,
To make my exit from a cart,
Then shift your scenes of puny terror,
For I have lodg'd my writ of error.

CON-

C O N S C I E N C E.

THY merit most exactly tallies,
To speak sincerely, with the gallies,
And fairly pleads, without indenture,
To ship thee a West-India venture,
And, for the culture of potatoes,
To sweat, and combat with musketoes,
From wood, with ever-during toil,
To tutor, and reclaim the soil,
Or wage a war with beasts, that ravage
The savage beasts, thyself more savage.

THE cart, from which you cannot swerve,
In truth and justice you deserve,
Nor should a halter yet prohibit
Your L---- from a decent gibbet.
But you must be beyond your wits,
When you begin to dream of writs:
Thy writ of error is no more
Than clawing of an itchy fore;
For, since the bladders of the court
Are now no longer your support,
You flounce, unable to proceed,
And, sinking, catch a rotten reed.

RICHARD.

RICHARD.

So say the rabble; but the wife
 Pronounce it all a weak surmise:
 My council, learned in the laws,
 Discover such material flaws,
 As must beget a suit at bar,
 And where will end the wordy war?

CONSCIENCE.

YOUR lawyers, leading you through mazes,
 Live like physicians on diseases:
 Attornies, each for what he earns,
 Are but their imps, or subalterns,
 Who fill thy noddle with vagaries,
 As your profound apothecaries
 Administer their mortal pills,
 And flogs, to lengthen out their bills.

To rapine prone, to reason blind,
 A pike, you prey upon your kind:
 The fisher strikes you with his hook,
 And plays you round the winding brook,
 And all you boast, depriv'd of strength,
 Is only, that you ran your length.

RICHARD.

RICHARD.

RICHARD.

CONFUSION, Furies, Hell, and Death!
 I hardly can support my breath.
 You still upbraid us with mishaps,
 And plague me with your after-claps.
 Why, were I strung, as you know how,
 Could all your skill prevent it now?
 Hence, empty, vain, ill-boding thing,
 Thou Bug-bear with an airy sting,
 By Priests invented, paltry goat-herds,
 To frighten superstitious dotards,
 Go, startle women if you can,
 But know that RICHARD is a man!

CONSCIENCE.

THE base fore-runners of your woe,
 Your Pimps, and Parasites may go:
 They, like thy shade, with cringe quotidian
 Obsequious waited thy meridian;
 But I, partaker of thy doom,
 Attend thee to the lonely gloom,
 Presenting to thy wilder'd senses
 The figures of your past offences,

Such Gorgons, as, by staring at you,
Must petrify you into statue.

RICHARD.

THOU canker, wedded to my breast,
And worse than all my wives, a pest!
Have I not us'd a thousand balms
To mitigate thy peevish qualms?
With music lull'd, with liquor warm'd,
And venal, virgin beauty charm'd?
Yet, like a vermin apt to gnaw,
For lack of food, its mansion-maw,
Instead of making some requitals,
You feast upon my very vitals.

That you should put me to the rack,
Thus insolently, thus attack,
Defenceless as you find him here,
The sacred person of a peer,
And set your wicked teeth on edge,
Is such a breach of privilege,
As must subvert, to all intent,
The being of a Parliament:

But

RICHARD.

But, Viper, let thy venom burst;
I am determin'd: do thy worst.

The heart of RICHARD yet is whole;
He has (I wish he had no) soul. [Aside.

CONSCIENCE.

I PRAY thee, be not so untoward;
Thou know'st, I know thou art a coward,
And wouldst receive a beating yet,
As readily, as run in debt,
Rather than free thy blade confin'd,
Unless it were to stab behind:
But, if thou hadst a heart, alas!
And all that heart were made of brass,
Or temper'd steel, or season'd oak,
And proof against a thunder stroke,
Yet I shall raise a scene, to harrow
Thy very soul, and pierce thy marrow.

RI-
G g 2

RICHARD.

O! tender conscience, name it not,
Or I shall sink upon the spot:
The sad reflection, that succeeds,
Presents afresh my former deeds.

CONSCIENCE.

THY tender conscience must be such,
As never can abide the touch.
Behold my fester'd wounds, how deep!
O! RICHARD, thou hast murder'd sleep.

RICHARD.

YET, could I only stifle thee,
And half a score, I should be free:
Then all were well again—but, ha! [Enter Ghosts.]
My nephew from America!
So G— comes, and all is lost:
Confound that cursed bill of cost!
He snatch'd me from the fatal tree,
And well for that deserv'd his fee:

But

But, save a felon from the halter—
 Then why should I the proverb alter?
 Or grant I should; the service done
 Bespoke my business, but begun;
 He botch'd his journey-work at last:
 My nephew lives—and I am cast.
 But am I cast by such a slave?
 Impossible! I dote! I rave!
 Ah! conscience, conscience, why so dastard?
 He must, and shall be prov'd a bastard.

CONSCIENCE.

THE mad conclusions, which you draw,
 Bid fair for bedlam, and clean straw:
 But, if thou would'st be wise, begone, vent
 Thy Penitentials in a convent.

RICHARD.

My constitution would agree
 Much better with a nunnery,
 To discipline a fair transgressor,
 Would I not prove a choice confessor?

CON-

CONSCIENCE.

I TELL thee, culprit, thou art crazy.

RICHARD.

I should be well, if thou wert easy.

CONSCIENCE.

AH me! what perils thee environ!

RICHARD.

COME, let me touch thee with hot iron,
Take that, and that, and that—

[He brands her thrice.]

CONSCIENCE.

GIVE o'er—

Enough! enough! I feel no more.

RICHARD.

So now, no more on perils ponder—

But, with a vengeance, what is yonder?

What, art thou A——y? answer, wretch?

[Enter A——s Fetch.]

FETCH.

F E T C H.

I AM not A---y, but his fetch,
 Commissioned to renew thy woes,
 While he enjoys serene repose,
 Or, chearful, spends the social night
 Amidst the champions of his right,
 M---, vers'd in books, and men,
 And L---, with piercing ken,
 And K---, prepar'd to hit
 The distant mark with pointed wit,
 And W---, of fair renown,
 And G---, keen to hunt thee down,
 And calm L---, by reason mov'd,
 All men of candour, and approv'd.

R I C H A R D.

Am I not real A---m, phantom?

F E T C H.

No more than thou art King of Bantam.

RICHARD.

Not A—a, malignant Spectre?

FETCH.

As much indeed, as thou art Hector.

RICHARD.

What am I then—?

FETCH.

A PAINTED bubble,

A thingless name, a Lord of stubble.

RICHARD.

But now, suppose, I should implore
My nephew's pardon, and restore,
Without expences or debate,
His ravish'd titles, and estate,

RICHARD.

Which

FETCH.

Which now the law between us swallows,
What pittance should I get?

F E T C H.

THE Gallows.

RICHARD.

'Twas made for slaves: begone, perdition
Arrest thee, horrid apparition!

[Enter the ghosts of two highway-men,
W——d and C——e.]

RICHARD.

AND what are you with hempen collars
About your necks?

G H O S T S.

YOUR quondam scholars.

VOL. II.

H h

1st GHOST.

1st GHOST.

My name is W——d.

2^d GHOST.

Mine is C——e.

RICHARD.

The very men, upon my soul!

1st GHOST.

Whom you betray'd, but, mark the end on't,
 You too shall shortly die dependent.

2^d GHOST.

The Bridewell-nymphs with pious care
 For thee their beaten works prepare,
 The Wainer now (so fate insists)
 For thee the manufacture twists,
 And Jack, who waits to knot the noose,
 In fancy dances in thy shoes.

RICHARD.

RICHARD.

FROM London City down to Bristol,
You know I never cock'd a pistol.

1st GHOST.

WE know you never had a heart
To play the gallant, open part.

2^d GHOST.

WE rank'd thy rogue-ship with our setters,
Who left the danger to their betters.

RICHARD.

A PRUDENT leader, where he can,
Should ever lie behind the van,
And keep within his proper borders :
His office is to give his orders.
I timely taught you how to wield
Your weapons, measur'd out the field,
And, seeing dangers from afar,
Weigh'd all the great events of war ;
That each to conquest might succeed,
By conduct I, and you by deed.
You stood, like soldiers, on your duty.

H h 2

1st GHOST.

1st GHOST.

BUT you ran off with all the booty.

RICHARD.

FOR laurels thus, as well as chattles,
The greatest chiefs have fought their battles.

2^d GHOST.

WE bore the dangers, you the gains,
And well you paid us for our pains.

RICHARD.

I PAID you well, altho' the winner,
You know the wages of a finner.

1st GHOST.

THAT you should buoy us up with hope,
And then depute us to the rope,
Is such a double villainy,
So base a piece of treachery,
And cowardice, as proves that Wight,
Compar'd to RICHARD, was a child.

A feat

1st GHOST.

H d s

A feat well worthy of a B-DK-N!

RICHARD.

I VALUE not the deed a dodkin.
But what I did in sober sort
Was but the practice of the court :
It is a case that happens daily :
Consult the trials at Old-Baily.

I HOPE no mischief was committed :
The ropes were made, and, if they fitted
Your gullets to their best capacity,
I must applaud my own sagacity.
Although my bosom-brethren bore 'em,
Much good may do the necks, that wore 'em.
Yet let it be, my brave comrades,
Some consolation to your shades,
You fell by RICHARD : lofty lot !

2d GHOST.

To fall the victims of thy plot ?

1st GHOST.

1st GHOST.

ALTHOUGH the gallows was our right,
To perish thus by such a kite
Must be the vilest infamy,
Unless it were to live like thee.

RICHARD.

ACCUSE your stars: it was decreed,
That you should swing, and I succeed
To dignities—but, if I must
Resign my glories to the dust,
If I, as you prophetic say,
Am doom'd to die before my day,
At least my gullet claims a hatchet.

2^d GHOST.

MY L—d, a rope will better match it.

[Enter the ghost of Mrs. P—t.]

RICHARD.

AND what art thou? perhaps, the shade
Of some once fair deluded maid.

If

If so, I serv'd you very well,
'Tis better than — lead apes in Hell.

G H O S T.

I AM, thou reprobate in lust,
The spirit of the Countess P——t.
Yet think of me, O! think betimes,
Reflect with horror on thy crimes.

R I C H A R D.

I BROKE (forsooth) my marriage vows,
Because I took another spouse.
Suppose a turbot were my dish,
What, must I always feed on fish?
To take that settlement a wife,
And have, and hold her for one's life,
Is only held a sacrament
Among the Papists, who keep Lent,
And should not hold a Protestant
By solemn league or covenant.
No man of spirit, in his fond age,
Could brook with such Egyptian bondage.
Besides (or else that maxim lies,
So long supported by the wife)

A lasting

A lasting inconvenience still
Is worse than any present ill.

THE God of love (as poets sing)
Is ever shifting on the wing,
Nor could the choicest mate engage
His heart to chuckle in a cage:
So wedlock, in my private sense,
Is but a female, poor pretence,
To shackle men, a passing token;
For, when I will, the bargain's broken.

THIS world of beauty, which surprises,
From sweet variety arises.
Consult the seasons of the year,
Exchanging parts in prone career,
As if they fled, like man and wife,
From one another in the strife.
Old ocean, whence my goddess rose,
In endless eddies ebbs and flows.
The sun, who runs from east to west,
Yet knows no sabbath-night of rest;
Altho' some poets fondly feign,
He pays his duties to the main.

The

The planets dancing frisk away,
 As if it never would be day,
 And err, as if they meant to shew,
 How men should wander here below.
 The moon, who shews so broad a face,
 As if, like me, she wanted grace,
 To mortal goddesses a-kin,
 Yet lies of monthly fluxes in,
 Behind a cloud with circumspection,
 To get (forsooth) a new complexion :
 Though, when she first her head adorns,
 She only shews, like thee, her horns.
 If such the changes prove above,
 Shall I be constant in my love ?
 And, when a thousand blooming maids
 Are open to my ambuscades,
 Should I be shut up by a bed lock,
 And only link'd to one in wedlock ?
 It must not be — my lordly passions
 Should be as fickle, as their fashions.

Hiatus

[Enter the P——r's ghost.]

VOL. II.

I i

But,

A SATIRE

But, what art thou, whose airy back
Appears to bend beneath a pack?

P——r's GHOST.

I TRAVELL'D from the Stygian coast,
The Calidonian P——r's ghost,
I need not mention how I fell,
But think with horror on the well.

[Enter the B——e's boy's ghost.]

RICHARD.

AND what art thou?

B——e's GHOST.

I AM, alack!
The spirit of thy mangled black.

RICHARD.

POOR boy! 'twas pitiful indeed—
Methinks I still behold thee bleed;

But,

But, as I hope to save my throat,
I only meant to mend your note.

[Enter the ghost of B—s.]

BUT, with a vengeance, what is this?
I swear it is the ghost of B—s.

CONSCIENCE.

OBSERVE the poker on his forehead!

GHOST.

O DEED, most horrid! horrid! horrid!

CONSCIENCE.

IN vain you murder, bribe, and banish—

RICHARD.

But, lo! the puny phantoms vanish.
I hear the crowing of the cock:
The watchman cries past twelve o'clock:
No farther danger's to be fear'd,
Since they are gone, and thou art fear'd.

But, as I hope to have my share, show, most illustrious, and
I only meant to mend your notes, a thousand times of errand

A [Enter the ghost of B—]

But, with a vengeance, what is this? a servant I
I twain it is the ghost of B—
I twain it is the ghost of B—
I twain it is the ghost of B—

SATIRE

Inscribed to S—.

WHEN fable night hath spread a dreary gloom
Around the concave of a banquet-room;
The dark'ned guests a sudden silence keep,
And fullen sit, as if inclin'd to sleep.

BUT, when the lighted tapers friendly blaze
Supplies the genial sun's extinguish'd rays,
Reviving mirth and social joy a-pace
Pant in each breast, and smile on ev'ry face.
Yet,

YET, when the self-consuming taper dies,
 And smoaky vapours from the socket rise;
 All curse the stench; for what had chear'd before
 Their eyes, offends their injur'd noses more.

THUS, when a man his health and fortune spends,
 To serve his country, and advance his friends,
 The crowd of suitors on his humours live,
 While he, hath wealth in store, and grace to give.
 But, when the fun of his indulgence sets,
 And he reminds them of their former debts,
 The buzzing insects, deaf to pity's call,
 Desert his needs, or sting him in his fall.
 A truth I sing, which well thy virtue knows,
 That friends oblig'd become the basest foes.
 Propitious patrons, who promote their slaves
 To pomp, are but the scaffolding of knaves.
 The finish'd pile with glitt'ring spires they crown,
 Then eager cast the scaling timber down.

THE faithful dog, whatever ills betide
 His master, still attends his guarded side,
 Through barrent wilds, assassinating swords,
 Or hissing darts, his barking aid affords,

Stands,

Stands, while he stands, nor flies, however fleet,
But, if he falls, lies howling at his feet.

THE rending lion and the tyger-brood
Yet spare the hand, that yields them daily food.

BUT, man, vile man, ungrateful in his kind,
Receives your bounties with an envious mind,
Rather than rate, reduces them to none,
Too selfish to return, too proud to own.
Just is thy maxim; for the caitiff shuns
Thy hated face, as debtors do their duns.
Thy very presence, though thy tongue be ty'd,
His guilt arouses, and confounds his pride.
Avaunt! avaunt! for Banquo to Macbeth,
Is not so shocking——Thou art worse than death.

BUT is there now no faith in human frame,
Is friendship nothing, but an empty name?
Friendship at best is but a painted show,
And full as fickle, as the dice you throw,
Profess'd by rogues, betraying to their lures
Fond fools, as coyness is the bait of wh—es.

WHEN

WHEN fortune smiles, unbidden friends are nigh,
 But, if she frown, the base deserters fly.
 In vain the wretched for assistance ask,
 Then each pretender lays aside his mask.

So well some players can perform their part,
 We scarce remember, that the work is art :
 One struts a son, another limps a fire,
 This looks a lord, and that a wealthy 'squire.
 But, when the motley scene is clos'd, anon
 My lord relapses into simple John :
 Their former dress the mimics re-assume,
 And all are equals in the tiring room.
 Thus friendship is the farce of ev'ry age,
 Most men mere actors, and the world their stage.

A SATIRE

Though

By

When former friends, and friends are right,
But if the frown, the brow, the eye,
In vain the wretched for assistance ask,
Then each pretender, says, and his mate,
Yet still the same, and still the same.

SATIRE

To D--- S---, Esq; after his Marriage.

YOUR formal visits all are paid at last,
And now, my friend, the honey-moon is past:
What poet then would think it worth his care,
To raise a sonnet on the wedded pair,
When he no more can paint the tender loves,
And Cytherea with her billing doves?
When bride, and bride-groom, late auspicious names,
Suggesting raptures, and seraphic flames,
Decline to those of simple man, and wife,
Derided emblems of domestic strife?

Though
When

THOUGH born a bard among the better few,
 You well may claim a poem, as your due,
 What son of Phœbus would not waste his fire
 On any pimp, or libertine for hire,
 Support a statesman, and his hackney-peers,
 In vice advancing, as they sink in years,
 The last in honour, though the first in place,
 And fraught with spoils of long-dishonest peace,
 Rather than knock at lonely virtue's gate,
 And praise high merit in an humble state?

WEDLOCK, I grant, was held in heathen times
 A civil duty, and a check to crimes,
 Espous'd by senates, as a common cause,
 Rever'd by princes, and upheld by laws,
 But, now degraded, it becomes the jibe
 And batter'd butt of all the rhyming tribe.

IN vain the pulpit would reform this age,
 For what are pulpits to the crowded stage?
 The feign'd assassin, with his reeking blade,
 May rouse the horrors of a tender maid:

By nature gentle, foe to cruel facts,
 She hates the actor for the part he acts.
 But, let him change his habit, and assume
 The strutting gestures of abandon'd Plume,
 Revile the priesthood, triumph in the spoils
 Of ruin'd virtue more than martial toils;
 Who hears him not with pleasure in the pit?
 His cant is humour, and his quibbles wit:
 Loud claps applaud his manners, and his style,
 Grave matrons leer, and virgins learn to smile:
 The wenching captain marches off a Mars,
 And horns, and husbands ever crown the farce.

LET vows be broken for the poet's plot,
 Each cit a cuckold, and the cuckold sot;
 But say what logic, granting things the same,
 Turns pagan honour into christian shame?
 Must that chaste union, which was first design'd
 To prop the growing race of human kind,
 Be marr'd? the social, matrimonial state
 Begin with love, and end in bitter hate?

That

That sacred bond, which bears the seal of heav'n,
 Become an instrument of hellish leav'n?
 Is Hymen posted in the porch to lead
 Misguided mortals, who implore his aid,
 Through mazy labyrinths of jealous fears,
 And seeming joys, but sad substantial cares?

THE lawless profligates of either sex,
 Who love, and lust, and liberty perplex,
 Affirm, your vows for better or for worse
 Are oft attended with a deadly curse,
 A promise void, to cleave unto thy mate,
 Love what you loath, and cherish what you hate.

NOT well agree (so tuneful Ovid sings)
 The flames of Cupid, and the pride of kings:
 But from the scatter'd ashes of desire
 What breath can kindle an enliv'ning fire?
 Who look for order in a dreary waste,
 And, true to duty, reconcile distaste?
 Thus many plead, who violate their vows,
 Adore the strumpet, but abhor the spouse.

And whence proceeds the fountain of their bane,
 Converting pleasure into guilty pain?
 Why should the flames, which lately shone apart,
 Intensely pure, as flowing from the heart,
 Their mutual heat in strict alliance chill,
 As blended poisons one an other kill?
 Join kites to pheasants, turtle-doves to daws,
 To lambkins tygers, and explore the cause.

HAVE you not seen a busy butler toil,
 To mix keen vinegar with tasteless oil?
 He shakes them so, both liquors in a mass
 Appear imbodyed through the viol-glass:
 But, when they settle, soon the jarring tide
 Of each averse assumes its former side.
 Thus often in the gay delusive light,
 And fond amusement of a bridal night,
 Soon as the priest in Hymen's holy chain
 Devotes the virgin to her ardent swain,
 In fortune ballanc'd, and well match'd in years,
 What orient rapture in their looks appears?

Officious

Officious poets to their levee throng,
 And offer up the mercenary song:
 The sprightly swain outshines Leander far,
 Usurps the sky, and must be dubb'd a star.
 Than Hero fairer, lo! the virgin glows,
 Mild as the Spring, and fragrant as the rose.
 Can such a flame in noisome smoke expire,
 A flame, arising from so pure a fire?
 What less than death untie the sacred knot?
 All nymphs and swains with envy read their lot,
 Their parent's joy, the theme of ev'ry pen!
 A month together let them live — — — What then?
 This fragrant rose, as gentle as the spring,
 Becomes a weed, or nettle with a sting;
 That rising star, whose lustre could not fail,
 An angry comet with a flaming tail,
 Malign, denouncing more disastrous ills,
 Than what you read in Libitina's bills.

WHAT husbandman, who hopes to thrive, would toil!
 Against the bent and temper of the soil?
 His withy willows obstinately set
 In thirsty land, his genial vines in wet,

And!

And scatter foodful wheat on ground, that bears
 No better harvest than a crop of tares?
 Consult betimes the genius of your earth,
 Or apprehend inevitable dearth:
 And what we say of mother earth is just,
 Apply'd to man, since man, alas! is dust.

KNOWLEDGE, however we may madly roam
 Abroad, begins, like charity, at home.
 Great is the task to trace by reason's rules
 The clues of science, through the maze of schools:
 But greater still to read, and scan ourselves,
 Than all the books, on Alma's musty shelves.
 This speaks thy kindred of the patriot-line,
 This dignifies thee with a gift divine.

Who knows himself, insensibly shall learn
 The various bounds of duty to discern,
 Cast all inferior sordid views behind,
 And from the mingled heap of human kind,
 As if directed solely from above,
 Cull the sublimest objects of his love,

And

Angelic

Angelic love, whose sympathetic pow'rs
Can make the virtues of another our's!

To this fair guide, inestimable gift,
We must ascribe the splendid choice of S---:
To this the solid blessings of his life,
The friend, companion, and the tender wife;
The tender wife with sweet attractive grace,
Whose soul wou'd speak, but blushes in her face:
Companion free, with mirth-creating looks,
Whose converse can supply the want of books:
The faithful friend, to whom he can impart
The treasur'd secrets of his inmost heart,
Prepar'd alike on all occasions nice
Glad to receive, and meek to give advice,
Approve with reason, or with reason blame
His conduct, as their int'rests are the same,
And mitigate the many-colour'd woes
Of passing life, or death's approaching throes.

THE spreading vine, profuse of purple charms,
 Clasps the tall elm with marriageable arms;
 The social elm, devoid of fruit alone,
 Now swelling blooms with clusters not its own.
 So man and wife by Providence were made,
 Form'd for each other's ornament, and aid.
 When each through life observes an equal pace,
 How smooth, how pleasant is the longest race?
 The yoke how light, when willingly they bear
 The parts, proportion'd to their proper sphere?
 But, if, through backward indolence or pride,
 Either should stop, or heady turn aside,
 Affrighted Hymen yields the broken reins
 To raging discord on the dusty plains,
 While Cupid mourns the loud tumultuous war,
 Dismounted from his late triumphant car.

SUCH is the vengeance, that on those attends,
 Who doat on toys, and wed for worthless ends;

But

But such, as never can become the fate
 Of candid S—r, or his accomplish'd mate,
 By just esteem reciprocal allur'd,
 And gradual friendship, into love matur'd:
 Of kindred blood an incorrupted stream,
 Bright, like the fountain, from whose veins it came,
 And so divided, as to meet again,
 With winding beauties on the level plain!
 O! may it thus harmonious ever glide
 Nor aught occur to discompose the tide,
 Serenely flowing. Hence, ye paltry 'squires,
 Hence learn, ye lords, to rule your loose desires.
 Ye petty tyrants, who with impious pride
 Profane the gospel, and its priests deride,
 Ye harpies, clutch with sacrilegious hands
 The church's dues, arrest her ancient lands
 For brutal heirs, or your more brutal maw,
 And sanctify it with a fetch of law,
 Deaf to their cries, your tenants daily squeeze,
 As for their honey you wou'd smother bees:
 But peace, at least be peace within your hives,
 And spare, ye hornets, your unhappy wives!

AND thou, Lothario! chief among the tribe,
 Fam'd for the new-coin'd oath, and smutty jibe,
 Half fool, half witling, as the mule can pass
 Nor yet for horse, nor yet for perfect ass,
 A sloven, stiffen'd with a crust of lace,
 Born with much pride, great wealth, and little grace,
 Nor aw'd by duty, nor by reason mov'd,
 Like thine own acres, rank, and unimprov'd,
 Thine acres, peopled by the lowing kind,
 To starve the honest, and industrious hind,
 While France and Spain exhaust thine hateful hoard,
 To stain with useless luxuries thy board,
 Rob, scrape, or squander, as you will, your store,
 Yet cheer your wife, altho' you hug your whore.
 Thine is to rant, and revel, her's to bear
 Your noise, your nonsense, and your booby heir.
 Your hands restrain through shame, if not remorse,
 And spare, O! spare your lashes for your horse,
 When at a loss, and spurring up the steed,
 You hark to Jowler with impatient speed,

Who doat on Jowler with impatient speed,
 Obsequious

Obsequious to the dog, your dearer mate,
 And leap triumphant o'er a five-bar-gate,
 For ever fond to combat with extremes,
 And risque a collar, which the gallows claims.

WELL hath he judg'd, whose oracles declare,
 How little riches are Jehova's care,
 Still heap'd on those, of human race the worst,
 And heap'd on them, to make them doubly curst
 Deny'd to those of human race the best,
 To them deny'd, to make them doubly blest:
 Riches, fell foes to probity, and truth,
 Rust of our age, and panders of our youth,
 The patriot's curb, the statesman's pointed goad,
 The beggar's envy, but the miser's load!

Go seek, ye fair, among the venal herd
 A wretch to wealth, and dignity preferr'd,
 Resign your freedom to the tyrant's pow'r,
 Your certain quiet for a doubtful dow'r,
 A painted coach, or title with a p---x,
 Flant in the ring, and sparkle in the box;

L 1 2

Grasp

Grasp all, that B----- once possess'd, or more,
 Nay mount as high, as female pride would soar,
 Yet look (unless a ----- should crown
 Your choice) with languor on one female down,
 Whom you must envy, while you still admire
 One woman blest, and with an honest 'squire.

A MATTER

M A T T E R

O F F A C T

On Mrs. A — — —.

AS late from the senate, a tragical job,
Two porters conducted the body of Bob,
The folks at each window, uplifting the casement,
Were smitten with horror, surprise, and amazement.

But, when with her conclave of gossips around her,
His gypsy beheld him as flat, as a flounder,
She piously said, "There's an end of one finner :
" Sit still in your places, and finish your dinner——

" Re-

"Remember you bring the remains of the surgeon----
 "'Tis nonsense, and folly to talk of a surgeon.
 "But, if such a notion of bleeding you harbour,
 "And yet he be hot, you may send for a barber.
 "That insolent footman with idle relation
 "Of ugly disasters, confounds conversation----
 "To return to my subject, my neighbour regards
 "No business, but parties of pleasure and cards;
 "Though saucy she tosses her fan with a flirt,
 "Her children are cover'd with vermin, and dirt.
 "Not that I would speak in your judgment's arraignment,
 "The lady you mention, for grand entertainment
 "Buys nothing but carrion, to fill people's bellies,
 "And boils your flink calves, which she serves up in jellies.

"Miss Prim, in full trappings makes dainty diversion,
 "I wish the poor mercer were paid for the Persian.

"BELL Candid, is perfectly bred, as they tell us,
 "The pinque of the mode, and the flame of young fellows;

"But

But when with her conclave of gossips around her,
 His gyply beheld him as fast, as a flounder,
 She piously said, "There's an end of one dinner:
 "Sit still in your places, and finish your dinner----

" But, in my low fancy, the girl is a hoyden,
 " And dances no better than Gillian of Croyden:
 " 'Tis well, that her essence refreshes your nose,
 " To make some amends for the f--- of her t--s.

" Miss Lappet is witty, good-humour'd, and fair,
 " Few ladies can shew me so winning an air;
 " The malice of rivals report her as painted,
 " But she, and the butler are too well acquainted.

" HER mother's a woman of candour, and truth,
 " And was, to my knowledge, a toast in her youth;
 " But age, and Nantes-brand, still flowing apace,
 " Have wrinkled her forehead, and pimples her face.
 " Her father's an orthodox parson indeed,
 " An excellent preacher, if he could but read,
 " And, as to his learning, for that I say mum,
 " The man, to be brief, is an honest humdrum.

" My lawyer, they tell me, surpasses by far
 " In pleading, and practice the rest of the bar:

" I fee'd

- " I fee'd him this morning with moydores a brace,
 " And sav'd him some trouble by stating my case,
 " A beggarly baggage, who stood as a centry,
 " Oppos'd, and retarded my ladyship's entry;
 " For in she would bustle, no mortal could stop her,
 " A pox on your clients, who sue in Form Proper!
 " You put me in mind of the captain, that beau-thing,
 " His income can hardly support him in cloathing,
 " And then, for his credit, he never is sober—
 " John, fill me a bumper of yonder October,
 " You see by the colour what liquor I brew:
 " Here's, madam, your health—and my service to you—
 " Come give her another—and fill to the top—
 " I swear, and purtest, you must drink ev'ry drop.
 " 'Tis cold on my stomach—those onions, and tripes,
 " And fasting have given my b---y the g---s:
 " My guts and my bowels are rack'd with a rumbling—
 " One dram of Geneva will quiet the grumbling.—

" I fee'd

" O NAME

- " O NAME not that lady, her fame is notorious ;
" No woman in Dublin is half so censorious.
" Here, boy, make a devil of this on the embers----
" A curse on that parliament house, and the members !
" They prattle, and trifle so long in debate,
" That we lose all our patience, and relish for meat.
" I caution'd my husband, and now he is gone,
" He never could hold it, if thus he went on :
" But he was conceited, obey'd their grave summons,
" And scorn'd to submit his good sense to a woman's.
" To-morrow he must be interr'd without fail,
" Go, get him a coffin, and let it be deal.
" Long speeches are only fit preludes for hanging :
" He dy'd, you must know, by a fit of haranguing :
" But had he not bursted abroad, like a bubble,
" One peal of my tongue would have sav'd him the
" trouble."

B——th's Exultation.

WELL, now since the heat of my passion's abated,
That the Dean hath lampoon'd me, my mind is
elated.

Lampoon'd did I call it---no---what was it then?

What was it? 'twas fame to be lash'd by his pen.

For, had he not pointed me out, I had slept still,

To Dooms-day a poor insignificant reptile.

Half lawyer, half actor, pert, dull, and inglorious,

Obscure, and unheard of, but now I'm notorious.

Fame hath but two gates, a white, and a black one,

The worse they can say is, I got in at the back one.

If the end be obtain'd, it is equal, what portal

I enter, since I'm to be render'd immortal.

So glysters, apply'd to the anus, 'tis said

By skilful phyicians, give ease to the head.

Tho'

Tho' my title be spurious, why should I be dastard?
A man is a man, though he shou'd be a bastard.
And sure it's some comfort, that heroes shou'd slay us :
If I fall, I wou'd fall by the hand of Æneas :
Thus who by the Drapier would not rather damn'd be,
Than demigodiz'd by a madrigal Namby.
A man is no more, who hath once lost his breath,
But Poets convince us there's life after death :
They call from their graves, the King, or the Peasant,
Re-act our old deeds, and make what is past present :
And, when they wou'd study to set forth a like,
So the lines be well drawn, and the colours but strike,
Whatever the subject be, coward, or hero,
A tyrant, or patriot, a Titus, or Nero,
To a judge 'tis all one, while he fixes his eyes on,
A well painted monkey's as good, as a lion.
The scriptures affirm, as I heard in my youth,
(For indeed I ne'er read them, to speak for once truth,)

M m 2

That

That death is the wages of sin, but the just
 Shall die not, although they be laid in the dust.
 They say so—so be it, I care not a straw,
 Altho' I be dead both in gospel, and law,
 In verse I shall live, and be read in each climate:
 What more can be said of Prime Serjeant, or Primate?
 While C—, and P— both may be rotten,
 And damn'd to the bargain, and yet be forgotten.

A CHA-

A

CHARACTER.

PROMETHEUS was an old projector,
And, some say, Pallas his director :

He made his men of clay so trim,

That Jupiter might envy him ;

For nothing to compleat the strife

Was now deficient, but the life :

Fire from the chariot of the sun

He stole, and so the work was done :

But Jove would be reveng'd ; in short all

His living engines prov'd but mortal :

None stood the violence of time,

While many, broken in their prime,

Confess'd in spight of all their care,

They were at best but earthen-ware.

At last the deluge swept away

This universal race of clay,

Except

Except Deucalion and his mate,
Who waited for another fate.
Deucalion and his wife were able
Magicians, as we read in fable,
And then bethought them of a trick
To people earth upon the nick.
The stones, which both behind them threw,
Straight into men and women grew ;
A flinty race, as being stronger,
They fancy'd must have lasted longer ;
But found it for their sole reward
More brittle yet, and twice as hard ;
While man and wife by fell division
Were daily batter'd in collision.
But C——, though by birth a paver,
Appears a much more crafty shaver ;
He, good man, knew his quarry better,
Altho' he could not read a letter,
And into gold transform'd the stones,
Instead of useless flesh and bones.

THE

T H E

Modish School-Master.

Turpe est Grammaticis supponere colla Capistris.

BUCH.

“WELL!” said Hopkins, on the lurch,

“When a coffin pass’d his church :

“Turn, good people, turn the bier,

“You had better bury here ;

“For you cannot find around

“Finer mould on christian ground.”

So, when Bubo, lucky man,

Open’d school, he thus began :

Gen-

Gentlemen, and ladies fair,
----- is a special air,
Most commodious for your boys,
Free from all the daily noise,
And the vices of the town;
Prithee send them hither down.
Dublin, barring all disasters,
Has too many idle masters:
I may say, without aspersions,
They mind only their diversions.

As for me, you need not fear,
I'm not absent thrice a year.
Then I have a short, unknown,
Charming method of my own.

I DESPISE the musty rules,
Practis'd in your city-schools.
Others dig, to lay foundations
For their future habitations;
But, indignant of a prop,
I begin my house a-top.

GRAMMAR is but fit for slaves,
Laws were only made for knaves.

Link your asses with your collars,
 I shall never yoke my scholars :
 They shall want no other model,
 Than what issues from this noddle.
 Garrans on the common roads
 Jog along with heavy loads :
 But the steed, which travels faster,
 Bears no burthen, save — his master.
 Thus he said, and men of sense
 Even favour'd his pretence.
 So the queen of wisdom bright
 Fain would shew her love for night,
 And from all the flocks of fowl
 Gravely chose the boding owl.

VOL. II.

N n

ON

A R E

ON THE OMISSION OF THE

Words *Dei Gratia*,

In the late Coinage of Half-Pence.

1.

NO christian king, that I can find,
 However queer and odd,
 Excepting our's, has ever coin'd
 Without the grace of God.

2.

By this acknowledgment they shew
 The mighty King of Kings,
 As him, from whom their riches flow,
 From whom their grandeur springs.

3.

COME then, Urania, aid my pen,
 The latent cause assign:
 All other kings are mortal men,
 But GEORGE, 'tis plain's, divine.

A R E

RECEIPT

For Making a DOCTOR.

IF you have nothing else to do,
 Go travel for a year, or two,
 At Paris spend a month at least,
 In fashions to improve your taste;
 Sponge upon Irish Priests, and Friers,
 And drink a health to all high-flyers;
 Stand firmly up for right divine,
 Peperetual in the Royal Line,
 Wishing (indeed as well they might)
 The christian princes would unite,
 To carry on the gospel-work;
 And join their arms, to rout the Turk.

From Coffee-Houses, without earning,
You may receive a world of learning :
But, lest in lies you should be found,
Visit the Hospitals once round,
And get some Connoisseur to tell,
Where all the best Physicians dwell :
Their names and families enquire,
Their tempers, persons, and attire,
And if they eat and drink by rule,
And at what times they go to st—l.

FROM thence as straight, as you can steer,
Direct your course to Mont-Pelier ;
'Twill raise your spirits in a minute,
The very air has physic in it.
But there's a lesson worth a score,
I wonder, how I pass'd it o'er ;
The hanging gardens at Versailles
Would furnish out a thousand tales ;
Nor will you give your hearers parley,
When you have had a fight of Marley ;
And then the Sorbonne, so renown'd
For adepts in the arts profound.
The God of wealth, who never sees
The worth of men, confers degrees,

And

* And here the fidler, and the proctor
 Unite in dubbing thee a doctor.
 The sage professors ne'er dispute
 The title with a human brute,
 Nor would refuse it to a horse,
 Provided he could fend a purse,
 And, if you will not take my word,
 † Caballus still is on record;
 ('Tho' some physicians would explode him)
 Full fam'd, as Rab'lais, who bestrode him.
 Chiron (whose pupil, fondly nurs'd,
 Taught boys to ride their masters first)
 In person, parts, profession, limb,
 Was but the prototype of him.
 To Spa yet more successful fly hence,
 To see, and to be seen is science.
 The German counts, if ever able,
 Are seldom from the gaming table,
 Nor will the ladies fail to set
 Their alimony at picquet.
 Should fortune second your endeavour,
 Some hits may make you up for ever,

And

* Musical concerts are frequent at commencements in the French academies.

† See the life of Rabelais, prefixed to his Works.

And, if you fail, the public scoff,
Or decent drubbing gets you off.
Consider time is on the wing;
When you have taken there your fling,
To Leyden hie; for know, Mynheer,
You must go thro' your courses here;
Here students learn the perfect art,
The mental, and the practic part;
The public lecture, licens'd brothel
Serve mainly to instruct you both well:
From thence, your time completely spent,
Come home as wise, as when you went,
Come home in haste, but first be sure have,
Or counterfeit some lines from Boerhaave.
Buy books of physic, French, or German,
And swear you read them under Herman:
Moreover, to enhance the lumber,
Place Greek and Latin in the number:
The indexes, and title-pages
Contain the wisdom of the sages.
And lastly, that it may be seen,
How nice, and curious you have been,
Procure (for it will well become ye)
A fragment of Ægyptian Mummy;

A living

A living tortoise, serpent's hide,
A human kidney petrify'd,
A leaf, that would perplex describers,
Anatomiz'd thro' all its fibres,
A butterfly, that far surpasses
The colours in prismatic glasses,
A flying fish with half a fin,
Th' embryo of a Sooterkin,
An Elk's foot, and a Mare-maid's hand,
With something from some new-found land,
So very strange in ev'ry part,
The deep professors of the art
Have not agreed, tho' often met,
What name it should be call'd as yet.

WHEN furnish'd thus, desist to roam,
Triumphantly returning home.
But, in conjunction with these tools,
You must observe domestic rules.
Imprimis, to attract the folk,
Bedeck thyself with scarlet-cloak:
A cloak, like Taylor's, I would choose,
Down to the buckles in your shoes,
Broad-cap'd, wide-spreading o'er your shoulders,
And signifying to beholders,

Behind

Behind the long-projected shade,
 The badge of your mysterious trade,
 Transported with the pompous cheat,
 The little vulgar, and the great,
 Around thee flock, nor dread mishap,
 Like buzzing flies about a trap.
 The heels of all the shoes you wear
 Be high, the toes for ever square,
 The thickest leather you can get,
 Yet may it shine like polish'd jet:
 Adorn your shoes with smallest buckles,
 And let your ruffles reach your knuckles,
 On either leg, to hide the flaw
 Of calf, a pair of stockings draw,
 Full long, and to avoid a blunder,
 The upper silk, and worsted under:
 So may you roll by just degrees
 The duplicates above your knees.
 Put on thy head a broad-brim'd hat,
 About thy neck a fring'd cravat;
 And, tho' an apple, fit to coddle,
 Be bigger than thy busy noddle,
 Thy noddle, which (perhaps) contains
 Proportionably much less brains,

Behind

Bedeck

Bedeck it with a wig as large,
 As Wh---d's was, nor grudge the charge.
 The meteor, fashion'd for the nonce,
 Produces dumb respect at once,
 With knot before, and eke behind,
 And neck-lock, dangling with the wind,
 The pent-house, high above your ears,
 In clouded majesty appears,
 The Wizard's patronimic face
 Confesses a Judaic grace;
 Altho' the bush may overwhelm it,
 Like David in Golia's helmet.
 With this the rabble you may well sham,
 Who take thee for another H---m.
 So once Ixion vainly strove,
 To rival high imperial Jove,
 And, when he thought the queen in bed,
 Embrac'd a vapour in her stead.

Be often seen in hackney chair,
 And, seen, assume a solemn air,
 With hurry of important face,
 Nor stay two minutes in one place,
 Except it be to shew thy learning—
 With persons of the least discerning.

Where e'er you are, where e'er you pass,
 Behold all objects through a glass,
 And add, that this defect of sight
 Proceeds from rising in the night,
 To visit men of high degrees,
 Tho' then you only dream of fees.

SURGEONS embrace for ever fervent,
 Their most obliging, humble servant;
 Nor ever, to approve your skill,
 Clip an apothecary's bill:
 The jackal from the lion gets
 Some portion of the prey he sets.
 As for their secrets, ne'er impart 'em,
 Since — artis est celare artem;
 Rather consult their files, and look
 What course your predecessors took.
 The waters of ——— abuse,
 As springing from unwholesome ooze,
 And, if it only be for pimples,
 Decry the use of common simples:
 If men thro' thee be doom'd to bleed,
 May lances only do the deed,
 And pills supply the place of bullets,
 If you must ram 'em down their gullets.

Where

O O

So Vol. II.

So may thy patients long, long linger,
 And signet ring adorn thy finger :
 So may the clouded cane thy fist,
 And knotted ribbon grace thy wrist;
 So may no accident or force
 From sheath thy peaceful sword divorce,
 And, tho' a robber should attack
 Thee, fenc'd with forty at his back,
 Their loading may thy pistols keep,
 And in their wedded holsters sleep;
 So may no mortal understand
 The mystick jargon of thy hand,
 Nor any madman, whom you make,
 Your caitiff head with reason break.

A WISE physician still consults
 His patient's eyes, his tongue, and pulse,
 And thinks it also not amiss
 To view the colour of his piss,
 Mark this, and what on this may border,
 Nay condescend to taste the ordure.
 Great Maro, as you may be told,
 From dung was wont to gather gold,
 And mould it in his mint with pain,
 But this was metaphoric gain;

The gold you rake from dung is sterling,
Such, as in time may buy a Berlin.

TALK much of books, of men, and reading,
Despising narrow, inland breeding,
What great men are abroad, and---(hem)
How very great you were with them:
Tho' Boerhaave and his sect (no doubt)
Are in some matters hugely out:
With doctor Halley I agree,
And, --- fir, I thank you for my fee.

IF ask'd to give your full opinion
Of any wretch in your dominion,
Stare east, and west, and north, and south,
And hold your cane up to your mouth;
Then pause awhile, and shake your head,
As if you gaye him up for dead;
At length your oracle deliver,
Discharging all your artful quiver
Of bolusses, of pills, and clysters,
Decoctions, potions, julips, blisters,
With proper participles, pungents,
Absterfives, lenitives, emungents,

Ca-

Cathartics, purgatives, emeticks,
 With laxatives, and diuretics,
 Descanting (while the man continues
 Past hopes) on arteries and sinews;
 At last demand a pen and ink,
 And say—you know not what to think,
 The symptoms are so bad:—his tongue's
 So white,—and then I fear his lungs—
 He seems to make a heavy moan,
 And strain his breath, but I have known
 Some people from a worse condition
 Recover by a good physician.

ONE thing remains, nor think it odd,
 That you must not believe in God.
 'Tis odd! why, sir, it is no more
 Then what Lucretius held before,
 Nay Epicurus, Anaxagoras;
 I set no value on Pythagoras,
 Nor yet upon that stoic, Plato,
 And, sir, you see the end of Cato:
 To sum your argument advance,
 In short, the world was made by chance.
 But, if you find your stomach weaker
 Than others, to renounce your Maker,

You

You must however be a Deist,
 And call yourself for pomp a Theist.
 Avoid all commerce with the bible;
 The bishops, priests, and deacons libel;
 Boldly assert, in spite of laws,
 Or reason, to support your cause,
 (If for a witling you would pass)
 That hemp is more their due than grass.
 For gospel Tindal's works revere,
 And Toland's for your common pray'r.
 Swear, notwithstanding what is said,
 Your old friend Apgil is not dead.
 The merits of your party list,
 Give Mandeville the parts of Swift;
 Give Hobbes the reason Newton had,
 And prove that Woolston was not mad.
 Do this, and havock as you will,
 You shall be deem'd a man of skill;
 Nothing can recommend you further,
 You have full privilege to murder.

THE

THE

FUMIGATION

DELINEATED.

THIS Quack itinerant, who brings
 Credentials from Utopian kings,
 And boasts diploma's of his knowledge,
 From this, and that, and t'other College,
 With Alma's cataplastic unction
 Completes the trophies of his function.

WHILE round he stalks with inward glee,
 And grasps the visionary fee,
 The smoaking tribe, with aspects horrent,
 Forth rush upon him, like a torrent.

TRANS-

TRANSFORM'D into a haunted wizzard,
He reads his fate in every vizard,
And from each gloomy-mantled form
Prognosticates the rising storm.

WITH open mouth the close-ft--l stands :
Some seize his heels, and some his hands ;
Some twist his puff'd cravat, and pull it,
And some arrest him by the gullet :
His trembling body these embrace,
And those impulsive bend his face,
Averted from the dire machine,
Full o'er the murky magazine :
While others with officious care
Install him in an elbow-chair,
With ceremony, more magnific
Than pomp prætorian, or pontific,
And, from the mingled rich libation,
Prepare the fragrant fumigation.

ANON the flaming pokers hiss,
Deep-plung'd into the dark abyfs :
The dark abyfs tumultuous roars,
Fermenting with balsamic stores :

The

The circling vapours, thick, eructant
 Ascend ; he writhes in vain reluctant,
 And, like a Pagod in his shrine,
 Imbibes the gifts of Cloacine,
 Yet cries amid the cloud of smoke---
 " Ah ! spare, ah ! spare my harmless cloke,
 " And, though you fouse me like a pig,
 " Have mercy, mercy on my wig,
 " Nor in the caul profanely rivet
 " Vile pilgrim-falve, instead of civet.
 " My coat and waistcoat, without fracture,
 " Are both of Gallic manufacture,
 " And for their elegance and quality
 " Demand the rights of hospitality:
 " Avert, avert the foul disgrace,
 " O ! never violate the lace,
 " Nor let my breeches feel the vengeance
 " Of these your stigmatizing engines.

" THAT peaceful sword, Toledo true,
 " With burnish'd pride, and ribband blue,
 " Has serv'd a long campaign at Bath,
 " And never yet been drawn in wrath:
 " It grac'd the side of honest Ch—es,
 " And now your captive sues for quarters:
 " Save, save the scabbard, and the hilt,
 " And let that lance atone my guilt,

" That launce, which pierc'd through many an artery,

" And cur'd of fight the Cham of Tartary :

" My cane! my cane—is half my bread!

" O! spare my cane, and break my head,

" My clouded cane, unus'd to scuffles!

" And, gentlemen, my cambrick ruffles"---

At that a blast of incense rose,

Saluting both his eyes and nose,

And with perfuming exhalation

Curtail'd his eloquent oration,

Which was enough to move compassion

In any wight of gentle fashion.

But they, regardless of his speeches,

The scarlet cloke, the velvet breeches,

And flowing wig, that with decorum

Hung erst behind, and eke before 'em,

The broad, umbrageous garment tinge

With crocean dye, and rudely finge

His galligaskins, trim, and sweet,

The fable pride of Monmouth street,

Which, free from outward spot, and tearing,

Were not a pin the worse for wearing.

THE hero, with indignant heart,

Thus wounded in so nice a part,

And

And still so near the tender seat
Of honour, from the postern gate
Lets fly with so much resolution,
As might have done some execution,
But that the lining stiff defy'd,
And quick repell'd the rushing tide.

As knowledge rises from the senses,
The Doctor duly here commences
A fair degree, if not in arts
Of Pallas, to display his parts,
Yet dignify'd, by ancient rule,
With inspiration from the * stool;
Profoundly skill'd, to solve your queries,
In all the mysteries of Ceres.

* The Doctor's Tripod.

P P 2 N O N

T — — — L — — — R's

Being made **OCULIST** to their **MAJESTIES**.

1.

THAT fortune's blind we plainly see,
Or she had never fix'd on thee,
To serve the Royal Family.

2.

Not Mercury, although a God,
Could send so many with his rod
To darkness, and the land of Nod;

3.

As you have blinded through all nations
By causticks, pills, and fumigations,
With other wicked preparations.

4. ENOUGH

4.

ENOUGH, to glut your bloody spleen,
Of subjects have your victims been,
And wont you spare the King, and Queen?

5.

Hold, Sir, the bold impostor cries,
“ Both Kings, and Queens, however wise,
“ Still see with other people's eyes.”

T O
A ————— B ————— Esq;

HOW shines the splendour of a court
To those, who thither ne'er resort!
How sounds a promise from the great
To those, who just begin to wait!
At distance thus a mountain seen
Appears array'd in living green,
But, nearer as you draw, it shocks:
The sight with heather, shrubs, and rocks.

THE

POET'S PRAYER.

IF e'er in thy fight I found favour, Apollo,
 Defend me from all the disasters, which follow :
 From the knaves, and the fools, and the fops of the time,
 From the drudges in prose, and the triflers in rhyme :
 From the patch-work, and toils of the royal sack-bibber,
 Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of CIBBER :
 From servile attendance on men in high places,
 Their worships, and honours, and lordships, and graces :
 From long dedications to patrons unworthy,
 Who hear, and receive, but will do nothing for thee :
 From being caress'd, to be left in the lurch,
 The tool of a party, in state, or in church :

From

From dull thinking blockheads, as sober, as Turks,
And petulant bards, who repeat their own works :
From all the gay things of a drawing-room show,
The sight of a Belle, and the smell of a Beau :
From busy back-biters, and tatlers, and carpers,
And scurvy acquaintance with fiddlers, and sharpers :
From old politicians, and coffee-house lectures,
The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projectors :
From the fears of a jail, and the hopes of a pension,
The tricks of a gamester, and oaths of an ensign :
From shallow free-thinkers, in taverns disputing,
Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting :
From the constant good fare of another man's board,
My lady's broad hints, and the jests of my lord :
From hearing old chymists prelecting *de oleo*,
And reading of Dutch commentators in folio :
From waiting, like GAY, whole years at Whitehall :
From the pride of great wits, and the envy of small :
From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,
Which they finely lay out on fine toys, and fine trincums :

From

From the pranks of ridottoes, and court-masquerades,
The snares of young jilts, and the spite of old maids :
From a saucy dull stage, and submitting to share
In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r :
From CURL, and such Printers, as would have me curst
To write second parts, let who will write the first :
From all pious patriots, who would, to their best,
Put on a new tax, and take off an old test :
From the faith of informers, the fangs of the law,
And the great rogues, who keep all the lesser in awe :
From a poor country-cure, that living interment,
With a wife, and no prospect of any preferment :
From scribbling for hire, when my credit is sunk,
To buy a new coat, and to line an old trunk :
From 'squires, who divert us with jokes at their tables,
Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their stables :
From the nobles and commons, who bound in strict league are
To subscribe for no book, yet subscribe to Heidegger :
From the cant of fanatics, the jargon of schools,
The censures of wise men, and praises of fools :
From critics, who never read Latin, or Greek,
And pedants, who boast they read both all the week :

From

From borrowing wit, to repay it like BUDGEL,
 Or lending, like POPE, to be paid by a cudgel.
 If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,
 From these, and such evils, APOLLO, defend me;
 And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,
 Than a noisy, nonsensical, half-witted poet.

VOL. II.

Q

FRIEND

THE [T 298] PRAISE
From the pen of a poet, to repay it like BUDGET,
Or lending, like PORE, to be paid by a cudgel.
If ever I have a friend, let him be a friend
From these, and from all evils, Apollo, defend me;
From CURS, and from all evils, Apollo, defend me;
And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,
To write second-hand poetry, half-witted poet.

Fallimur & quondam non dignum tradimus.—

HOR.

TRUE friendship's flame is ever such,
It thinks, it cannot praise too much;
However to the circumspective
Its objects may appear defective:
Nor, where it fixes upon hearts,
Can it perceive the want of parts:
To all their virtues still inclin'd,
To all their imperfections blind,
Sincere, unwilling to discover
A blemish, like an ardent lover,
Thro' whose affections, as a glass,
Deformities for beauties pass:

It

It finds, or, as it were, impresses
 Those qualities itself possesses,
 Like that rare stone, (as chymists hold)
 Which turns base matter into gold;
 Or like the sun, whose spotless beams
 Give tincture to polluted streams.

WHEN friendship's rays united shine,
 It renders mortal half divine.
 But, ah! how seldom is it plac'd
 On objects, worthy to be grac'd!
 Returns of gratitude now prove,
 As rare in friendship, as in love.
 The bounteous sun, whose parent ray
 Enlivens all this mass of clay,
 Is recompens'd from fens and bogs,
 With vapours, spots, and drowsy fogs,
 Which, soaring upward, interpose,
 And hide the blessing he bestows.
 So, when your favours are conferr'd
 Upon the undeserving herd,
 The gratitude you must expect
 Are insults, at the best, neglect;

For, tho' your bounty may relieve them,
 They envy even what you give them,
 Like snarling curs, when fully fed,
 They bite the hand, that gave them bread,
 Or mean suspicious fears betray,
 And hang their ears, and link away.

When friendship's rays united shine,
 It renders mortal half divine.
 But, ah! how seldom is it plac'd
 On objects, worthy to be grac'd!
 Returns of gratitude now prove,
 As rare in friendship, as in love.
 The bounteous sun, whose parent ray
 Enlivens all this mass of clay;
 Is recompens'd from ferns and bogs,
 With vapours, spots, and drowly fogs,
 Which, soaring upward, intercept
 And hide the blessing he bestows.
N When your favours are conferr'd
 Upon the undelivering herd,
 The gratitude you must expect
 Are insults, at the best, neglect;
 For

A D D R E S S.

A modest address,
That came from the press
Of late, out of season,
In prose without reason;
But, all in good time,
Now put into rhyme.

RIGHT honourable sir, the pains,
And not the little trifling gains,
Which you have taken all along,
Became the burthen of our song:
Those pains unwearied, yet whose weight
Might crush a minister of state,
Enough to make the very back
Of Atlas, or Alcides crack:
Those pains—for what?—for (let me see)
The honour of his Majesty,
And (let me fairly set it down)
The rising credit of the crown,

Be-

Besides the hopeful situation
 Of all the subjects in the nation,
 Have been so striking from your hoof
 To all, who are not kicking proof,
 That now we cannot, for our bloods,
 But weep to see you in the fuds,
 And that your efforts, late so glorious,
 Instead of coming off victorious,
 Though purely meant (or I mistake)
 To serve the king and people eke,
 To temper parties by collision,
 And re-unite them by division,
 Have represented been unduly
 In colours, not becoming truly,
 Before his M——y (God bless him)
 Or ten to one we might address him,
 But now, alas! we find ourselves
 A pack of poor abandon'd elves,
 And you no longer left to govern
 The go-between-us, and our Sov'reign.

But, though your duty, (not to mince
 The matter) steady to your prince,
 And passion for your country such,
 Of which you cannot have too much,

May

May, for a season unrespected,
Remain improperly neglected ;
Yet from experience, and conviction
We venture on this bold prediction :
That, as his Majesty is just,
And wise and faithful to his trust,
So watchful for his people's good,
That I would have it understood,
From this my logic pro and con,
He has been much impos'd upon,
Nor will he suffer very long
The way (which would be passing hard
In common justice) to be barr'd
By any giant at Whitehall,
Although he were a duke withal,
Whatever causes he may have
Against an old, and trusty knave,
Whose ardor for the present royal
Illustrious house hath been so loyal,
As made him first the admiration,
And last the love of all the nation,
I pray, good subjects, be not jealous :
I only mean your honest fellows.

MEAN while, fir——, as you love us,
Until that ugly cloud above us

Shall

Shall dissipate its black collections,
Enjoy those pleasing bright reflections,
Which are the natural conclusion
Of pride, contention, and confusion.
That you will find, depend upon't,
A good possession with a front,
An over-balance in the scales,
Which none, by telling naughty tales,
Can strip, I tell it to their faces,
Although they strip you of your places:
And here permit us with full dishes
To pour a world of empty wishes,
The only fare we can afford,
To see you speedily restor'd
To (what perhaps may make you sleep well)
The confidence of prince, and people,
Whose mutual interests underhand
So well you sound, and understand,
And have supported for a series
Of years——I make no farther queries
About the matter——sign'd per order
Quod testor, W—— Y——,

RECORDER.

June, the 12th,
A. D. 17——.

EN-

ENCOURAGEMENT

CERTAIN POET.

ALTHOUGH thy stars and nature both
Have clogg'd thy infancy with sloth,
Thou art as much upon the nettle
To follow fame, as one of mettle.
Some blockheads like to live at ease,
And consequently never teize :
They write no verses, use no printer,
But sleep it out, like drones in winter.
But thou art a perpetual hummer,
And buzz about, like clocks in summer.
Dulness you think too great a blessing
For any single man's possessing.
'Tis bravely done ! pursue thy parts :
Some have good heads, but want good hearts :

VOL. II.

R r

Go

306 ENCOURAGEMENT TO A CERTAIN POET.

Go on, at least let it be said,
 You have the heart, though not the head;
 Since all you want is but a name,
 Why? words are noise, and noise is fame.
 You'll cool your lust upon the strumpet,
 No matter how she blows her trumpet.
 Fame is an auctioneer, consider,
 That often takes the foulest bidder;
 Whatever glory you be baulk'd of,
 There is a fame in being talk'd of.

THE

The Free-Thinker's Faith.

AN esquire born, a templar bred,
 The bible I have never read,
 Your bishops down from Paul to Grindal
 Are asses all to Hobbes, and Tindal :
 Toland's, and Woolston's words are better
 Than any testimonial letter :
 My reason to my will subsides,
 And then my passions are my guides.

LET Conybeare or Sherlock write
 With Leland for the gospel light,
 Such books, as their's, I never handle,
 The law of nature is my candle.
 The law, which most my temper suits,
 I claim in common with the brutes,
 The law of whoring, eating, drinking,
 The just result of fair free-thinking.
 True British liberty, in my sense,
 Is but another word for licence ;
 For, though the clergy would corrupt us,
 Post mortem nulla est voluptas.
 And with this thought my heart I cherish,
 Proud man is like the beasts, that perish.

ΑΝΑΚΡΕΩΝ εἰς τὸν ἑαυτοῦ ΜΕΤΑΦΡΑΣΤΗΝ.

ΜΟΥΣΑΝ θέλεις ἔγειρεν
Ευδονία βάρβιλοις

Απόσβειν ἔρωτων,

Αοιδε, ζωπολεῖν.

Νεώτερον παλαιον

Ανακρέοντα παίζειν.

Βαδίξε πρὸς ῥέεθρα

Φαείνα Στάνοποιο,

Καὶ πίνε Δείον ἄσμα.

Αὐτῷ γέ συμβιβῶσι

Κοῦραι Διὸς γλυκεῖαι,

Αἱ χάριτες πρεποῦσαι

Γηθῶσι συλχορεύειν.

Ο δ' ἡγεμὼν αἰδῶν.

Μελίππων οἰστοῦς

Φθόνοιο καλεάζει,

Ὡς δαφνὶς ἢ θαλεῖα

Βαρύβρομον κεραυνὸν.

Μέτρων ἔγω μὲν ἀδρῶ,

Σοὶ γυῖα τεθνεῶτα

Μέλισμαλῶν παρῶ

Αὐτὸς δὲ σοὶ πορίσει

Εμπνῶν ἄσαντι ψύχην.

ΑΝΑ

ANACREON TO HIS TRANSLATOR.

MELTING numbers wou'dst thou chuse,
 Fondly wake the sleeping muse,
 Bid extinguish'd love again
 Glow reviving in thy strain ;
 Novice, as thou art, explore
 Opulence from ancient ore,
 And with flowing fancy gay
 Bring Anacreon into play :
 Fly to Stanhope's stream benign,
 And imbibe the song divine.

Lo! the tuneful maids of Jove
 Social thro' his bowers rove,
 And the Graces in disport
 Lead the chorus of his court.

He, the prime of princely bards,
 Them from baneful envy guards,
 As his living bays defy
 Thunder darted from the sky.

Wealth of numbers I can give,
 Which, alas! have ceas'd to live,
 But the spirit-breathing fire,
 Stanhope only can inspire.

B R I G I D E.

DUM Veneris natum, propria de gente creatum,
 Audiit orantem divum pater atque precantem,
 Præstantem forma, componeret utpote norma
 Insolita bellam procul omni labe puellam,
 Non ut Pandoram, sed corpore mente decoram,
 In villam misit, qua veri copia risit,
 Ingenui mores, et amœnæ frontis honores.

HIS puer inventis tum dædalus ex elementis
 Secrevit durum quicquid fuit, aut male purum:
 Ex aula culta defluxit gratia multa:
 Attulit et lumen, gestus, et mentis acumen,
 Et salis ingentem fontem, fastumq; decentem.

HÆC Venus ex istis caute purgavit aristas,
 Quicquid erat vane falsum, leve quicquid inane:
 Jupiter at muto commisit cætera luto,
 Sed magis argilla divino penitus illa,
 Quam cecinere quidem finxisse Promethea pridem,
 Et dixit præsto, Brigide, foeliciter esto.

[311]

THE

Lover's W E B.

I.

TO thee, blest nymph, whom princely courts refine,
An artless muse this rural present brings ;
To thee, descendant of the tuneful nine,
Of humble loves in numbers rude she sings,
Such loves, as flow from pure unborrow'd charms
In numbers, such, as native fancy warms.

II.

NOR thou, fair semblance of thy mother fair,
Adorn'd with ev'ry grace, her lays disdain ;
(No notes she brings to violate thine ear,
No thoughts to cost thy virgin cheeks a stain)
While on thy fire sublimer cares await,
A monarch's glory, and a nation's fate.

III. In

III.

IN * Lerne's fruitful vales a lovely maid,
 Of lowly parentage, but gentle mind,
 Dwelt in fresh prime of rosy youth display'd,
 The pride and growing envy of her kind;
 Her many swains, with wishful fancy fir'd,
 Flock'd far to see, and all, who saw, admir'd.

IV.

BUT she, superior to the shining toys
 Of looser maidens, indolent with ease,
 Fled the soft mazes of bewitching joys,
 And spent at home her long laborious days;
 Virtue (she knew) which guards the comely dame,
 Expos'd to crowds, but ill defends her fame.

V.

HER bosom, purer than the crystal stream,
 Gliding o'er silver sands from fountain fair,
 For ever chearful, fed the pious flame
 Of undissembled faith, and friendship rare;
 No meaner guests within that temple dwelt,
 No stronger flames, for love she never felt.

VI. No

* A village in the county of Antrim.

VI.

No art she studied to improve her charms,
 Sometimes she carol'd to the circling wheel,
 Sometimes the distaff grac'd her snowy arms,
 Her hands the spindle, or the telling reel:
 Her hoary parents thus the virgin chears,
 And grateful youth rewards the care of years.

VII.

No pleasure she indulg'd, but balmy rest,
 Begot by labour, far from sloth remov'd,
 Blest in her parents, in her duty blest,
 Content she priz'd, and solitude she lov'd,
 But fought in vain; however dark the way,
 Love guides his steps, if beauty dart a ray.

VIII.

As from a bank of many-colour'd flow'rs,
 In some fair garden, fann'd by vernal breeze,
 Which mild Aurora bath'd with pearly show'rs,
 Such sweets arise, as wake the distant bees;
 From various parts the rival insects strive
 To bear the liquid nectar to their hive.

IX.

So spreads the fame of this unblemish'd maid,
 Of youths enamour'd crowd such rival swarms,
 Lavish of wealth, in gayest dress array'd,
 From various parts, to feed upon her charms;
 They look, they long; she shews the splendid feast,
 But, miser-like, forbids her guests to taste.

X.

Among the love-sick train a noted youth
 In manly actions bore the primeest part,
 Nor less renown'd for gratitude, and truth,
 Charm'd ev'ry maid but her, who charm'd his heart;
 No charms the nymph's ungrateful heart could move,
 Ungrateful only, not returning love.

XI.

In vain her equals would appear as fair,
 In vain with soft enchantments lure the boy;
 No other object cou'd remove his care,
 No other love his eager thoughts employ;
 She only cou'd appear, howe'er unkind,
 Fair to his eyes, and lovely to his mind.

XII. SOME-

XII. .VX

SOMETIMES, neglected by the scornful maid,
 Among the lonely rigid rocks he went ;
 Sometimes he hy'd him to the woodland shade,
 And wail'd his fate in dreary discontent ;
 Now distant hopes arise, now instant fears,
 He sees her absent, and her absent hears.

XIII. .VXI

HER chaste, industrious mind, her cold disdain,
 Her sweet attractive air, and matchless bloom
 Distract his lab'ring soul ; to sooth his pain
 He sits, and labours at the noise loom ;
 For none the shuttle shrill could better throw
 From side to side, to feed the web below.

XIV. .XVII

AH cruel love ! in vain thy arts we shun,
 Ah wretched youth ! again thy bosom burns ;
 The threads you weave were by her fingers spun,
 And all thy passion with thy toil returns.
 Well is her toil united to thy art,
 How happy could you thus unite her heart !

XV. XII

Now sunk the fun, and genial night had cast
 Her dusky mantle o'er the broad-fac'd earth,
 When swains, expectful of the due repast,
 Forsook their labours, and prepar'd for mirth:
 The youth, flow moving with the chearful train,
 Forfakes his labour, but renews his pain.

XVI. XIII

NOR due repast, nor social mirth affords
 The least remittance of his wayward grief;
 Nor virgin airs avail, nor balmy words
 Of dearest friend, the wretch's last relief;
 The shades, which lull the bond-man to repose,
 Add but a silent horror to his woes.

XVII. XIV

KIND sleep, the sweetest nutriment bestow'd
 By bounteous Providence to men earth-born,
 Reviv'd all creatures, but the youth, who glow'd
 With endless love; his cares prevent the morn,
 Which now, fresh streaming from the sacred springs
 Of orient day, restor'd the face of things.

XVIII. To

XVIII. IXX

To him the light was dim, all places drear
 Without his nymph; he flies his sad abode:
 That life she flighted was not worth his care,
 That hopeless life was but a bitter load:
 Resolv'd in death to prove his passion true,
 He seeks her now, to bid the last adieu.

XIX. IXX

HER soon he found; the busy wheel she plies,
 To which, as fast she ply'd, she sweetly sung,
 Unwonted wonder dims his swimming eyes,
 And rising sighs confound his falt'ring tongue;
 All dewy pale he shudders through his frame,
 As lately wak'd from some tumultuous dream.

XX. IXX

AND now he stands, as destitute of sense,
 With eyes full-fix'd upon the charming maid,
 At humble distance, fearful of offence,
 While dawning hopes around his spirits play'd:
 However harsh the proud possessors are,
 Beauty beheld forbids us to despair.

XXI. O VIR-

XXI. IIIVX

O VIRGIN, fairest of thy sex! he says,
 Why should I measure life, if only born
 To woo the maid, whose cruelty repays
 My warmest wishes with the coldest scorn?
 That face enrich'd with every heavenly grace:
 Ah me, that ever I beheld that face!

XXII. XIX

WITNESS my joyless days, my sleepless nights,
 How dear to me, how very dear thou art,
 Witness the woods, and vales, and horrid heights
 Of yon hard rocks, yet softer than thy heart!
 They shew'd a face of sadness at my moans,
 Heard all my plaints, and answer'd to my groans.

XXIII. XX

O! since my life is but a dismal gloom,
 Nor vows, nor tears, nor gratitude can move
 Thy stony heart, to mitigate my doom,
 Receive the last sad trial of my love;
 When clay-cold I am stretch'd upon the bier,
 Thy ruthless eyes perhaps may drop a tear.

XXIV.

THE youth stood frantic, as resolv'd to die :
 A sudden horror chill'd the virgin's blood :
 Compassion smiling in her tender eye,
 A sudden transport seiz'd him, as he stood :
 Rash youth, she cries, thy hasty hand prevent,
 Lovers may live, and maidens may relent.

XXV.

LIVE, and let fortune be thy better guide,
 Thy love's event depends upon thy skill ;
 I prize thee much, and soon should be thy bride,
 Had but my choice depended on my will ;
 For I am sworn no youth shall ever wed
 The spinning maid, but he, who weaves this thread.

XXVI.

THE curious temper of the thread was such,
 Not finer that, which proud Arachne spun ;
 Not finer that, which bootless to the touch,
 Across the meadows glistens in the sun :
 Severe, but Oh ! what task can be severe
 To lover fond, impos'd by maiden fair ?

XXVII. HAIL,

XXVII. VIXX

HAIL, heav'nly beauty, source of earthly joys,
 Whose vivid rays the blackest cares disperse,
 Thy love can build as fast, as death destroys,
 And bind in peace the boundless universe!
 From thee, whatever stoics may devise,
 The noblest deeds, the brightest arts arise.

XXVIII. VXX

THE panting lover from the nymph retires,
 Fast home returning with the virgin spoil;
 But oft he stops to see, and oft admires
 Her curious work, which must beget his toil;
 A thousand doubts his busy thoughts perplex,
 To win or lose the fairest of her sex.

XXIX. VXX

IT chanc'd, unconscious as he winds his way
 Close by the margin of a brook serene,
 Near which the nymphs their woven cares display
 To whiten, water'd on the sunny plain,
 To cool his fever, of the stream he drank,
 Then sat to breathe upon the mossy bank.

XXX. AGAIN

XXX.

AGAIN he pants, impatient to behold
 The precious object of his ardent cares,
 His tender hands the subtil links unfold,
 He looks, he wonders, and at last despairs,
 Till down he sunk, through sorrow, void of breath,
 Aghast, and stiff, as in the arms of death.

XXXI.

THE fragrant winds, which flutter'd o'er the glade,
 With whispers mild his spirits fled recall ;
 The cooler stream, which wander'd through the mead,
 Provokes his slumbers with its gentle fall,
 When, as he thought, descending from the skies,
 A venerable matron greets his eyes.

XXXII.

HER parted locks, in golden fillets bound,
 Distinctly shone, her looks, divinely sage,
 Spoke easy mirth, allay'd with care profound,
 Unwasted vigour, and a bloom in age,
 Redundant to her feet her garments flow,
 Far purer, whiter than the feather'd snow.

XXXIII. XXX

AN ivy-wreath of ever-living green,
 As nourish'd thence, around her temples clung,
 An alder-harp of ancient form, I ween,
 Across her shoulders negligently hung,
 Whose hollow womb nine pictur'd nymphs embrace,
 Alike through sweet diversities of face.

XXXIV. XXXI

As she advanc'd, the youth began to start,
 Like sick'ning sinners at approaching fairs.
 Fear not, she said, sustain thy drooping heart,
 I come no stranger to thy mournful plaints.
 Religious horrors thro' his bosom calm
 All ruder passions; for her words were balm.

XXXV. XXXII

HER very presence could avert despair;
 The youth transported trembles, and admires;
 For never had he seen a form so fair,
 Not her the object of his fond desires;
 Her beams enlarge his soul; with inward eyes
 He sees, he reasons, and he thus replies.

XXXVI. O!

XXXVI.

• O! IF thine ear the tongue of mortal brooks,
 Whom shall I hail thee? not of earthly seed,
 Thy words denote thee, nor those radiant looks
 Of earth's allotment, O divine indeed!
 Or Saint, or Angel be for ever blest,
 And ease the anguish of a wretched breast.

XXXVII.

O YOUTH, as yet to future fortune blind!
 (Replies the matron with a gentle smile,)
 Her you behold, to whom high Heav'n assign'd
 The guardian care of this once-famous isle,
 For whose soft ease my quiet I infest,
 Bless all her arts, but thine above the rest.

XXXVIII.

ALOFT supported by this floating lawn,
 Through middle air I steer my steady flight,
 And overlook, before the dapple dawn,
 Men's early toils, unseen by human fight:

* O quam te memorem, Virgo! namq; haud tibi vultus
 Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat. O Dea certe:
 Sis foelix, nostrumq; leves quaecunq; laborem.

Virg. Æn. lib. 1.

At evening late I listen to their pray'rs,
Or with this tuneful harp amuse my cares.

XXXIX.

DEAF to the sluggard's importuning cries,
I grant th' industrious what they never ask :
Pursue thy toil, chaste beauty be thy prize,
Nor doubt success, however hard the task.
Alas! says he, to weave a thread so fine
Is not in art, or, if in art, not mine.

XL.

SAY, can the crystal's bright transparent plane
Without a taint the virgin's breath endure ?
Say, can the snow, soft child of Heav'n serene,
Abide her lightest touch, and yet be pure ?
So may I finish what is here begun,
My art so triumph, and her love be won.

XLI.

FEAR not, again the matron sage reply'd,
To dart the shuttle 'cross the parting reed,
Myself invisible shall be thy guide ;
So shall thy art prevail, thy love succeed :

Nor

Nor beauty shall alone become thy spoil,
A greater glory yet attends thy toil.

XLII.

SHE said, and pausing from her shoulders took,
With graceful air, the touch-obeying lyre,
The notes she struck were sweeten'd by her look,
Her voice attun'd to the prophetic wire,
The ravish'd youth in deep attention hung,
With greedy ears, while thus the matron sung.

XLIII.

To William's heir, my Muse, exalt your strains,
That prop of peace, that thunder-bolt of war,
Already rising from Batavia's plains
To Britain see the bright Nassavian star!
He comes to lead our royal Anna forth,
Add light to light, and mingle worth with worth.

XLIV.

THE spicy East her purest tribute brings
To breathe rich incense on the princely fair;
The vows of nations, and the faith of kings
Demand the nuptials of the happy pair.
Already faint the proud Iberian pow'rs;
Now trembles Rome beneath her nodding tow'rs.

XLV. IN

XLV.

IN long proceffion, lo! the rites begin,

What God-like pomp attends the royal bride,
Without all beauteous, glorious all within,

Majestic Nassau blooming by her fide!
What hoary chiefs his lineal face explore,
Who first saw William on Britannia's shore!

XLVI.

I SEE the gradual glories of the throne,

The fond fraternal youths, the shining rank
Of royal fifters into beauty blown,

Like Dian's nymphs on fair Urota's bank:
How much in these the mother's sweetness shows!
How much the father's majesty in those!

XLVII.

Now, Nassau, now to dignify the scene,

And crown thy virtues with their high reward,
Great George appears, with majesty serene,

Not fierce, and dreadful, as at Oudenard;
* On his right hand the matchless queen behold
All bright with gems, emblaz'd with woven gold.

XLVIII. Thus

* See the Psalms.

XLVIII.

THUS, nurs'd by nature's self-sufficient care,
A forest blooms, whose honours reach the skies,
Green bays, and branching palms, and poplars fair,
And stately pines in gay disorder rise,
With oaks, beneath whose kingly patronage
Shoot plants, the wonder of a future age.

XLIX.

AND now the work of Providence is done,
Behold the great paternal monarch join
Fair Britain's daughter to Batavia's son,
And Ister's laurels to the wreaths of Boyn;
Hence states shall rise, hence free-born senates bloom,
And future tyrants date their early doom.

L.

YE noble youths, in measur'd steps advance
To the clear warblings of the mellow flute,
Ye lovely maidens, tread the flowing dance,
In lighter mazes to the breathing lute;
Ye sweet musicians, swell the rapture high'r,
Join the deep organ to the vocal choir.

LI. YE

LI. XLVIII.

YE matrons, now the regal room adorn,
 Gay, as the youthful fun, the bridegroom comes,
 The bride, all lovely, as the blushing morn,
 Shed Syrian odours, melt Arabian gums;
 Ye Graces, light the Hymeneal torch,
 Pure let it blaze; for love is in the porch.

LII. XLIX.

To grace the rites let various nations vie,
 The British fleece unfold its snowy pride,
 The Persian carpet blush the Tyrian dye;
 Thy web, Hibernia, shall invest the bride.
 This said, intent upon the double prize,
 The raptur'd youth awakes; the vision flies.

XLVII. I.

Now, Nais, now in mead's soft arms advance
 And crown thy virgin's head the mellow flute,
 To the clear warblings of the mellow flute,
 Ye lovely maidens, tread the dancing dance,
 In lighter mazes to the breathing flute;
 On his right hand the matchless high
 All bright with gems, crown'd with a crown of light
 Join the deep organ to the vocal choir.

Dalinda's Monkey.

LO! I was once a two legg'd thing,
 The puny figure of a man,
 The Mall frequented, and the Ring,
 Could lead a dance, and flirt a fan.
 With wig of bag, or tail of pig,
 With clouded cane, a hat, and feather,
 Methought, I look'd surpassing big,
 And talk'd you wisely—of the weather.
 If well I hold it yet in mind,
 A score of beau-creating shops
 Their various implements combin'd,
 To dizen out the prime of Fops.
 Thus qualify'd to play my part,
 I hop'd to gain some dainty prize,
 But lost my own unguarded heart
 By glances from Dalinda's eyes.
 Bedew'd with essence, frosted o'er
 With powder, and bedawb'd with lace,
 Successive graces I explore,
 And gaze enamour'd on her face.

In vain, at awful distance mute,
Upon her lovely face I gaze,
In vain apply my softer suit,
With compliments from Otway's plays.

In vain, to please her airy gust,
I flutter busy round the fair,
Dispose her patches, and adjust
The flowing tresses of her hair.

Expanding either gaudy wing,
The butterfly thus sportive greets
The blooming blossoms of the spring,
And sportive never sips their sweets.

So, long the gay delusion ran,
My hope still hanging in suspense,
At last my wanton weds a man,
And, what was worse, a man of sense.

Yet pity touch'd her tender eye,
To read my billets in a heap,
And Cupid she besought, that I
Might serve her in an other shape.

Assenting Venus gave the nod,
To frame a creature to her mind,
And straight the wonder-working god
Transform'd me to the monkey-kind.

Beneath

Beneath Dalinda's roof I live,
Content and happy in my station :
O! what would little —— give,
What not for such a transmigration?
Releas'd from idle speech, and books,
I con the volume of her beauty,
And from the language of her looks
Collect the lesson of my duty.
I keep the coxcombs at a bay,
Light skipping round my lovely queen,
And, frolicking in antic play,
Avert the vapours and the spleen.
Hence, all ye human apes, beware,
As often, as you make your suits,
Approach with decency the fair,
Or yield pre-eminence to brutes.
Their indignation cease to move,
Nor hope to merit, while you teize them,
And, though you never can improve,
Yet learn from us at least to please them.

U u 2

THE

T H E

Story of Daphne,

Applied in a POEM to the Right Honourable
the Countess of C — — — D.

Written in the Year 1745.

TH E candid muse, ambitious to record
The real merits of thy matchless lord,
Yet nice to banish from the tuneful page
The barefac'd praises of a fulsome age,
(Obliquely painting in prophetic strain
The rising trophies of his golden reign)
Beneath Apollo's radiant form design'd
The poet, patron, friend to human kind,
And statesman, knitting with heroic zeal
The monarch's glory to the nation's weal,
Not like some wily ministers of old,
Who bought the subjects, and as basely fold,

Who

Who fill'd, intent upon their private gains,
The royal coffers from the sickly veins
Of realms exhausted ; they with lawless pride
Superior floated on corruption's tide,
'Till, as it ebb'd, with unavailing oar
They sunk, rebounded from the rocky shore.

THY lord advances by superior art
His master's treasure with the people's heart.
Contending parties his behests approve :
As jarring atoms to their center move,
All tend to him ; he moderates between,
Informs the mingled mass, and guides the vast machine.

AT his appearance Disaffection fled,
And mute Rebellion hung her dastard head.
The fiend, begotten in a convent's gloom,
Nurs'd by the purple tyranny of Rome,
Matur'd by Gallia for ignoble ends,
Through frozen climes her baneful journey bends ;
While, rous'd by Stanhope's voice 'gainst Europe's foes,
Hibernia's breast with loyal ardour glows.

THE cause is rated by the blest effects :
Whatever vows from disunited sects

The

The willing nation to his levee brings,
 Whatever homage to the best of kings,
 His tutelage repays with rich increase
 Of God-like freedom, and untroubled peace.
 The sun, thus genial with attractive beams,
 From oozy lakes, or amber-flowing streams
 Exhales the vapours, which he sheds in rain,
 Or pearly dew to cheer the thirsty plain.

LET baser spirits loud professions make:
 Needless are promises, where deeds do speak:
 So, when he shone amidst Britannia's peers,
 Charming with Attic eloquence their ears,
 And shook the senate in his country's cause,
 Profound attention was their best applause.

THUS claims he tribute from each tuneful tongue;
 Yet half remains, while you remain unsung,
 Illustrious lady! when the pious muse
 Would paint perfection, let the poet chuse
 A bright example of sublime degree,
 And style it Dian, while he copies thee;
 Instruct the fair to captivate the wise,
 To win the hearts, while they subdue the eyes,
 Through all the scenes of various life to please,
 To think with dignity, and act with ease.

At

At once you teach them to be good and great,
And reconcile humility with state,
Like ambient heav'n, which high above our heads
Its azure field majestically spreads,
Yet, as with rapture we survey it round,
The lucid circle seems to kiss the ground.

THOU, like chaste Dian, shalt exert thy pow'rs,
And deck the virgins with unfading flow'rs,
Untainted honour, and unerring truth,
Which add new beauties to the spring of youth,
The mental joys of pure esteem engage,
And warm the winter of declining age.

YET here the poet's parallel must fail,
The fullen Goddess fought the dusky vale;
Suspicious of our sex, she led her maids
Through dismal groves, and unfrequented glades,
Far from the paths of social life to stray,
Dens their abodes, and savages their prey.

BUT you recal the Graces from their gloom,
Display their worth, and dignify their bloom,
Bid modest Merit to your pomp resort,
Invite the Virtues to reside at court,

And

And teach the nymphs, though fraught with gifts divine,
Their highest triumph is a choice like thine.

HENCE may they learn with true esteem to rate
The bliss of Hymen, and avoid the fate
Of haughty Daphne, who disdain'd to fit
Supreme in splendour with immortal wit,
Renounc'd the pleasures of the Paphian queen,
And pin'd away, to gratify her spleen,
Like a fair lilly drooping in the vale:
Sad was her fate, and mournful is the tale.
Ye gentle shepherds, yet with pity hear!
Ye modest virgins, drop a tender tear!

COY Daphne, fairest of the virgin train,
That danc'd with Venus on the painted plain,
Was once a lovely nymph, from Peneus sprung,
(As melting Ovid hath divinely sung)
But cruel Cupid was resolv'd to show
The double vengeance of his fatal bow,
At once to kindle an insatiate fire,
And quench the purer flames of young desire:
With light'ning keen her rolling eyes he fed,
And o'er her cheeks the living roses spread,
But at her bosom shot a leaden dart,
That numb'd her senses, and congeal'd her heart.

Not

Not so, at Phœbus from his feather'd store
A golden arrow, never try'd before,
He sped with rage; the pointed poison, aim'd
Full at his breast, his very soul inflam'd.
On her he gaz'd——and laid his rays aside;
On her he gaz'd——she look'd with distant pride;
She coldly heard him, as he warmly woo'd,
She swiftly fled, as swiftly he pursu'd:
'Till faint, and panting in her feeble flight,
She sunk arrested by the God of light.

He closely clasp'd her in his eager arms,
Deaf to his vows, relentless to his charms.
Aghast, distracted with tumultuous fear,
She cry'd, O Peneus, father Peneus, hear!
Save, save mine honour from the rushing storm,
And quick destroy this too bewitching form:
She scarce had ended, when her body shoots
Up into boughs, and downward into roots.

UNHAPPY maid, who might have been a bride,
But fell a victim to her shame and pride!
Her pride mistaken, and her guilty shame
Expos'd her honour to preserve a name.

Depriv'd of rites, that might her birth adorn,
 She feels due vengeance, and laments her scorn,
 Rent by the tyrants of each distant clime,
 And vile pretenders to melodious rhyme.

At length to thee repenting Daphne flies:
 Retrieve her fame, and consecrate the prize.
 Thy hand, soft plighted in connubial vows,
 Shall weave a garland of her verdant boughs,
 To crown thy Lord, and Daphne cease to mourn,
 Belov'd by Phœbus, and by Stanhope worn.

Mer-

Mercury's Theft.

AS in the walks of Castle-c—l,
 Where lovely virtue keeps her school,
 The god, (as tuneful Horace tells)
 Who fashions gentle beaux and belles,
 Envelop'd in a cloud, survey'd
 Three sister-nymphs beneath a shade:
 He long'd to form a master-piece,
 That should surpass the pride of Greece,
 And borrow from Armario's grove
 Refin'd originals for Jove.

BUT, lest his presence might disarm
 The lustre of each simple charm,
 And with devotion over awe
 The soft perfections he would draw,
 He, waving thrice his potent rod,
 Divests himself of all the God.

THE better to conceal his art,
And act the pleasing felon's part,
Familiar to be heard, and seen,
He smiles in Bindon's easy mien,
And, laying down his magic wand,
Assumes the pencil in his hand.

With sweetest oils, that Syria bore,
He dewes the Linten level o'er,
Which, late to grace the court of Jove,
With mystic art, Minerva wove.
He mixes all the purest dyes,
That gaily gild the vernal skies,
When Iris bends her various bow,
To cheer the drooping world below,
These animates with Pæan's rays,
Then to the canvas quick conveys
Each feature, finish'd to excel,
And bids the fair creation swell.
The figures, kindled into life,
With nature held a doubtful strife.

TRANSPORTED with the glowing spoils,
And blooming trophies of his toils,
The sacred herald wing'd his flight,
And reach'd the radiant realm of light.

THE

THE Deities in full Divan
Conven'd, and Hermes thus began:
Behold, behold, immortal fire,
What even Momus must admire,
The fruitful harvest of my theft,
Since last Olympus-Hill I left,
Arrested from yon' earthly ball,
To dignify this heavenly hall!
So may the Nymphs without allay
Be canoniz'd before their day.

THY work, says Venus, I approve;
For, lo! they breathe, they live, they move.
Says Phœbus, brother, thy design
And execution are divine:
Such treasures, guarded by the power,
Of Dian in their native bower,
Thy genius only could purloin,
And pay Prometheus in his coin,
A just reprisal for the flames,
Which once he pilfer'd from my beams!

HE said, approv'd by wond'ring Gods,
While Jove but half-assenting nods:

Thy

Thy hand, he cries, has match'd the graces
 Of those attractive, female faces.
 The living language of their eyes
 Thy force of eloquence supplies:
 Their shapes, and air, sublimely true,
 Start from the canvas to our view;
 But Pallas only was design'd
 To paint the beauties of their mind.

Thy work, says Venus, I approve;
 For, lo! they breathe, they live, they move,
 Saye Phœbus, brother, thy design
 And execution are divine:
 Such measures, guarded by the power
 Of Dian in their native bow,
 Thy genius only could perform;
 And pay Prometheus in his corn,
 A just reward for the flame.

Which once he piller'd from my beam,
THE
 He said, approv'd by wond'ring Gods,
 While Jove sat half-appearing on his throne.

Thy

art

T H E
A U T H O R
T O H I S
M I S T R E S S,

With a PRESENT, &c.

A LOVELY nymph receives a gift,
 Four volumes neat, the works of Swift,
 And Pallas, by mysterious arts,
 The gift of speech to each imparts:
 They might, to judge them by their covers,
 Have past for novels, sent by lovers,
 Lately translated out of French,
 To gratify some courtly wench:
 The leather turkey, gilding gold,
 So gay, and costly to behold,
 Might any lady's fancy feed,
 And almost tempt a beau to read.

SUPPOSE the books in order laid
By Pallas, to instruct the maid,
That she, thro' her peculiar care,
Might grow as wise, as she was fair,
And to the sweetness of her mind
Add humour, wit, and taste refin'd,
Disproving soon what man objects,
That women are but fair defects.

THE nymph now views them all by turns,
While each with emulation burns,
And, kindling into hot dissention,
Would fain attract her whole attention.

THE first began, but not in rhyme,
Let me, fair nymph, employ thy time;
In me, as through a faithful glass,
Who all my brother-books surpass,
Thy eyes with transport shall behold,
Though dead, the matchless men of old,
Their policies, their deeds long past,
And Rome and Athens in contrast,
Collecting thence instructions sage,
To grace thy youth, and prop thy age.

THIS

THIS ended ; while the second rose,
 And said, shalt thou for meaner prose,
 Thou, whom the bounteous Gods design'd
 All harmony of shape and mind,
 Like Daphne, fair unhappy dame!
 Resist the poet's gentle flame,
 Which, like thy beauty, all admire,
 And boasts, like it, the sun its fire?

THIS ended, and the third began :

Thy sex's pride, and love of man,
 Fiction my name I must declare,
 The daughter of invention rare;
 Though doom'd to dwell with human race,
 From Jupiter my line I trace.

WHILE yet the world was in its youth,

Men were content with naked Truth ;

'Till falsehood, and delusion rose

From deepest hell, her deadly foes ;

Then error, passion, self-opinion

On earth possess'd the sole dominion :

Virtue became the ridicule

Of vice, and reason lost her rule :

VOL. II.

Y y

To

To Heav'n the Goddess wing'd her flight,
 And left the world involv'd in night.
 Debas'd thus human nature grows,
 And bitter woes succeed on woes;
 'Till Jove, in pity to weak men,
 Sent Truth to visit earth again,
 Not as before neglected, scorn'd,
 All simple, artless, unadorn'd;
 Me he deposes chief maid of honour,
 To guard, array, and wait upon her:
 Hence she appears to mortal eyes
 Most lovely in a fair disguise.
 Long have the sages been severe
 In charging lies upon the fair;
 But they can have no longer handle,
 If fiction takes the place of scandal.
 Then, faith the last, my humble name
 Serves only to exalt my fame.
 One common father brought us forth,
 But how unequal is our worth!
 What other volume could you find
 So proper to inform your mind,
 As that, whose timely admonition
 Hath sav'd thy country from perdition?

 Vol. II.
 Thus

Thus, to engross the lovely dame,
 Each book persisted in its claim.
 The virgin blush'd, and wisdom's queen,
 Conceal'd beneath her mother's mien,
 Thus spoke: let mortal books, that owe
 Their birth obscure to authors low,
 Unsought, unfold on brokers shelves,
 Be still at variance with themselves.
 But you, of whom the Gods approve,
 Remain in firm fraternal love.
 Your worths are equal to your claim,
 Through various paths advanc'd to fame;
 'Tis your's, like Homer's works sublime,
 To shine aloft in ev'ry clime;
 To triumph over war, and fire,
 And only with the world expire.

AND you, my darling daughter fair,
 To turn these volumes be thy care;
 For thee to read them is assign'd,
 And reading treasure in thy mind:
 For each thy mind hath ample scope,
 While but one happy youth can hope
 To gain, what must give numbers smart,
 The sweet dominion of your heart.

Lough-erne to KITTY.

WHY must Kitty mild and gay,
 As the blooming month of May,
 Fly, while nature to detain
 Venus and her youthful train,
 Bidding fable cares be gone,
 Puts her gayest dresses on,
 And profusely scatters here
 All the beauties of the year,
 Beauties of a thousand hues,
 Which the joyful sun renews,
 Beauties, which if Kitty frown,
 Hang their drooping heads a-down,
 Fade, and sicken unto death,
 If uncherish'd by her breath?

Why will Kitty now disdain
 Here to tread the pansy'd plain?
 Why desert my charming isle,
 Where the Nymphs in concert smile,

And

And the charming scene enhance,
Mingling in the mazy dance
Round the magic ring, where oft
Kitty swam in measure soft,
While the Shepherd's easy hearts
Bore alas! their equal parts,
Panting, heaving, beating fleet
To the motions of her feet,
And, bewitch'd with glad surprise,
Drank the magic of her eyes.

WHY will now the flying fair
Leave those Shepherds in despair,
Nor behold the tender lambs,
Sporting with their bleating dams,
Lambs as harmless, as the maid,
And with fleecy white array'd,
Soft, and pure without a speck,
Like the down upon her neck?

CAN the lovely nymph forsake
All the beauties of my lake,
Which invest the middle ground,
By the liquid chrystal bound,
Like the silver girdle, brac'd
Round the center of her waist?

WHY

WHY no longer will she hark
 To the music of the lark,
 While the tuneful welkin floats
 With a tide of blended notes,
 But with less melodious flow,
 Than my Kitty speaks below?

WHY will she no longer rove
 Through the thick-embower'd grove,
 Nor the willows, rang'd in ranks,
 Which adorn my grassy banks?
 If she should depart, ye Swains,
 Sadden all your sprightly strains,
 All your spicy garlands tear,
 And these lonely willows wear.

KITTY, curious to discern
 All the charms of amber Erne,
 Representing to the sight
 Various objects of delight;
 Fields, and flocks on mossy beds,
 Forests with inverted heads;
 Dales, and hills untaught to rise,
 Pointing to the nether skies,

Must

Must you whelm me with alarms,
And relinquish all those charms?

CAN you cease with beamy eye,
To survey my finny fry,
Gliding gorgeous to behold,
Clad in coats of scaly gold,
Or thy brighter face imprest
On the mirror of my breast,
While some youth with ardent eyes,
For the wat'ry Kitty dies?
Must you pass, and must my glee,
Vanish from these banks with thee,
Like that Kitty false, alas!
Flitting from the fluid glass.

BUT, O Virgin, while thy prime
Flutters on the wings of time,
Would you rule, and rule alone,
Here erect your softer throne;
Where your sweet attractive mien,
And your virtues may be seen,
Better by the swains obey'd
In the calm sequester'd shade,
Than within Eblana's walls,
Plagu'd with visits, drums, and balls,

Circles

Circles of fantastic joys,
Stunn'd with everlasting noise,
Where your merit, which the wise,
And the just must ever prize,
Envied by the vain, and loud,
May be lost among the crowd.

Thus, with gently flowing tide,
 Though my pleasant waters glide,
 Yet, when through their winding space
 They have run their humid race,
 Lo! the lake resigns its charms
 To the lawless ocean's arms,
 There they perish on the shore,
 Swallowed in the wild uproar,

Plag'd with vices, drums, and ballgalls, and to the
Than within Ephraim's walls,
AID Can I reflect'd shade,
Better by the swains obey'd,
And your virtues may be seen,
Where your sweet attractive mind,
Here erect your lotter throne;
Would you rule, and rule alone,
Flutter on the wings of time,
But O Virgin, while the printer's

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

JANUS and TIME.

On DEAN SWIFT's Birth-Day.

T I M E.

ALL seeing Janus, tell, since you
 The present, past, and future view,
 What God of all the Heav'nly host
 With mine can equal empire boast?
 Old Saturn long had reign'd alone,
 'Till I depos'd him from his throne:
 To fair Hetruria's plains the sage
 Descending brought the Golden Age;
 While Jove, inspir'd by me to rise,
 Usurp'd the sceptre of the skies.

J A N U S.

SATURNUS, if I rightly see,
 Was but the prototype of thee,

VOL. II.

Z z

Who

Who, raging with tyrannic pow'r,
 Thy tender issue would'st devour,
 To spread an universal dearth,
 And make thy brutal consort earth,
 Which first had been the fruitful womb
 Of all thy sons, become their tomb.

I GUIDE the seasons of the year,
 Direct the daily sun's career,
 And teach the moon, and stars to roll
 Their nightly journey through the pole,
 The fairest idols of the crowd
 In everlasting gloom I shroud,
 Support infirmity with might,
 And bring obscurity to light.
 In vain the genial sun displays
 The vivid influence of his rays,
 Unless assisted by my pow'rs,
 And hand-maids fair, the smiling hours.
 To me Pomona bends her suit,
 I fill her lap with mellow fruit,
 And cloath with vegetable gold
 Vertumnus, lovely to behold.
 I give the wedded vine to nod,
 Impregnate with the blushing God.

Peruvia's bowels, deep conceal'd
From human eyes, I first reveal'd,
And ripen'd into gold the rocks,
Now rifled with convulsive shocks.
With splendour I enrich the gem,
To grace the ring, or diadem,
Which glad Britannia's future heir,
Another George, is doom'd to wear.
The proudest monarchs of this ball
Are very vassals at my call.
The most elated I debase,
And lift the meanest to their place,
With hope transport them, rack with fears,
Or turn their triumphs into tears:
Nor men alone confess my sway,
Their labours pass as well, as they.
Behold thy stately Rome, and then
Extol the munuments of men.
That Rome, which, blind to future ills,
Within her sev'n imperial hills
Of east and west assum'd the reins,
And held the captive world in chains,
Now crush'd, and humbled to the dust,
Can scarce afford herself a bust.

J A N U S.

If thus your empire you maintain,
 And, if to ruin be to reign,
 Assert the trophies of your might,
 And kingdom, with infernal right:
 But, while your subjects are oppress'd,
 Your might is impotence at best.
 Yet monarch, know, this day was born
 A child, who shall your fury scorn:
 Already with transported eyes
 I see his future glories rise;
 Each pious bard his flame adore,
 And, as their Phœbus, him implore.

BUT, when confirm'd in age, he reads
 Of heroes, and heroic deeds,
 The soul of Brutus, godlike guest,
 Shall kindle in the Drapier's breast,
 His fame shall sound in ev'ry clime,
 In spite of thee, destructive Time.
 Him late thy rigour shall remove
 From earth, to grace the realms above:
 But, by divine, and fix'd decree,
 His works shall triumph over thee.

Anniver-

Pe-

Anniversary Verses

ON THE DEAN'S Birth-Day.

Donarem Pateras—

—Carmina possumus.

HOR.

ON thee the giver of this verse should wait
With gold enamel'd, or with figur'd plate,
Wrought by some curious hand, where ev'ry line
Should rise, proportion'd to the great design,
Till by degrees the finish'd master-piece
Should far surpass the boasted pride of Greece.

HERE

HERE o'er thy cradle, with prophetick joy,
 The Thespian maids should all their strains employ,
 The Satyrs dance, and young Apollo shed
 His orient beams around thy sacred head :
 While mantling ivy, mixt with verdant bays,
 Should break the torrent of his keener rays ;
 There Pallas wave the sceptre of command,
 And gently guide thee by the willing hand.

THE Graces next, with more than mortal port,
 Should smiling lead thee to Diana's court ;
 The Goddess hail their triumph, nor disdain
 To take one Male into her Virgin train :
 While at a distance, and with bended knee,
 Jove's priests implore her patronage through thee ;
 * You sue : She nods : Again the Sages rove
 With fuller freedom through their ancient grove.
 Lo ! ruin'd altars from the dust arise,
 † New temples lift their turrets to the skies ;
 Thro' ev'ry temple Ammon is ador'd,
 His priests high honour'd, and his rites restor'd ;

While

* Queen Anne, at the Dean's instance, restored the first-fruits to the Clergy.

† Alluding to the fifty Churches built by the Queen.

Anniver-

* While Peace, best gift of all, that Heav'n can give,
Claps her glad wings, and bids the nations live!

A NEW creation from another part,
With wond'rous skill should into being start;
Regions, untrac'd but by thy boundless mind,
And matchless heroes of gigantic kind.
Here peopled islands, mov'd by magic rare,
Should rise, or sink, or float in ambient air.
Fresh from their tombs, the mighty chiefs of old
Again should breathe in steady merit bold,
The scourge of tyrants, in defence of laws
Who spoke, or fought, or fell in virtue's cause,
Egregious fix, in death, in durance free,
To which no age could add a sev'nth, but thee!

An empire there in miniature should spring,
And millions tremble at their pigmy-king;
His thoughts above the lot of monarchs rove,
Usurp the thunder, and affect a Jove:
While embryo statesmen, anxious for a jobb,
Should lord the senate, and harangue like —

Heap

* Alluding to the medal devised by the Dean, with this inscription, *Pax missa
per orbem.*

Heap public treasures on their private pelf,
And bribe the nation to betray itself.

IN vain should man behold the lofty skies,
With countenance sublime, and up-cast eyes,
While sway'd by lucre, or by lawless lust,
His spirit sinks, and grovels in the dust.
A race innoxious of indignant deeds
Should far surmount him in heroic deeds;
There shew, that virtue in a brutal shape
Is still more lovely than a human ape;
And vice, however fashion'd to the view,
Degrades a prince into a vile Yahoo.

THE raptur'd artist should at length unfold
A God-like scene, to dignify the gold,
Or give the labour'd silver to outshine
The purest product of Peruvian mine,
While art with nature held a doubtful strife,
And figures glow'd with more than mimic life.
There in full form a goodly sage should stand,
Care on his brow, and in his looks command;
While thousands wait, in deep attention hung,
To catch persuasion, dropping from his tongue.

Fair Freedom there, with true majestic pride,
 Should shine aloft with justice by her side,
 And, as they stood, by conscious crowds ador'd,
 This poise the balance, and that wave the sword.
 There widows, taught their sorrows to beguile,
 Should dry their tears, and orphans learn to smile:
 Matrons and maids pursue their toils with joy,
 The distaff these, and those the wheel employ:
 The pliant wheel in circling bracelets bound,
 Turn and return in endless eddies round;
 With flaxen locks the graceful distaff flow,
 And from those locks indulge the thread to grow;
 The giddy spindle, with inverted head,
 Depend, disportive from the twisted thread:
 While webs, as late refresh'd with vernal rain,
 Should whiten on the long metallic plain.

THE plough, the swains, the field should there ap-
 pear,
 With all the fruits, and labours of the year.

HAD bounteous fortune to his spirits flow'd,
 Such were the gifts thy poet had bestow'd,
 Such would I give: and yet in this I err,
 Since you despise what fortune can confer,
 What better Providence denies the muse,
 And gives his worst of creatures to abuse.
 Verse you esteem; but who would match the theme,
 May swell the ocean with a dying stream.

Depend, dispositive from the twisted thread :
The giddy spindle, with inverted head, and bounding a separated
And from those locks indulge the thread to grow, and
With flaxen locks the graceful distaff flow, yivoly from ill
Turn and return in endless eddies round ; that, with

While weeps, as late remembrance
Should whiten on the long metallic plain
Or give the labourer to outline

With all the fruits, and labours of the year,
 And plough, the swains, the field should there ap-
 pear,

VOL. II.

Fair

An other on the same.

November 30, 1741.

THE Saints, to testify their love,
On Andrew's day conven'd above:

Each goodly guest, in radiant state
Array'd, assum'd his golden seat,
And from a living fount benign
Imbib'd felicity divine;
While ministrant seraphic choirs
Their voices gave, and touch'd their lyres
To Notes, which wonder well might raise,
'Till wonder should be lost in praise.

TRANSPORTED with exalted thirst,
They sung of God, Creator first,
Omnipotent, supremely wise,
Who peopled earth, and air, and skies;
Who bade the bright all-seeing sun
From East to West his journey run,

A a a 2

And

And cherish with his beamy pow'r
 Man, beast, each tree, each herb, and flow'r;
 Who taught the moon with borrow'd light
 To lead the stars, that gild the night;
 The streams in icy chains who binds,
 And rides upon the wings of winds,
 Inspires the rushing storm to blow
 With boreal breath, and plumes the snow,
 Or soft descends in pearly dew,
 The face of nature to renew;
 Who moulds the stony hail on high,
 And bids the forky light'ning fly;
 Who frowns in clouds, in thunder speaks,
 While earth beneath his anger shakes,
 Whose voice the roaring ocean awes,
 And gives the raging billows laws,
 Who sees, obedient to his call,
 All beings, and is All in All.

Of God, Messiah next they sung,
 And Heav'n with loud Hosanna rung:
 They sung of justice, mercy, grace,
 The Holy Spirit, God of Peace:
 They sung of secret leagues renew'd,
 The powers of death, and hell subdu'd,

A Saviour through the world ador'd,
And pardon seal'd, and man restor'd.

A PAUSE ensu'd among the blest,
A grateful interval of rest
From instrument, and vocal sound,
For contemplation, praise profound:
As meet, before the throne of bliss,
With reverential heart submissive,
In solemn silence to admire
The works of God, eternal fire!
Which nor the tongue of man, nor voice,
Nor harps of Angels, who rejoice
With full consent of high acclaim
Can warble, but below the theme.

OF Angels next, created pure
From gross terrene, in joy secure,
Who wait around the throne of God,
Exulting to fulfil his nod,
They sung; nor did they not resound
The pious deeds of saints renown'd,
Who, once beheld with public scorn,
Had travell'd through a life of thorn,
And martyrs, who by faith inspir'd,
In flames triumphant had expir'd:

NOR

NOR were those heroes left unsung,
 Who, by the love of virtue stung,
 Oppos'd with firm undaunted mind
 The proud oppressors of mankind,
 And for their country's rights, and laws,
 Or stood, or perish'd in the cause.

SUCH themes the choral host employ'd,
 That fill'd the wide, ætherial void.
 But, as the day, devote to mirth,
 Was dignify'd with Andrew's birth,
 His praises crown'd the lofty song,
 Applauded by the festal throng.
 When thus the Saint began: Ye pow'rs,
 Who shine above the starry tow'rs,
 What are the toils of life to this,
 A moment's pain for endless bliss?
 To him ascribe the praise, and might,
 Who brought my being into light;
 Nor is the day, which on me shone,
 Distinguish'd for my birth alone;
 To Scotland me it gave a guide,
 But lo! to mortify her pride,
 Although Hibernia claims the gift,
 It gave to human race a SWIFT.

An

367

An other on the same.

ERE meek Aurora, rob'd in white,
Unbarr'd the golden gates of light,
The Gods by Jove's imperial will
Assembled on Olympus-Hill:
When thus the monarch from his throne
Of Sapphire, that divinely shone,
Address'd the delegated pow'rs
In words, which shook the starry tow'rs.

THE rosy dawn is drawing near,
Distinguish'd through the rolling year,
The genial day, decreed for mirth,
Distinguish'd by the Drapier's birth.
Shall such misguided haughty things,
As lawless emperors, and kings,
By wild ambition led, enslave
The wise, the virtuous, and the brave,
Or through the paths of pleasure rove,
And yet be stil'd the sons of Jove,
Who looks with just impartial eyes
On all, beneath the vaulted skies,

Con-

Considers all of equal blood,
Yet owns no kindred, but the Good.

SHALL venal bards, in lying odes,
Lift mortals to the blest abodes,
Shall — memory beheld,
Rever'd, because he had rebell'd,
And medals justify the deed,
Which made so many thousands bleed,
While those, who, by the sword, or pen,
Assert the liberties of men,
Remain unfung, or in disgrace
Among a vile, ungrateful race,
The marks of hate instead of love,
And only hope to meet above
The due reward secure, but slow,
Of all their God-like acts below.

KINGS are the growth of ev'ry clime,
And rise, or fall, like leaves, in time;
But, like a comet, scarce appears
One patriot in an hundred years.
Hence all ye Gods, by me design'd
To chear, or favour human kind,
Descend to fair Ierne's isle,
Where lives beneath an humble pile

My

My pious priest. But, lest your light
Divine afflict his mortal sight,
Let each assume, who would attend,
The form of some familiar friend.

THOU, Pallas, first at early morn
The venerable dome adorn,
With Dian, and her virgin train,
Serenely gay, and neatly plain:
The consort of my bed be there,
But then express the mildest air,
Such, as she wears, when Maia sheds
Her dewy gems on Flora's beds:
Nor shall fair Venus be debarr'd
With modest decency her guard:
Bacchus, and Ceres both combine
To entertain them while they dine:
Let Hebe all her charms employ
To minister a round of joy,
And, as the festal moments roll,
Breathe fragrance on the social bowl;
While Comus, laughter-loving guest,
With humour points the circling jest.

THE business of the day demands
 The guidance, Phœbus, of thy hands;
 But Mercury shall string the lyre,
 And animate the vocal choir.

APOLLO heard, but heard with grief,
 And answer'd thus the heav'nly chief——
 Since, doom'd a daily course to run,
 Thy will excludes me from our son,
 Him let my tuneful sisters grace,
 There each be honour'd with a place,
 And strike such raptures from the string,
 As I inspire, and he would sing;
 And, since the day must soon decline,
 Thou sprightly genius of the vine,
 While Janus guards the sacred porch,
 Erect thy supplemental torch,
 And, for the shortness of my light,
 Make full reprisals on the night.

H-Y-

My Vol. II.

HYMEN's Triumph,

A N

EPITHALAMIUM.

ONCE Hymen, abus'd for the matches he made,
 (Since beauty was barter'd, and wedlock a trade)
 By Pallas instructed to pitch on a pair,
 Join'd Dick the facetious to Julia the fair.

So true was his passion, so decent her carriage,
 Not even Diana could censure the marriage.
 Apollo was charm'd with her mind, and his parts,
 And tun'd the soft notes of his lute by their hearts:
 The Muses in chorus obey'd his command,
 And hymn'd to the Graces, who danc'd hand in hand.
 The birds of the grove from the branches above
 Sang spousals, and chanted the tidings of love.

B b b 2

To

To gather a garland, the Nymphs and the Fauns
 Dismantled the meadows, the vallies, and lawns:
 The gay, living colours by Flora were wreath'd,
 And Zephyr cool sigh'd to the odour she breath'd.

VERTUMNUS was present in garment of green,
 And thus gaily spoke to the bloom-bearing queen.
 " Now the Nymphs and the Fauns may lavishly bring
 " The paintings of nature, and pride of the spring,
 " Fair emblems of beauty! Vertumnus employs
 " The season, to ripen more delicate joys,"
 Rich omens of issue! with blossoms you suit
 The Virgin; but I shall adorn her with fruit.

THEN Mercury said, as he look'd on the bride
 With an envious eye, calling Venus aside.

" Alas, idle maid! what a part hath she acted,
 " To wed with a Parson? it makes me distracted:
 " My measures are broken, my purposes crost:
 " I meant her a Lord——but her market is lost.
 " Her sisters are like her: She gives us a sample,
 " And copies exactly her mother's example:
 " It flows from the fountain: Her blood must inherit
 " This oddness of choosing out men for their merit."

QUOTH

Quoth Venus, "You have little cause to repine
" The chief disappointment and anguish are mine,

You meant her a title of honour and pence,

I meant her a beau---but she truckled to sense.

I long since might know, she would baffle my sport,

For, brother, I never could bring her to court.

Yet Cupid, to whom I committed her beauty,

Was blindly defective in doing his duty.

" Arraign not thy Cupid, glad Hymen replies,

" For once he hath shewn, that his Godship has eyes."

Have, calling Pallas to our aid,
The God of wedlock in the well,

On B-----'s pleasant shore,
A double conquest lately won,

While the smooth billows cease to roar,
To make thy triumph more secure,

And Zephyrs whisper'd to her strains,
A captive youth and virgin fair,

Soft, as the vows of sighing swains,
Display your pomp, prepare to win,

How long, O Hymen, hast thou made
My darling Ann to gentle care

Thy sacred office put a trade!
Let others, brought by parents cold

How often, more severe than death,
Like cattle, to be bought, and sold

My blessings blasted by thy breath,
Where not a grain of love prevails,

And, for the most inglorious ends,
Their fortunes weigh in equal scales,

Together link'd my foes, and friends,
And, cautious as the match process,

Depend on settlements, and dower,
Espous'd like distant kings, and queens

With disposition'd minds, and means,
Wait half a year to do the job,

And all some Pettifogger's job,
Diversely drawn by man, and wife

HYMEN Triumphant.

EPITHALAMIUM.

THE queen of beauty thus address'd

The God of wedlock in the west,

On B-----'s pleasant shore,

While the smooth billows ceas'd to roar,

And Zephyrs whisper'd to her strains,

Soft, as the vows of fighting swains :

How long, O Hymen, hast thou made

Thy sacred office but a trade !

How often, more severe than death,

My blessings blasted by thy breath,

And, for the most inglorious ends,

Together link'd my foes, and friends,

Espous'd like distant kings, and queens

With disproportion'd minds, and miens !

DIVERSELY

DIVERSELY drawn by man, and wife
Along the rugged road of life,
Can such a yoke unbroken hold,
Although the harness were of gold?
Or grant, it only yield to fate,
How gross and galling is the weight,
When union propagates but jars,
And nuptial leagues domestic wars!

BUT, lo! my son and I with arms
Of inward worth and outward charms
Have, calling Pallas to our aid,
A double conquest lately made.
To make thy triumph now compleat
A captive youth and virgin wait:
Display your pomp, prepare to join
My darling Ann to gentle C—.

LET others, brought by parents cold
Like cattle, to be bought, and sold,
Where not a grain of love prevails,
Their fortunes weigh in equal scales,
And, cautious as the match proceeds,
Depend on settlements, and deeds,
Wait half a year to do the jobb,
And fill some Pettifogger's fob,

For

For what they may repent as soon,
 As they have pass'd the honey-moon.
 What then remains, but outward show,
 To varnish over inward woe?
 When, flying from their haunted home,
 Abroad for pleasure they would roam,
 Spend half their time in gay fatigues,
 And twice their incomes on intrigues,
 Condemn'd to stand the butts of duns,
 And live as minors to their sons.

THIS pair demand no firmer ties,
 Than what were witness'd by the skies,
 Their hearts are bound by mutual bands;
 You only need unite their hands.
 No separate, or selfish view.
 From such affections can ensue,
 No discord issue, night or day,
 From tempers, tun'd to such a key.
 Their dispositions are as twins,
 And now the genial scene begins.
 Fair Flora rifles all her beds,
 To weave fresh chaplets for their heads
 The purest flow'rets, which she finds,
 Are emblems of their purer minds.

DIANA,

DIANA, though a Nun profess,
Delights to see such lovers blest,
And, for the sake of such a swain,
To lose one virgin from her train.

THE Graces hand in hand advance,
And mingle in the mazy dance,
To signify that loves, like theirs,
Shall move in measures, as the spheres:
While sweet simplicity, their friend,
And ease, and elegance attend.

BRIGHT Hebe comes with modest pride,
To dignify the blooming bride,
And Hermes to the youth imparts
The God-like gift of pleasing arts.

APOLLO tunes the silver string,
And, hark! the Muses choral sing,
To shew from souls united so,
What soft, harmonious raptures flow:
While Bacchus boon, with bumpers crown'd,
Bids health, and love, and joy go round.

SHE ceas'd, and Cupid thus began:
The gentle Nick, and graceful Ann

First fell the victims of my darts,
 And I, by right, arrest their hearts:
 The hand, that gave the wounds, as sure
 Shall minister a lasting cure,
 And smoothly steer them through the seas
 Of anxious cares to filken ease,
 The continent of long delights,
 Successful days, and happy nights.

His resolution Cupid clos'd,
 When faithful Hymen interpos'd:
 I here below but seal that love,
 Which first was ratify'd above,
 And since, fond Cupid, thou art blind,
 Let just esteem their passions bind,
 Discretion still attend their fides,
 And truth, and honour be their guides.

CAR-

C A R M E N

IN OBITUM REGIÆ CELSITUDINIS,

F R E D E R I C I,

W A L L I Æ P R I N C I P I S.

ARBITER divum folio fereno,
 Sæpe nimboſas meditatus iras,
 Serus at vindex ſclerum, per auras
 Tela coruſcat.

FULMINIS longe fragor irruentis
 Ingruit: celſæ cecidere turres,
 Nec ſuis fanis rabioſa cœli
 Dextra pepercit.

LAPSA majeſtas nemorum in favillas,
 Spes colonorum gravidis ariſtis
 Aſſit: humanum genus et ferarum
 Horruit ictu.

PARCA sic nuper populo Britanno,
 Heu nimis lato! gravis imminebat:
 Occidit sæcli decus, et paternæ

Lucis imago.

ALTUS fidis animis inhæsit,
 Jure qui mores patrios referret,
 Qui sacras leges, et avita regni
 Fræna teneret.

Nos et ardentes oculos, manusque
 Supplices pro te, FREDERICE, regum
 Tendimus regi, precibusque seris
 Tundimus astra.

INTERIM sanctæ superum choræ
 Voce plaudebant, fidibusque, et alis:
 Tu nimis palmam celeri perennem
 Morte tulisti.

IMPERI fasces miserisque semper
 Asperum curis diadema sordent
 Jam tibi; nubes fugiunt, patetque
 Regia cœli.

GENTIUM rector, pater, atque custos,
 Et, viro raptim spoliata charo,
 Uxor infando stupuere luctu:

Castæ sororum

FLETIBUS fufis maduit venustas:

Regios miscent pueri dolores,

Atque natarum pietas repofcit

Balba parentem.

FATA post almæ genetricis atra,

Tum ducis primo labefactus ardor,

Tumque crudeli didicit dolere

Vulnere frater.

TE pii reges, FREDERICÆ, raptum

Rite fleverunt; furor impotentum

Substitit paulum, cinerique mœstos

Solvit honores.

ALTERA vero viduæ columna,

Liberæ magni genitoris urbes

Quos (piget fari) gemitus dedere!

Quasve querelas!

Sic

Vive

Sic, licet sævi filuere venti,
 Puppe jam fracta, revolutus æstu,
 Pontus insanit, reboantque rauco
 Littora planctu.

FORTE mercator, nimium gavifus
 Merce ventura modo, de propinqua
 Rupe funestas pelagi ruinas
 Prospicit expes.

ALIPES famæ spatiis iniquis
 Corruit virtus: pudor hinc, honoris
 Proditor veri, refugit, fidesque
 Cana sub umbras.

AT tibi circa tumulum capillis
 Gratiae (quod sic decuere) passis,
 Sæpe vectigal referent Camœnæ
 Triste---canorum.

QUIPPE, dum bello tonuit flagranti, et,
 Pro focus arisque ruens, nefandos
 Civium frater rapido furores
 Turbine fregit,

QUALIS,

QUALIS, intonsa nitidus juventa,
Phœbus, æternum superare limen,
Et feris ausos manibus parentem
Pellere regno,

ACER iratis petiit sagittis
Impios terræ juvenes, et, astra
Pura rapturum, Stygias retorfit
Agmen ad umbras:

Tu, fatas cœlo, genus unde vestrum,
Pace fovisti genialis artes,
Ausus arcanos aperire fontes
Laudis honestæ.

HINC, mari terraque potens, Britannum
Cresceret nomen, latius pelasgo,
Prisca nec primos sibi vindicaret
Roma triumphos.

HINC chorus Phœbi graviore plectro
Gentis AUGUSTÆ caneret trophæa,
Proque labenti patria fluentem
Sponte cruorem.

HINC et heroes, gremio sepulti
Noctis, In lucem liquidam redirent,
Atque flagrarent agili feroces
Marte tabellæ.

VIVE-

VIVERENT cæsi lapides figuris,
 Quin et horrerent gladiis minaces,
 Perque spirarent animæ silentium
 Ora loquaces.

HINC Io cives merito triumphe
 Dicerent—sed quo feror evaganti
 Mente? nil Clio modulatur altum;
 Nil pia reddit

ICTA testudo, nisi luctuosum:
 Cum suo Phæbo fugiunt colores,
 Nec quid effingit manus arte præter
 Flebile bustum.

O RECENS! longum dolor O future
 Millibus!—vos at, soboles Minervæ,
 Este felices, animisque pias
 Pascite flammæ.

STIRPIS avulsæ numerosa proles
 Aureos vernat genitura fructus,
 Atque diversis procul hospitales
 Gentibus umbras.

EPI-

M U I [H385] A T I P I E 386

Sancte, modelle, alacriter, diligendo.
Genia carnis, puer, puer, puer.
Amicis, invidis, carnis, carnis.

EPITAPHIUM

Intra ardens, nec infabilis.

M E M O R I Æ

CORNELIUS

REV. SAMUELIS HOLT.

Corde puro.

HAUD

INFRA conquiescunt Reliquiæ
Rev. SAMUELIS HOLT, A. M.

Hujusce nuper Academiæ socii,
Qui literarum, gnaviter excolendo,
Honeste palmam affecutus :

lis artibus,
Quibus alii sæpius invidiam
Conflare solent,

Universum omnium amorem
Sibi conciliavit, et fovit ;
Officia quippe colligavit

Ima summis,

-E M Benevolentiam in genus humanum,
Pietatem erga parentes integerrimos,
Reverentiam in Deum Opt. Max.

VOL. II.

D d d

Sancte,

Sancte, modeste, alacriter præstando.

Senilis eminuit puer prudentiæ,

Amicitiiis ineundis cautus,

Initis ardens, nec instabilis.

Socraticam sententiarum gravitatem

Sermone vario, et lepidò

Facile temperavit.

Comitate flexilis, veri pertinax,

Corde puro.

Animam vultu venustam,

(Si non perituro)

Graphice retulisset.

Annorum spatio paucorum decurso,

Bonis omnibus

Mœstissimum sui desiderium,

Ingenuæ vero juventuti

Diuturnum virtutis exemplum

Reliquit.

MEMORIÆ

CORNELII CALLAGHAN, Armigeri.

(Astræa loquitur.)

HAUD obscura fori lux est extincta: Clientum
 Fracta salus; vocisq; meæ pars magna filescit.
 Quod peperit mortale, sinu capit invida tellus,
 Exuviis inhians animæ. Sed Fama superstes
 Gesta viri memoranda feret, Cineriq; sacrabit.
 Nec me tam moriens afflixit vulnere Virtus,
 Hibernæ quam Gentis Amor. Succumbere fato,
 Quos vixisse pudet, trepident. Mors, janua Vitæ
 Æternæ, Requies, et amabilis Horror Honestis.
 Sic Vitam instituit, Causas sic Callanus egit,
 Ut non extremum formidet adire Tribunal.

THE M
D E A I A L A T H

M_{R.S.} F I

A PPROV'D through all the shining scenes of life,
The pious daughter, heart-engaging wife,
And tender mother, gentle F^{ell},
And bade this world with all its pomp farewell:
Blest in each talent, and each art to please,
And born alike for elegance, and ease,
Fast friend to truth, and, to her latest breath,
Sincere in friendship, and resign'd in death,
In youth, and beauty's pride, that might presage
A growing empire to maturer age,
She fell, she perish'd (oh severe decree
Of fate invidious!) like an orange-tree,

That

That, lately pregnant with the double bloom
Of fruits, and blossoms, breath'd a rich perfume,
But now lies levell'd with its parent land,
Hewn by some Negroe's unrelenting hand,
With all its boughs in wild disorder spread,
Its verdure wither'd, and its honours dead.
Fair, as the snows, and pure, as vestal fires,
Untimely thus the lovely nymph expires.

BUT dry your tears, ye sad surviving friends,
The bitter conflict of her anguish ends.
Her form, though finish'd, graceful, and refin'd,
Was but the casket of her precious mind,
Though much admir'd, a prison at the best,
The prison mortal, but divine the guest.
The brittle mansion, dissoluble crust
Sinks to a cell, and dust returns to dust :
Her soul releas'd, like sacred incense, flies,
Wing'd with devotion, to her native skies,
Forsakes indignant all the painted show,
And fond amusements of her sex below,
The glare of grandeur, pageant of a day,
And full assemblies of the young and gay,
Now meets, transported to the blissful coast,
Her bright Redeemer, and augments his Host,

The
Looks

Looks down with pity, unallay'd with pain,
 On those, who wail her happy change in vain,
 Accounts that death, which chills us with affright,
 The gloomy gate to ever-living light,
 Reflects with raptures on the path she trod,
 Triumphant reigns, and glorifies her God,

Untimely thus the lovely nymph expires.
 Fair, as the snows, and pure, as vernal fires.

But dry your tears, ye sad surviving friends,
 The bitter conflict of her anguish ends.
 Her form, though finish'd, graceful, and refin'd,

Was but the casket of her precious mind.
 Though much admir'd, a prison at the best
 The pious mortal, but divine the guest,
 The brittle mansion, dissoluble dust,
 Sinks to a cell, and dust returns to dust:
 Her soul releas'd, like sacred incense, flies
 Wing'd with devotion, to her native skies,
 For akes indignant all the painted show,
 And fond amulements of her sex below.
 The glare of grandeur, pageant of a day,
 And full assemblies of the young and gay,
 Now meets, transported to the blissful coast,
 Her bright Redeemer, and arguments his Host,

Looks

That

[391]
N — C — , Esq.

On the DEATH of his FATHER.

LET joyful heirs, in sad procession flow,
Display the pomp of counterfeited woe,
For odious dotards, miserable elves,
Who neither liv'd for others, nor themselves,
But pin'd in opulence, and in their death
Could lose no property, beside their breath,
To mean demerit breathing bustos raise,
And wound the marble with dishonest praise.

'Tis thine to feel what silent worth inspires,
And sigh in secret for the best of fires;
'Tis thine to bear the filial, pious part,
And deep impress his virtues on thy heart;
Thine to lament, that half thy cares must end
With such a parent, and with such a friend,

The

The friend of human race, in whom combin'd
 The softest manners, and the meekest mind,
 The seal of probity, the test of truth,
 The force of manhood, and the ease of youth.

PEACE he pursu'd, and through the level-race
 Of lengthen'd life ador'd the God of Peace.

Sure such a soul, that fully had discharg'd
 All bonds of duty, long'd to be enlarg'd.

To sum up all, his fair account was past,

And Nature's debt was only now the last.

Mellow'd with age, he gently dropt, to close

His praying eyes in dewy death's repose,

The common Father summon'd him from thee,

Nor thou, my C---, repine at Heav'n's decree,

Nor grieve, that he should sink without complaints,

To sleep with mortals, and awake with saints.

"Tis thine to feel what silent worth inspires,

And sigh in secret for the best of times;

'Tis thine to bear the filial, pious part,

And deep impress his virtues on thy heart;

Thine to lament, that half thy cares must end

With such a parent, and with such a friend,

The

As anxious to preserve his freighted barge
And bear to distant shores his charge,
Through rocks, through lands, the faithful pilot steers,
He labour'd through the pilgrimage of years,
All gifts below he reckon'd but a soul,
And thought no treasure, but a soul, his own,
A soul unwearied in the cause of truth,
In age unshaken, as unshaken in youth!

EDWARD, Lord Archbishop of TUAM.

LAMENT, ye rich, the prelate is no more,
Whose wisdom taught you to employ your store;
Whose bright example warm'd your hearts to melt,
And sigh for sorrows, which you never felt.

YE poor, who late, while famine spread a gloom,
His gate attended, now attend his tomb;
The mitred sage, who with assenting ears,
Receiv'd your cries, alas! demands your tears.

Woe, woe to both! your loss is but his gain,
A death of glory, from a life of pain!
Access of triumph to the happy just,
A Saint to Heav'n, and only dust to dust!

The friend of human race, in whom combin'd
 As anxious to preserve his freighted barge,
 And bear to distant shores a spicy charge,
 Through rocks, through sands, the faithful pilot steers,
 He labour'd through the pilgrimage of years.
 All gifts below he reckon'd but a loan,
 And thought no treasure, but a soul, his own,
 A soul unweary'd in the cause of truth,
 In age unshaken, as unstain'd in youth!

'Tis great to merit, what a prince may grant;
 But greater still to succour worth in want;
 Thus, thus to be the foremost of our kind,
 Limbs to the lame, and eye-balls to the blind:
 So SYNGE prevail'd, with social passion glow'd,
 Enjoying all the blessings he bestow'd.
 Some dying give what they with-held in dearth,
 He was his own executor on earth:
 * Yet priests unborn shall share his bounties free,
 New glories rising from a sinking fee.

* He had many years ago 500 l. per Ann. taken off his arch-bishoprick, and confirmed by act of parliament, for the advancement of small livings in his diocese.

RELIGION

VOL. II.

RELIGION warms, but superstition burns
The Zealot's breast, and yet with fortune turns :
The candid labour of his piercing pen,
Men's errors wounded, but to heal the men.
No tyrant he ! no prostitute to pow'r !
No formal hypocrite with aspect sour !
In virtue's path for virtue's joys he trod,
And lov'd all mortals, as he fear'd his God.
Rais'd in this world, he pointed to the next,
And all his deeds were comments on his text.
He liv'd in peace, he knew no guilty fear,
Yet ever watch'd, as if his lot were near :
His night approach'd ; and, lo ! he wing'd his way
To gain the regions of eternal day.

A N N O U N C E
TO THE
M E M O R Y
OF THE

Rev. Doctor JOHN BLACHFORD.

— Cui pudor, et, iustitiae soror,
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?

HOR.

RAPT beyond the starry spheres,
Come, ye pure, undoubted heirs,
And at virtue's hallow'd shrine
Offer up the vow divine.
" To the King of Kings, implor'd,
" To the Lord of Lords, ador'd,
" Cloath'd with ever-living light,
" Fount of Goodness, as of Might,

" Whe-

" Whether from inactive mould
" Fair, and awful to behold,
" He, the Builder, and the Plan,
" Animates, and fashions man,
" And, to rectify his ways
" Through this dark material maze,
" Wings his Angels from above,
" Ministers of Peace and Love,
" Or, demanding what he gave,
" Sinks the body to the grave,
" And, to testify the flow
" Of indulgence in the blow,
" Bids the ransom'd spirit rise,
" To assert its native skies:
" Hymn his mercies with acclaim,
" Bless'd, and Holy be his Name."
Hence be far the solemn show,
And the pageantries of woe,
Long processions of compeers,
Sable weeds, and flowing tears,
Proud escutcheons, to describe
Lineage from an ancient tribe,
Which the herald's hands display
To the lords of yesterday;
And, to gratify the pride
Of survivors near ally'd,

Monumental tombs elate,
Tombs, that must submit to fate.

HITHER haste, ye just, and good,
Nearer link'd by souls, than blood,
Conquerors in triumph scorn,
And the braver Saint adorn
Not with such fantastic praise,
As the Vandals of these days,
Parasites, and pimps of state,
Offer up to graceless great:
They but passing shades appear'd,
While the faithful shepherd steer'd
Through those paths, which martyrs trod,
Labouring to rest with God.

CHARITY with aspect bland,
Ample heart, and open hand,
Which would render one combin'd
Family of human kind,
Meek, innoxious, as the dove,
Fond to spread the veil of love,
Fairer than the virgin snows,
O'er the failings of her foes,
As the sun with radiant robe
Luminates this gloomy globe:
All the ties, that comprehend
Father, brother, husband, friend:

Ele-

Elegance of manners plain,
Patience, smiling under pain:
Willing resignation still
To the great JEHOVA's will:
Sweet reflection, without fears,
On the services of years,
And the dawn, by yielding breath,
Of an after life in death;
Transport in celestial rounds,
Whose duration knows no bounds.

THESE, the riches of his life,
Heritable without strife,
These, whatever ill betides,
These he left to be our guides
From this labyrinth of cares
To those glories, which he shares.

AN

Elegance of manners plain
Patience, smiling under pain
Willing resignation still
To the great JEHOVAH will
Sweet reflection without tears
On the services of years

DESIGNED FOR THE
AUTHOR'S FATHER.

HERE lies (if truth was ever yet averr'd)
The best of husbands, fathers, friends interr'd,
Fill'd with the Muses, whom he ne'er profess'd,
Just heir to fortunes, which he ne'er possess'd:
Much injur'd, and oppress'd, afflicted, brave,
Like Job, he brought his virtue to the grave.
O! be it lawful for his offspring here
To wet his ashes with a pious tear;
And yet an other, and an other yet—
Alas, my life will never pay the debt!

EPI-

EPIGRAMMATA.

DALINDE PHASELUS

loquitur.

COLLUDUNT volucres circum plaudentibus alis,
Ac dulci resonat garrulitate nemus;
Quin longa cervice tumens, pede remige Cycnus

Nat comes, et niveo pectore findit aquas :

Splendidior dies jam jam se lumine vestit ;

Aspirat velis mollior aura meis :

Lætitia saliant undæ : lacus almus amœno

Me divam portat pectore, porto Deam.

VOL. II.

F f f

To

Το Κατοπίρον της Λαίδης.

Η ΣΟΒΑΡΟΝ γερασάσα καὶ Ἑλλάδι ἢ τον ἐρωσίων
 Ἔσμον ἐνὶ προθυροῖς Λαῖς ἔχουσα νέων
 Τῇ Παφίῃ το Κατοπίρον· ἐπεὶ τοιῇ μὲν ορασθαι
 Οὐκ ἐθέλω, οἷη δ' ἦν παρ', οὐ δυναμαί.

Εἰς τον εαυτῆς Μεταφραστὴν Λογγίνος ἀγορεύει.

ΔΙΥ ῥ' ἐπεσον, βρολόλογ' ἀναξ καλὰ σῶμα φονευσέ
 Μου ποτε, νυν ψυχὴν βαρβαροφῶνος ἀνῆρ.

In PONTEM Orientalem, nuper extractum apud
 DUBLINIENSES.

LIFFANA præcipiti fluvio ruit æquor in altum;

Pronum obluctatur findere lenta ratis.

Turba frequens fluitat per pendula stata viarum,

Nil metuens strepitus agglomerantis aquæ.

Disce quid hinc possit labor improbus, arte ministra;

Divulsas ripas junxerat ingenium.

LAIDIS SPECULUM.

LAIS anus Veneri speculum dico dignum habeat se
 Æterna æternum forma ministerium.
 At mihi nullus in hoc usus: quia cernere talem
 Qualis sim nolo, qualis eram nequeo.

LONGINUS to his TRANSLATOR.

C— no more insult Aurelian's name;
 He flew my body, but you stab my fame.

On the new **BRIDGE** built on the Eastern side of
DUBLIN.

SWIFT rushes Liffey to the main, afloat
 Against the stream flow tugs the lab'ring boat.
 The waving multitude promiscuous flow
 Through streets in air, and spurn the tide below.
 Hence learn what labour's persevering part
 Performs, attended with her hand-maid, art:
 The wit of man, superior to the might
 Of nature, bade the distant banks unite.

In quoddam **ÆDIFICIUM**, partim Conventiculum,
partim Vinarium.

HIC Bacchus Phœbusq; pari potiuntur honore;
Cernitur hinc rostrum, cernitur inde cadus:

Cum pastore sagax caupo conspirat; hiantem

Fœcibus hic fallit, cantibus ille gregem.

Apologeticon pro **PONTIFICE ROMANO**.

HAUD sine fronde pius, fulvo quæ floruit auro,
Aeneas olim Stygias penetralet ad undas,

Cumea monstrante viam: nec sit tibi mirum,

Si Cœlum Romanus habet venale sacerdos.

In duas filias Comitum de **WARWICK**, ponto simul
submersas.

CÆRULEIS quid nunc debemus fluctibus, unam
Si dederint Venerem, quum raptiere duas?

On an EDIFICE, partly a Meeting-house, and
partly a Wine-cellar.

BACCHUS and Phœbus here in honours club,
The vintner's hoghead, and the preacher's tub:
The vintner, and the preacher here combine,
As this intoxicates with cant, so that with wine.

In Defence of the P O P E.

ANCHISES' pious son, without the spell
Of golden bough, had never pass'd to Hell,
Tho' Sybil was his guide: nor more admire,
His Holiness should barter Heav'n for hire.

On the Earl of WARWICK's two Daughters, who were
drowned together.

WHAT to the faithless ocean now is due?
She gave one Venus, and has taken two.

In

In malum POETAM, sua CARMINA recitantem.

MISELLUS iste nugivenda, rogitas,
 Horrenda volvens huc illuc lumina,
 Dextramq; librans vatibus funiferam,
 Et non ferendis mugiens hiatibus,
 Defuncta dudum cur recantat carmina?
 Vult audientes immolare manibus.

In malum MEDICUM.

QUAMVIS lethifera ceciderunt mille per urbem
 Arte, salutari sæpe Machaon aves.
 Inferiora quidem meritis, tibi præmia poscis;
 Pœonis haud etenim munera, Martis agis:
 Ergo salutari tantum dignaberis Ajax;
 Num quos tu mactas, semper habentur oves.

DEFENSIO ----- pro sua VERSIONE una cum
 TEXTU edita.

QUOD pauci possunt de se promittere, saltem
 Dimidium libri glorior esse bonum.

In

On

On a vile POET's repeating his WORKS.

WHILE this poor pedlar in poetic ware,
 Struts, and assumes a magisterial air,
 Rolls his fell eyes, and weighs his pond'rous hand,
 (Which yet, alas! no Classic could withstand)
 And foams, and bellows with enormous grin,
 You ask, "Why chants he with incessant din,
 "His dull, dead works?" The reason very plain is,
 To sacrifice his hearers to their manes.

On a bad PHYSICIAN.

THO' thousands perish by thy deadly skill,
 You languish for Machaon's title still:
 Honours you seek, indeed beneath your due,
 Not Pæon's trade, but Mars's you pursue:
 The name of Ajax for distinction keep,
 Since all you scan may well be reckon'd sheep.

— DEFENCE of his TRANSLATION published
 with the ORIGINAL.

THIS I may boast, which few e'er cou'd,
 Half of my book at least is good.

A D P A R C A S.

Pro M E D I C O ægrotante.

HUIC saltem, rigida, favete, Parcæ:
 Plutoni segetes per hunc procumbunt
 Densæ, continuæ, graves, opimæ:
 Codrus si obeat diem supremam,
 Longa, mors, tibi dormienda nox est.

I N E U N D E M.

FUNERA miraris tam pauca occurrere nuper?
 Mors feriata fuit: Codrus æger erat.

I N Q U E N D A M A U T O R E M.

REX quodcumq; manu tetigit convertit in aurum;
 Plumbum quod calamo C—, tangis, erit.

In pessimum, et dicacem POETAM.

CUR me versiculos vomendo perdis,
Tot, Dii! versiculos leves, caducos,
Quot noster lepidos, graves, perennes
Uno progenuit Cadenus anno?
Heu vos versiculi leves, miselli!
Heu vates levior, magis miselle!
Auditorq; magis miselle multo!

In malum et POETAM, et MEDICUM.

ET vates, opiferq; vis vocari;
Herbis Pœoniis licet, sacrisque
Interdixit aquis uterque Phœbus,
Nec concessit agri tibi virentis
Quid, præter gelidæ comas cicutæ.
Eja, Codre, Dei potire dono:
Sic fies opifer bonus per orbem,
Sic, sic Socratico tragedus haustu.

— ON HIS PRETENSIONS to WIT.

WHO hears thy jest, or takes thy potion, is sick,
 Nor Poëan gave thee wit, nor taught thee physick,
 And yet you claim the laurel, as your due,
 And think, that Swift deserves it less than you.
 Perhaps the God foresaw in antient times,
 How many modern dolts would deal in rhymes,
 Wage war with wit, against his prophets chafe,
 And, arrogant, expect the sacred leaf.
 The long contention willing to decide,
 Avenge himself, yet gratify their pride,
 He thus decreed, which let the muse reveal,
 “ Ye loud-tongued sons of lofty Grub-street, hail!
 May I compound the difference between
 My priests and you, to pacify your spleen:
 Take all the laurels, which my groves produce,
 Give them the branches, but drink ye the juice!

— His INVITATION.

COME hither, who pleases,
 And take my pills; fir, never fear 'em,
 They cure all diseases—
 Mors ultima linea rerum.

THE

THE Ephesian Matron,

From PETRONIUS ARBITER,

A P O E M,

IN TWO BOOKS.

Non servata fides, cineri promissa---

VIRG.

B O O K I.

YE modest matrons of the times,
 Forgive the freedom of my rhimes;
 I tell a tale, which, if erroneous,
 You must attribute to Petronius;
 The guiltless muse can safely plead,
 I only sing what he has said,

G g g 2

What

What he has said—unless, by chance,
 I add a little circumstance,
 A little circumstance, quite new,
 Which might however have been true.

AND thou, by nature form'd to please,
 With attic elegance and ease,
 Tho' dignify'd in rhyme by Swift,
 Accept, O B——, this humble gift:
 He read it over with some glee,
 And bid me dedicate to thee.
 Nor thou, my friend, illustrious peer,
 Disdain to lend a patient ear;
 Thy wit, and humour where I fail,
 Shall add new graces to the tale.

AT Ephesus there liv'd a dame,
 (My author has not told her name)
 A dame so pretty, chaste, and sage,
 She was the wonder of her age;
 From neighb'ring provinces the fair
 All crowd to see a thing so rare,
 Not more the nymphs of Britain throng,
 To hear the soft Italian song,

Who

Who, though they pinch both back, and belly,
Will pay their idol * Farinelli.

HER husband just had dy'd. What then?
The world was stor'd with proper men,
Or grant, that she, in manner decent,
Should wail a loss so sad, and recent:
By weeds she might express her passion,
And mourn---according to the fashion.

BUT, if her spirit would aspire
Above what common forms require,
Could she not counterfeit despair,
And beat her breast, and tear her hair,
Lament in public for a year,
Yet not in private shed a tear?

CENSURE, and raillery apart,
She had her sorrows at her heart:
Resolv'd for ever to deplore
Her dearest husband now no more,
The grave shall be my bed, she cries,
The very vault, in which he lies:

Nothing

* An Italian Eunuch: while he was singing, one of his polite audience cried out in extacy—One G—d, one Farinelli!

Nothing on earth can comfort give,
I cannot, must not, will not live!

SHE said, and sunk into the tomb,
While weeping crowds bemoan'd her doom,
Nor night, nor day, she clos'd her eyes,
The vault resounding with her cries.

IN vain her parents, and relations
Would draw her back with exhortations,
In vain the magistrates (for then
I think they had no aldermen)
Essay'd to make her change her mind,
'Twas blowing breath against the wind.

SHE, like a true Argolic dame,
Would still preserve her antient flame,
And, mindful of her plighted vows,
Attend the body of her spouse,
Imbibe the subterranean damp,
And fasting feed the secret lamp:
In short, no woman could afford,
Such deep affliction for her lord,
Her deed was hymn'd in ev'ry ditty,
Not more a wonder than a pity:
Methinks I hear it chanted yet:
Five times the radiant sun had set,

The

The silver moon as often rose,
And dewy shades provok'd repose,
While she, confin'd in doleful mood,
Abstain'd from life-preserving food;
And by her fat (a small relief!)
Her maid, the partner of her grief,
A faithful maid, who watch'd the night,
And, as it fail'd, reviv'd the light.

Our matron, thus in high renown,
Becomes the topic of the town;
And men of ev'ry rank agree,
That, for true love, and chastity,
No woman gave so fair a sample,
And wish their wives would take example.

MEAN while the governor ordains
Some criminals to hang in chains,
The gibbet stood (unlucky lot!)
Contiguous to the very spot,
Where mournful madam, and her crony
Bemoan'd the death of dear Adony.

NEXT night a centinel attendant,
To guard the malefactors pendent,

When

When he had heard the dismal moan
Of one in hollow-sounding tone,
That added horror to the night,
And in the tomb perceiv'd a light,
As men are curious out of season,
Longs to know who, and what's the reason,
And, peeping through the stony portal,
Beheld a most engaging mortal,
At first, astonish'd at the sight,
He started backward in a fright,
Although a soldier by his post,
As who should say a GHOST! a GHOST!

BUT, when he saw the body lying,
In lavender, and madam crying,
And falling into sudden fits,
As if she were beyond her wits,
Advancing near, he understood,
It was substantial flesh, and blood,
And guess'd the tender-hearted creature
Was over-burthen'd with good nature,
So through mere charity he brought
His own repast into the vault:
Then sage, as Bunyan, he began,
Descanting on the fate of man,

“ Like

" Like travellers upon a road,
 " In life we have no fix'd abode,
 " Like empty shadows, daily pass,
 " And human flesh is only grass ;
 " And yet, as if your husband's case
 " Were singular among the race,
 " You persevere in impious grief,
 " Provoke the Gods, reject relief,
 " And swell your breast, and burst your eyes
 " With unavailing tears, and cries.
 " Although your loss be great indeed,
 " You must submit : It was decreed.
 " THE longest avenues have ends,
 " And death must part the dearest friends ;
 " They justly merit, while they live,
 " The greatest comforts we can give,
 " Whatever dutiful you deem,
 " Our love, concern, regard, esteem ;
 " But, when they have discharg'd the debt
 " Of nature, at their freedom set,
 " To range amongst Elysian bow'rs,
 " Of consequence they cancel ours,
 " We then should study to forbear
 " From grief, the parent of despair,
 " With patience seek for peace of mind,
 " And make the most of those behind.

" I HAD madam, also, a wife,
 " The pride, and pleasure of my life,
 " Surpassing beautiful : When lo,
 " She dy'd—almost a week ago:
 " Denouncing everlasting wars
 " Against the sex, I curs'd my stars,
 " 'Till gentle Venus, as I slept,
 " And for my love in fancy wept,
 " Appear'd with majesty divine,
 " And shone in such a form, as thine;
 " Her frowns were temper'd with a smile,
 " And thus she spoke in hasty stile—
 " Art thou a son of Mars, my minion,
 " Yet dar'st defy my bright dominion;
 " But you have lost your soft compeer,
 " And are you not a volunteer?
 " Resign her, quiet where she lies,
 " And wipe affliction from your eyes;
 " Obey my call, and you shall have
 " A fairer consort from the grave.
 " The dream was ominous indeed,
 " I only wish it may succeed:
 " I told it to a necromancer,
 " And he confirm'd it in his answer:
 " But, madam, those instructive eyes,
 " That shine like planets in the skies,
 " With—

- " Without the help of sound, or letter,
 " May haply here expound it better.
 " My fate depends upon thy lot,
 " For thee I would—what would I not?
 " Yet will you dash my hopes with fears,
 " And drown those radiant looks in tears?
 " Contented I could ever dwell
 " Within this loathsome gloomy cell,
 " The faithful centinel, and keeper
 " Of thee my lovely, charming weeper,
 " Contemplating on dead mens bones,
 " Nor envy monarchs on their thrones.
 " As rosy-finger'd, meek Aurora,
 " When she revisits fragrant Flora,
 " Expels the shades of night profound,
 " Diffusing life and motion round,
 " Thy beauties brighten up the gloom,
 " And raise a palace from a tomb.
 " But, madam, when you might employ
 " Your time in giving public joy,
 " Why will you thus obdurate leaven
 " The prime, the blooming gifts of Heaven,
 " And, like a miser o'er his pelf,
 " Afford no comfort to yourself?"

WHILE thus our Amoroso ranted,
 And in romantic rapture canted;
 The matron, who had listen'd long
 To hear the burthen of his song,
 From doleful dumps, as if possess'd
 With fury, kindled in her breast,
 Her hands in frantic manner wrung,
 And launch'd the thunder of her tongue:

"Avaunt, thou wicked imp of hell,

"Who durst prophane my sacred cell,

"Insult my sorrows, mock my tears,

"And violate a widow's ears:

"Thy love is worse than any death,

"Infection issues from thy breath—

"And was it not, ye Gods above,

"Enough, that I had lost my love,

"Adorn'd with ev'ry grace of mind,

"That could ennoble human kind;

"Descended from illustrious blood,

"But greater still in being good;

"A patriot in his country's cause,

"The living pillar of her laws,

"Her liberties his constant tenet,

"As wise, as Nestor, in the senate;

"But

“ But, if by virtue call’d to wield
“ His arms, an Ajax in the field,
“ Yet sweet, as honey from the comb,
“ And gentle, as a lamb, at home.
“ Was I condemn’d to fall from bliss,
“ And flounder in a sad abyfs,
“ A matron, fam’d for self-denial,
“ Reserv’d to undergo this trial?
“ Is this your justice, and my due,
“ Ye righteous Gods!—for being true?
“ Or is it thus by perils hard,
“ That virtue is her own reward:
“ But yes—your justice I adore,
“ For well I merit this, and more,
“ Retort full vengeance on this head,
“ I should have dy’d, when he was dead;
“ For this a dose of poison ready,
“ Were but my resolution steady,
“ Had ended all my woes, and made
“ A rich libation to his shade,
“ For this his weapon stood unsheath’d
“ But I beheld the point,—and breath’d,
“ Had I then fortitude of heart,
“ And only play’d the Spartan part,
“ My deed with honour had been told,
“ My name with demigods enroll’d;
“ My

" My faith preserv'd without reflection,
" The test of conjugal affection.
" But hark, I hear the midnight owl!
" The Gorgon's hiss! the Furies howl!
" And lo! my husband! there he stands,
" With flaming torches in his hands!
" Enough, enough to shew my crimes,
" And blast me to succeeding times.
" Alas! poor husband, how betray'd?---
" Too long this office is delay'd.
" He comes! he comes! I faint! I stagger!
" See, see that bloody hand, and dagger!
" Assist, ye fiends! it is decreed,
" That he should rest, and I should bleed;
" I wait on thee, delightful ghost,
" With rapture to the Stygian coast;
" But must I dye, as I have sworn,
" And leave thy reliques here forlorn,
" Or live in torment for a while,
" To punish this invader vile?
" That I, who stand upon the brink
" Of ruin, should of wedlock think---
" Confusion! horror! hence depart,
" Infernal monster, as thou art.
" Out, out those eyes, that could attract
" The villain to so foul a fact!

" A se-

" A second love ! a curse confound

" Such love ! I shudder at the sound :

" My life is wasted to the lees,

" And now my blood begins to freeze.

" BUT thou, my trusty maid, who still

" Hast been obedient to my will,

" To whom I safely could impart

" The deep recesses of my heart,

" Receive my last commands, and take

" This ring in token for my sake :

" Attend, and when my spirit flies

" From woeful durance, close these eyes ;

" Then, as my dear departed lord,

" The best of husbands on record,

" And I, the prodigies of love,

" Together liv'd, like dove and dove,

" So thou bestow thy pious pains,

" And re-unite our cold remains,

" I must conjure thee by an oath,

" One coffin will contain us both ;

" Farewel, and thus my body lay"—

At that she seem'd to swoon away.

" Help, help ! the waiting woman cries,

" Kind soldier, help ! or else she dies."

He clasps her falling in his arms,

And with his naked bosom warms,

While

While she without a sigh or groan

Appear'd as stupid, as a stone.

Yet, as the soldier, breast to breast,

The matrimonial wonder prest,

He felt a sudden alteration,

What ladies call a palpitation,

Not motion free, but from impulsion,

The symptom of a strong convulsion,

In which we leave her with her lover,

Until her spirits can recover.

End of the FIRST BOOK.

While

THE EPHESIAN MATRON 425

Ephefian Matron.

B O O K II.

NOW men, releas'd from daily woes,
Were melted into soft repose,
The scaly people of the seas
Imbib'd the balm of liquid ease,
The tender kids, the fleecy breed
On mossy banks forgot to feed,
And oxen low reclin'd their heads,
And weary limbs on grassy beds;
The fields were silent, calm the lakes,
Through woody wilds, and thorny brakes,
The birds of various plumes, and lays
Sate rock'd asleep on bending sprays;
While Philomela through the dale
Renew'd her sad-melodious tale.

VOL. II.

When,

When, as from dying embers pale,
 If sudden breathes a fanning gale,
 That dissipates the choaking ashes,
 The sleeping sparks revive in flashes,
 From lazy swoon, that seem'd to steep
 Her senses in eternal sleep,
 Our matron, starting with surprize,
 Reveal'd the lustre of her eyes;
 But yawn'd, and star'd, and often throb'd,
 Her bosom beating as she sob'd;
 'Till thus in tragical confusion,
 Between essentials and delusion,
 She thrice essay'd to speak, but falter'd,
 And thrice her comely colour alter'd;
 At length, with panting almost spent,
 She gave her lab'ring words a vent—
 “ And am I then again forlorn,
 “ For ever from thy presence torn,
 “ My love, my lord, my husband, stay,
 “ The shades will pardon this delay,
 “ O! give, or thou wilt break my heart,
 “ One tender kiss before we part.
 “ He vanishes!—I grasp at air,
 “ Accurs'd, abandon'd to despair,
 “ But, faithful witness of my vow,
 “ My dear attendant, where art thou?
 “ I lose

" I lose the vision of my dear,
" But still I have his body here—
" Give me some water : trim the light,
" Although I sicken at the sight—
" A little more, an other sup,
" To keep my fainting spirits up ;
" It cheers my heart and cools my liver,
" Thanks to the Naiad of the river.

" BUT is it fit I should refresh,
" This mortal tenement of flesh ?
" Yet let me linger 'till to-morrow,
" 'Twill only multiply my sorrow.
" Ye Gods, how happy was my chance,
" While yet I lay in silent trance,
" I envied not your joy supreme,
" O, 'twas a dear deceitful dream !
" Affliction from this bosom fled,
" And ev'ry grosser sense was dead ;
" Then fancy wak'd in active play,
" And stole me from myself away ;
" Indignant wing'd its airy flight,
" To blooming mansions of delight,
" Delight as boundless, as refin'd,
" Too mighty for embodied mind,
" Platonic raptures, bliss Elysian,
" Beyond what poets paint in vision.

" I thought my spouse's happy shade
" And mine together freely stray'd
" Through pleasant vallies, myrtle bowers,
" And meadows, cloath'd with purple flowers,
" By Zephyrs fann'd, and bath'd by fountains,
" Distill'd from adamantine mountains,
" And, (what my reason more perplexes)
" Our very spirits mingled sexes."

WHILE thus her vision she disclos'd,
The gentle soldier interpos'd ;
Quoth he " thou miracle of beauty,
" And mirror of connubial duty,
" If spirits immaterial mingle
" Their sexes, must we tarry single ?
" You dream'd of happiness ideal,
" But live, and you shall find it real.
" As soul and body in conjunction,
" Discharging each its proper function,
" Affect each other in some measure,
" And both receive a mutual pleasure,
" So man and woman, wisely made
" For one an others common aid,
" Support the balance on a poise,
" With intercourse of social joys.

" How

" How barren in its youthful years,
 " How bare the tow'ring elm appears,
 " By wounding hands, or blasts malign
 " Divested of the teeming vine?
 " Remove the vine's erected prop,
 " How soon the sappy branches drop,
 " And, levell'd with their parent clay,
 " To reptiles vile become a prey?
 " Such, madam, is your lonely state.
 " And such the rigour of my fate.
 " To travel single through the road
 " Of busy life's a heavy load;
 " But man and woman, in distress,
 " United make the burthen less.
 " Two poisons mixt, the wise denote;
 " Become each other's antidote,
 " And fable clouds, in airy fight
 " Encount'ring clouds, emit a light:
 " So soon the sorrows, that infest
 " The tender quiet of thy breast,
 " By Hymen blended with my woes,
 " Bright scenes of pleasure shall disclose:
 " The winter of our grief thus past,
 " A spring of joy returns at last,
 " An after spring, by Venus nurs'd,
 " More mild and fragrant than the first.

" Thy

" Thy balmy breath anon supplies

" The cooling breeze, those weeping eyes,

" Resplendent with attractive powers,

" Bespeak the sun through vernal showers;

" Those glowing cheeks, the blossoms pure

" Of love, and pledge of fruits mature,

" The fruits of Hymen, growing joys,

" Soft blooming maids, and manly boys.

He said in fond enticing strain,

And thus the matron with disdain.

" O honour, virtue, faith, and all,

" That men divine or human call,

" Could such a slave, the publick scorn,

" As meanly bred, as basely born,

" Convert true passion into fiction,

" And stain the fountain of affliction,

" Am I so lowly sunk indeed,

" To drop the rose, and pluck the weed?

" For ever let these ears be barr'd,

" And conscious duty be my guard,

" While this unalienable heart,

" In which no second bears a part,

" Defiance bids to hopes, or fears,

" And gives a current to my tears,

" Until

" Thy

" Until my frame, to mix with clay,

" Like Niobe, dissolves away.

" But thou, who vainly wouldst allure

" Integrity with lips impure,

" And blast my widowhood with shame,

" A victim to thy guilty flame,

" Hence, hie thee to some desert wild,

" And teach the tyger to be mild,

" Antipathies to correspond,

" And break through nature's antient bond,

" Inform the tawny lyon's dam,

" In amity to wooe the lamb;

" Forbid the nightly wolf to prowl,

" And harmonize the boding owl,

" Extinguish all the stars above,

" But never hope to change my love---

" My love, as pure as vestal fire,

" Shall only with my life expire."

SHE said, and with resentment ey'd,

The man of war, who thus reply'd:

" Let pity quell this angry storm,

" Thy style be placid, as thy form:

" Nor have I been the public scorn,

" Nor meanly bred, nor basely born,

" By

432 THE EPHESIAN MATRON.

" By birth and education free,
 " I only am a slave to thee;
 " Invincible through long campaigns,
 " I glory now to drag thy chains,
 " My destiny with pleasure meet,
 " And fling my laurels at thy feet.
 " AT Athens disciplin'd in arts,
 " I first improv'd my native parts,
 " And only stand on duty here,
 " Enlist'd as a volunteer;
 " The valiant on their side have odds,
 " For ever favour'd by the Gods;
 " Mere riches are but accidentals,
 " Nor thou despise these regimentals,
 " Whatever garment he be wrapt in,
 " A soldier may become a captain:
 " Let worth intrinsic bear the bell,
 " Who rates a jewel by the shell?
 " The fair with quick-discerning eyes,
 " A glaring outside should despise,
 " And, from the vulgar head, inglorious
 " Distinguishing the meritorious,
 " The youthful hero's breast inspire,
 " And crown that courage, which they fire.
 " We challenge, by the laws of arms,
 " A right and title to their charms,
 " And

And justly deem these lovely spoils,
A full reward for all our toils.

THUS, when we take a town by force,
The ladies are our prize of course;
Each brave assailant claims his measure
Of honour, ornaments, and treasure:
And say what treasure can compare
In pomp, or value with the fair?
To them selected, and ador'd,
We gently bend the bloody sword,
And with caresses, most obliging,
Repair the losses of besieging.
So, when the farmer, to reward
The long fatigues of labours hard,
Hath reap'd a crop of golden grain,
He feeds the cultur'd glebe again.

WHEN perils point the path to fame,
Each worthy feels a sudden flame,
The love of action swells his breast,
And terror nods upon his crest,
He rushes on, his passage mows,
Through brazen ranks of angry foes,
And spreads amidst the doubtful fight
Confusion, terror, and affright,

434 THE EPHESIAN MATRON.

'Till Fortune smiles, and Mars arrays
 His temples with victorious bays :
 Bellona then to Venus yields
 The palm of long ensanguin'd fields :
 The distant bows destructive twang,
 The crash of armour, and the clang
 Of battle-breathing brass, with fear
 No more appal the matron's ear,
 But soft subside to melting tones
 Of roundelays, and love-sick moans.
 With milder flames the victors burn,
 And beauty triumphs in her turn.

A SOLDIER'S fortune thus you read,
 For you we conquer, or we bleed :
 For woman, woman, such as you,
 And fame, we bid the world adieu,
 The mighty prize, for which we strove,
 The bed of honour, or of love.
 But, if relentless beauty foils
 My wishes, what avail my toils,
 My brave atchievements, and escapes
 From death in all her horrid shapes,
 Or yet the laurels, which adorn
 This head, if blasted by thy scorn?
 That very scorn unmans my vigour,
 For ever captive to thy rigour.

In

In vain you check the glowing fire,
And bid your victim to retire;
His fate is fix'd already here,
So sinks the stately, wounded deer,
That rul'd the herd with horny pride,
In death inclining to that side,
That fatal side (as I to you)
From which the pointed arrow flew.

BUT O! whatever you decree
Against a slave, who doats on thee,
And tenders his devoted aid,
Reverse the cruel vow you made.
The Gods, whose wisdom you adore,
By whose divinity you swore,
From abstinence, in manner ample,
Dissuade thee by their own example:
With equal appetite endu'd
They revel on ambrosial food,
Delicious bowls of nectar drain,
And only fast to feast again:
Supremely bount'ous they design'd
The fruits of earth for human kind;
Nor thou the genial boon refuse,
'Tis theirs to give, and thine to use.

PROPITIOUS love, to entertain us,
 Hath sacrific'd these birds of Venus,
 And Neptune, for a second dish,
 Presents us with this dainty fish,
 For this to Venus is ally'd,
 Descended from the briny tide.
 Good Ceres fill'd that woven basket,
 And Bacchus this capacious flasket:
 It is their glory to diffuse 'em,
 Be thine the gratitude to use 'em.

WHEN thus the foldier play'd his part,
 To thaw the widow's icy hert,
 And kindly to regalement bid her,
 He ceas'd, and left her to consider.

So cunning songsters, when they move
 The soul with rapture, oft improve
 The blandishment, and gain applauses
 By unexpected breaks, and pauses.

So Vulcan with a puff inspires,
 Then wets his metal-melting fires,
 Maintains an elemental duel,
 Inflames, and yet prolongs the fuel.

OUR hero thus, who for a while
 Restrain'd the current of his stile,
 Yet signify'd, by looks, and motion,
 The fervour of his dumb devotion.
 Anon! he with prevailing speeches
 The maid to eat, and drink beseeches.
 Invited by the grateful fume
 Of wine, as we may well presume,
 The willing wench, midst all her distress,
 Sets an example to her mistress;
 And, tho' the weaker vessel, she
 Laid in at least as much, as he,
 Or any miser, feasted gratis:
 When, having had her quantum satis,
 She straight attack'd with all her force
 Her self-denying dame of course.

MADAM, quoth she, I would partake
 Of any hazards for your sake,
 And, to approve my constant faith,
 Attend you to the gates of death.
 But, should you starve, what wil't avail
 To be the subject of a tale?
 Must all good women, who survive
 Their husbands, be interr'd alive?

If

If you should wilfully expire,
 Before the rigid fates require,
 Nay pray thy heart out, lowly kneeling,
 For him, that has no fellow feeling,
 Dost thou, ah over-fond, conceive,
 That he will thank you in the grave?
 Quick rid you of that female error,
 Which makes you court the king of terror.
 The strictest duties of a wife
 Should not exclude the sweets of life.
 Were nothing else to set you right,
 This sad example in your sight,
 I think, might be your dumb director
 To live, altho' your spouse were Hector.
 The dead demand our tears, 'tis true,
 But must not nature have her due?
 And while we live, whate'er you think,
 'Tis natural to eat, and drink.

THE poor, good-natur'd thing, who found
 Her arguments were run a-ground,
 A-dry, and even almost spent
 With such a long, and rueful lent,
 Suffer'd herself to be persuaded,
 And fed as freely, as the maid did.

You

You know, what motions luscious food
Is wont to give to human blood.
The foldier (as success creates
Fresh appetite to farther feats)
By the same arts he wrought upon her
To live---affails her spouse-sick honour.
The spark was sprightly, tall, and young,
And had a most persuasive tongue;
Nor could chaste madam disapprove,
Tho' she might chide his ill-tim'd love.
While now and then (as maids will often
Their unrelenting ladies soften)
The waiting Nymph threw in a word,
Nor were her arguments absurd---
" Will you, for ever melancholick,
" Pursue this dull, and senseless frolick,
" Tho' faithful, as the turtle-dove,
" Resist the potent God of love,
" And think it prudent not to yield,
" When he is master of the field?
" Be free, and lay aside the prude,
" Or else the victor may be rude."
Madam, to make my story short,
Surrender'd up the batter'd fort:
Pardon the boldness of th' expression,
I mean, herself to his discretion.

But

But begg'd, and pray'd with looks devout,

He would be merciful, as stout.

Since mourning was the widow's fealty,

He should not triumph o'er her frailty.

He might do what he would, but then

Soldiers should act, as gentlemen.

She wept, and in the feeble strife

Cry'd, Oh my husband! Oh my life!

The lusty soldier without long quest

Compleatly made his gallant conquest.

That night, though not on bed of feather,

And next, and next they lay together;

But were most cautious to secure

With bolt the monumental door,

To put all matters out of danger,

Since ev'ry friend, as well as stranger

Might well conclude, my dame most chaste

Had o'er the husband breath'd her last.

PLEAS'd with the secret of her beauty,

The soldier, heedless of his duty,

Put to his shift to buy good cheer,

Pledg'd all his regimental gear,

And brought it late into the vault:

(His captain might forgive the fault)

Good living, and true love, I ween,

Have ever old companions been,

But

And

And, where the former is not chosen,
The latter must, of course, be frozen.

'Twas night, the monument was barr'd,
The gibbet left without a guard.
While opportunity befriended,
The parents of the youth suspended
The malefactor's body stole,
And soon convey'd it to a hole.
The soldier, when he rose next day,
And found the gibbet met foul play,
Dreading (as just in such a case)
He should supply the robber's place,
To madam in her merriment
Relates the fatal accident,
Swearing by Mars, he would not wait
To hear the issue of his fate,
But punish straight his own remissness,
And make his dagger do his business,
Provided she would give him room
Along with good man in the tomb.

THE woman, full as tender-hearted,
As she was chaste, with horror started.
May all the righteous Gods, quoth she,
Forbid so sad a destiny,
That I, who scarce have one surviv'd,
Should of the other be depriv'd,

And in a shroud together cover
My dearest husband, dearest lover.

A LIVING dog, as I have read,
Is better than a lion dead,
Then cease to grieve, nor cruel die;
My husband may his place supply.

THE soldier then—it will not do,
He'd but one eye, your husband two.

FOR that, quoth she, you need not care,
My husband then has one to spare.

SHE said, and, raising up the body,
The face disfigur'd with an odd eye,
Then hung it in the robber's stead,
And took the swordsman to her bed.

THUS cruel men, who often glory
In vexing women, tell the story.
But, had it only been her fate
To live in Rome of latter date,
Her name, like many, not her betters,
No doubt, had been in Rubric letters.

THE tale is told, a long narration!
But pray, sir, where's your application?

OH! for a portion of thy vein,
Thou peerless paragon of Spain,
Cervantes hight! or thou, whose fire
Equipp'd the British knight, and squire,
Or, yet the sum of both to mention,
The bitter sweets of Swift's invention.

Might I apply my tale indeed.

The flaggon, that contain'd their liquor,
Was only borrow'd from the Vicar,
A flaggon should you say? meer malice!
It was no flaggon, but a chalice,
Or, fairly to conclude the matter,
A vessel, full of holy water.
The soldier's target was no more
Than what the best Apostles bore,

444 THE EPHESIAN MATRON.

And (so some pious legend faith)
An emblem of the shield of faith.
His trusty sword in honest metre
But represented that of Peter.
His belt, a charm against mischances,
Was dedicated to Saint Francis.

* * * * *
And swear it was the ✕ of Ch—st.

THE widow, and her maid had been
But Nuns, that went to pray unseen.
The man, who happen'd to caress her,
Was but a frier—her confessor.
Thus circumstances duly blended,
All matters then had fairly ended,
The soldier styl'd a pious patron,
And madam—a chaste Roman Matron.

Petronius,

Petronius, 1744.

I.

WHILE some exert unruly zeal,
Haranguing for the public weal,
And some for W--p-le's party ;
Petronius, with uncommon art,
Succeeds, and plays a double part,
To neither faction hearty.

II.

THUS, wav'ring between fear, and hope,
The Mountebank upon a rope
Proceeds with giant-strides:

He tricks the rabble of their pelf,
And nicely balances himself—
By bending to both sides.

C A R-

CARMEN

Cui inferitur

FABULA de ORPHEO et EURIDICE,
ad mores revocata.

Authore BOETIO.

O CRESCENS patriæ decus,
Prisco sanguine nobilis,
Cultor Cæsareæ spei,
Tantis digne penetibus,

*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*	*

A N

O D E,

In which is inferted

The FABLE of ORPHEUS and EURIDICE,
moralized.

Written originally by BOETIUS.

O THOU, the daily growing boast,
And pride of this thy native coast,
Descended from a noble flood,
Of antient, honourable blood,
Attendant courtly, but sincere,
Of mighty George's hopeful heir,
And client, meriting the trust,
And sanction of his house august,

* * * * *

The

Te nunc musa petit, volans
Alti trans maris æquora;
Supplex, et genibus minor,
Rectorem superum rogat,
Ut te muneribus beet.

QUAMVIS purpureus pudor,
Mentis proditor integræ,
Et pravi pietas fugax,
Vinclo dedita libero,
Palmis, labe carentibus,
Erectisq; oculis, deæ
Te Cælo voveant suo;
Quamvis mille placentium
In proscenia prodeas
Alter Memmius artium;
Quamvis principis optimi
Regum, Sceptra gerentium,
Ridens Gratia, non levis
Tolli flatibus invidis,
Nec non publica civium

Et

The monitory muse attends,
 For thee the suppliant knee she bends,
 The reverential head she bows,
 And offers up her ardent vows,
 That he, who rules the pow'rs divine,
 May prosper thee with gifts benign.

Tho' modesty, with purple grace,
 The mind betraying through the face,
 And piety, through free restraint,
 Far flying from immoral taint ;
 With virgin-hands, and upcast eyes
 Devote thee to their native skies ;
 Though, furnish'd with a thousand arts,
 To captivate a thousand hearts,
 You come to grace the public stage,
 • And shine the Memmius of our age ;
 Though fix'd on merit's basis fast,
 Unmov'd by baneful envy's blast,
 The patronage, in smiles exprest,
 And favour of a monarch blest ;
 The best, and best-belov'd of all,
 Who sway the sceptres of this ball,

— * Quem tu, dea, tempore in omni

Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

LUCRETIUS

Et spes, et pater excitent
 Annis te puerum modo,
 Jam jam consilio senem,
 Ut velox agiles velis
 Vires tendere, et audéas
 Campum carpere gloriæ,
 Quo Burleia fides prius
 Fausta proruit alite;
 Et quo Pittus ovat, ferens
 Famæ semina posteræ:
 Tu, si quid meditor decens,
 Si quid moribus utile,
 Audi me tibi Mentora.

DUM, libra medium pari,
 Hinc te regis amor tenet,
 Illinc te reverentia
 Legum, jura tuentium,
 Quas et perpetua pugil,
 Russel, dignus adorea,
 Bruti vindicis æmulus,
 Audax asseruit tuba
 Primæ vocis, et ultimo
 Sanxit sanguine signifer:

The people's hope, and all thy fire
 With honest emulation fire
 Thee, lately green in vernal age,
 In conduct now maturely sage,
 To ply thine active pow'rs, and wield
 Thy mental arms in glory's field ;
 Where Burleigh with auspicious pace
 Victorious ran the loyal race ;
 Where Pitt triumphant spreads his name,
 And sows the seeds of future fame.
 If yet I ponder aught aright,
 Infusing profit with delight,
 If any moral precept, hear
 Thy Mentor with attentive ear.

WHILE, counterpois'd in equal scales,
 Here ardour for thy prince prevails,
 There reverence of laws, the lights,
 And bulwarks of our social rights,
 Which Ruffel, Brutus of his days,
 A champion, worthy deathless praise,
 With fortitude of soul endow'd,
 To Britons free proclaim'd aloud
 With foremost voice, and, greatly good,
 Attested with his latest blood :

M m m 2

How-

Ut fors cunque volubili
 Rerum cardine gaudeat,
 Permutetque vices vaga:
 Rupes ut Lilybæia
 Nitens mole sua, caput
 Altum nubibus inserit,
 Ac vim despicit obviam
 Ventorum, et pelagi minas:
 Sic, nec turbine partium
 Cæco, nec popularibus
 Commotus furiis, obi
 Civis munia patrii.

Ut mentis valeat vigor,
 Sano confule corpori;
 Vilem respice cistulam,
 Gemmæ providus incolæ.
 Membris vere vigentibus,
 Ut, nullius egens opis,
 Fias ipse tui potens,
 Neglectumque simul virum,
 Quem fors dura premit, probum
 Læto munere subleves,
 Servam quære pecuniam:
 At lucri scabiem scabri,
 Parcæ mentis edax malum,

However fortune, fond to range
 In revolution's giddy change,
 May flutter light on vagrant wings,
 And shift the present scene of things;
 As, founded on its proper weight,
 The Lilybæan rock elate
 Erects its head, and boldly braves
 Assaulting winds, and furling waves:
 So thou, nor mov'd by parties loud,
 And blind, nor tumults of the crowd,
 Serene amid the civil storm,
 The patriot's offices perform.

To fortify thy willing mind
 With vigour for the task assign'd,
 Let health of body be thy care;
 The casket for the jewel spare.
 Blest with a spring of blooming health,
 Procure the subsidies of wealth;
 Subservient to support their lord
 With independence, and afford
 The God-like pleasure to redress
 Neglected merit in distress.
 But canker'd rust of lucre foul,
 Which preys upon the sordid soul,

Abhor,

Præpollens animo, fuge,
Auri fortior impetu.

LAUDUM si generosior

Captum te rapit ambitus;

Si te celsus amor Dei

Terris evehit infimis;

Si stellantis apex poli

Succendit cupidum sui,

Quem circumvolitant ducum

Illustres animæ choro,

Cives ætheris alites;

Quem casta meruit Plato

Vita, funere Socrates;

Cœptis macte virilibus,

Æqui non violabilis

Miles fortis, et impiger.

DEDIGNARE superbiam,

Prolem stultitiæ levem,

Quæ vult, lumine non suo

Pictum, tollere verticem

Sublimem ex humili, velut

Nubes orta paludibus.

Abhor, in better spirit bold,
Superior to the force of gold.

If thee the nobler lust of praise,
Ambitious of unfading bays,
Inflames; if, from this humble clod
Unprais'd, the lofty love of God
Transports thee; if, with chaste desire
Contemplative, thou wouldst aspire
To dignify the starry pole,
Round which heroic spirits roll
In choral concord, wing'd to rise
Inhabitants of purer skies,
Which Plato by his vital breath
Deserv'd, and Socrates by death,
Increase in excellence; proceed
In high attempts of manly deed,
A soldier of undaunted might,
To guard inviolable right.

Loath haughty pride, by folly bred,
Which lifts aloft her empty head,
From low descent a bubble blown,
Emblaz'd with colours, not her own,
Vain, as a cloud, produc'd by fogs,
Ascending from obscenest bogs.

Despise

Ævi sperne solubilis

Luxum; sperne licentiam,

Quæ jam, dira Britannia,

Libertatis atrox lues,

Per fas atque nefas ruit,

Hydrops haud satiabilis

Sævos ut subigas foris

Hostes, pectoris intimi

Motus comprime turbidos:

Spes vanas, mala gaudia,

Servilisq; animi reos,

Umbris attonitos, metus,

Iras et, celeres nimis

Fratrum solvere vincula,

Vindictamque gravem sibi,

Effrænâsque cupidines,

Hostes vince domesticos.

Ut ducas alios, tibi

Vinctos federe mutuo,

Despice

Abhor, in better spirit bold,
Superior to the force of gold.

Is thee the nobler lust of praise,
Ambitions of unending days,
Inflames; it, from this humble cloud
Unpairs'd, the lofty love of God
Transports thee; it, with chaste desire

Contemplative; thou wouldst aspire
To dignify the starry pole,
Round which heroic spirits roll
In choral concord, wing'd to rise,
Inhabitants of purer skies,
Which Plato by his vital breath
Deserv'd, and Socrates by death,
Increase in excellence; proceed
In high attempts of manly deed,
A soldier of undaunted might,
To guard inviolable right.

Loath haughty pride, by folly
Which lifts aloft her empty head,
From low descent a bubble blown,
Emblaz'd with colours, not her own,
Vain, as a cloud, produced by fogs,
Ascending from obscenest fogs.

Ævi

Despise the fashionable crimes
 Of these luxurious, looser times ;
 Despise licentiousness, the stain
 Of liberty, Britannia's bane,
 Which, with unbridled fury strong,
 Wide rushes prone through right and wrong,
 Howe'er with frequent doses drench'd,
 A dropsey never to be quench'd !

To conquer foreign foes combin'd,
 Subdue the tumults of the mind,
 Whose violence her peace annoys,
 Deceitful hopes, and guilty joys,
 And fears, at shadows wont to start,
 Convictors of an abject heart,
 And anger, prompt in hasty mood
 To break the bonds of brother-hood,
 And fell revenge, which at her heels
 Her own retorted fury feels,
 And lawless appetites : oppose,
 And conquer these domestic foes.

THAT you may lead associates, bound
 In friendship, and maintain your ground,

Ac tutere locum, tibi

Consta; sis fidei datæ,

Pulchri propositi tenax,

Ut palmæ referas decus,

Et partum teneas, age,

Quo te præmia provocant

Primæ frondis Olympicæ,

Cursum tende volatilem,

Per virtutis iter sequax,

Flecti nescius a via.

ILLUD conde melos **memor,**

Fictum multicoloribus,

Verborum radiis, tamen

Veræ lucis imaginem,

Dignum carmen Apolline,

Vivum si modo barbiton

Plectro pulset eburneo,

Quod blande cecinit, sacra

Raptus mente, Boetius.

“ **FELIX, qui potuit boni**

“ **Fontem viscere lucidum!**

“ **Felix,**

Be self-consistent, ever just,
 Tenacious of your sacred trust,
 And plighted promise; firm adhere
 To truth, in honour persevere.
 Essay the lasting palm to gain,
 And, duly reap'd, secure retain.
 Whither the first Olympic meed
 Provokes thee, fly with rapid speed;
 Let virtue guide thee, glory goad,
 Nor ever deviate from the road.

AMONG the records of thy breast
 Inscribe that sonnet deep imprest,
 Adorn'd with elegance of phrase,
 And fiction's many colour'd rays,
 The mimic child of fancy bright,
 But mirror of intrinsic light,
 A song, well worthy Pæan's fire,
 Should Pæan strike the living lyre,
 Which soft Boetius sweetly sung,
 With more than mortal rapture stung.

" HAPPY the man, who could survey
 The fountain of eternal day,

"Felix, qui potuit gravis

"Terræ solvere vincula.

"QUONDAM funera conjugis

"Vates Threicius gemens,

"Postquam flebilibus modis

"Silvas currere mobiles,

"Amnes stare coegerat,

"Junxitq; intrepidum latus

"Sævis cerva leonibus,

"Nec visum timuit lepus,

"Jam cantu placidum, canem,

"Quum flagrantior intima

"Fervor pectoris ureret,

"Nec, qui cuncta subegerant,

"Mulcerent Dominum modi.

"IMMITES superos querens,

"Infernas adiit domos:

"Illic, blanda sonantibus,

"Chordis carmina temperans,

"Quicquid præcipuis deæ

"Matris fontibus hauserat,

"Quod luctus dabat impotens,

"Quod

"And

N n n

"Felix,

" And source of goodness ! happy he,
 " Who, rapt with sacred energy,
 " Could shuffle off the tardy load,
 " And fetters of this gross abode !

" **W**HEN with melodious mournful strains,
 " To sooth his love-lamenting pains,
 " The Thracian taught the rigid woods
 " To run, and stopp'd the rapid floods,
 " Familiar stood the female deer
 " With rabid lions, void of fear,
 " Nor fled the timid hare the hound,
 " Now soften'd with bewitching sound ;
 " Yet still an unrelenting dart
 " Inflam'd the tender poet's heart,
 " Nor could those airs, whose vocal balm
 " Had all subdu'd, their master calm.

" **C**OMPLAINING of the cruel pow'rs
 " Above, he sunk to Pluto's bow'rs ;
 " The sweetest measures there he sings,
 " Attemper'd to the tuneful strings :
 " Whatever fancy-flowing dreams
 " He drew from pure Pierian streams,
 " What woe distracted could bestow,
 " And love, which doubled all that woe,

" He

- " Quod luctum geminans amor,
 " Deflet Tænara commovens,
 " Et dulci veniam prece
 " Umbrarum dominos rogat.
 " Stupet tergeminus, novo
 " Captus carmine, janitor:
 " Quæ fontes agitant metu,
 " Ultrices scelerum deæ,
 " Jam mœstæ, lachrymis madent.
 " Non Ixionium caput,
 " Velox præcipitat rota,
 " Et, longa sitè perditus,
 " Spernit flumina Tantalus.
 " Vultur, dum satur est modis,
 " Non traxit Tityi jecur.
 " Tandem vincimur, arbiter
 " Umbrarum miserans ait.
 " Donamus comitem viro
 " Emptam carmine conjugem.
 " Sed lex dona coerceat,
 " Ne, dum Tartara liquerit,
 " Fas sit lumina flectere.
 " Quis legem det amantibus?
- Major

- " He sang, he play'd so sadly well,
 " As mov'd the stony heart of hell?
 " And now with melting notes he pleads
 " Before the tyrants of the shades.
 " The triple headed porter stands
 " Amaz'd, and bound in airy bands.
 " The Goddeses, who vengeful urge
 " The guilty with horrific scourge,
 " Their fury by degrees unknow,
 " And into tears of pity flow.
 " The wheel no longer hurries round
 " The head of dim Ixion bound,
 " Nor Tantalus, although he dies
 " With pining thirst, the current eyes;
 " Nor, Tityus, on thy liver preys
 " The vulture, fed with dulcet lays.
 " At length the gloomy monarch cry'd:
 " We yield the lovely, blooming, bride,
 " The captive to her wedded swain,
 " Divinely ransom'd by the strain;
 " But bind the favour, and her doom,
 " That, as he passes through the gloom,
 " He look not backward—who would awe
 " True lovers with restrictive law?

" Love

" Major lex amor est sibi. He sang, he play'd so sadly. "
 " Heu! noctis prope terminos. As mov'd the stony heart of "
 " Orpheus Euridicem suam. And now with melting notes "
 " Vidit, perdidit, occidit. Before the tyrants of the shades. "
 " Stupet tergemini, novem. The triple headed porter stands. "
 " Vos hæc fabula respicit, Amaz'd, and bound in airy "
 " Quicunq; in superum diem. The Goddesses, who venge "
 " Mentem ducere quæritis; The guilty with horrific "
 " Nam qui Tartareum in specus. Their fury by degrees un- "
 " Victus lumina flexerit, And into tears of pity flow. "
 " Quicquid præcipuum trahit, The wheel no longer hurr- "
 " Perdit, dum vidit inferos." The head of dim Ixion bound. "
 " Priscæ sic sapientiæ Nor Tantalus, although he dies "
 " Explorare velim penu, With pining thirst, the current "
 " Mores quo tibi candidos Nor, Titus, on thy liver preys "
 " Munirem, ac docilem pia The vulture, fed with dulcet "
 " Mentem voce refingerem. At length the gloomy monarch "
 " Est unus pater omnium, We yield the lovely, blooming, "
 " Mundi maximus artifex, The captive to her wedded "
 " Rerum ductor, et arbiter Divinely ransom'd by the strain; "
 " Summus, qui sapiens opus But bind the favour, and her "
 " Ingens numine sustinet; That, as he passes through "
 " He look not backward—who "
 " True lovers with restrictive law? "
 " "Qui

" Love makes itself imperial still,
 " And knows no statute, but its will.
 " Alas! upon the verge of night,
 " Now half restor'd to upper light,
 " His dear Euridice, late won,
 " He saw, he lost, he was undone.

" This fable bears a moral true,
 " And well, I ween, apply'd to you,
 " Who would conduct your eager flight
 " To regions of celestial light:
 " For he, who downward bends his eyes,
 " Relinquishes the glorious prize,
 " Immortal happiness for woe,
 " Devoted to the world below."

Thus, ----, would the muse explore
 The treasures of antient lore,
 To guard thy morals, and refine
 Thy soul with sentiments divine.

ONE father over all presides,
 And universal nature guides,
 Mysterious architect, unseen,
 Who rais'd the wond'rous world's machine,

Qui volvit remeabiles
 Motus, et regit ordines.
 Claustris ille coercuit
 Gentis brutigenæ gregem;
 Humano generi dedit
 Libertate frui, et feram
 Refrænare libidinem.

PORRO sunt duo vincula,
 Vi diversa pari, boni
 Internique mali duces;
 Hoc fingit labor arduus,
 Illud mollis inertia.
 Sunt et cana fides, valens
 Gressum ferre per æquora,
 Majoresque gigantium
 Montes vellere fedibus;
 Et spes alma, poli capax;
 Et, constricta soror boni
 Nullo tramite, charitas:
 Hæ sunt aurea vinculi,
 O —! adamantina
 Hujus rite ligamina.
 Sed conclusus amor fui
 Cæco carcere corporis,
 Et commercia seculi,

All-wise, omnipotent, supreme,
 Whose providence upholds her frame,
 Informs her motions, and ordains
 Her orders through ætherial plains.
 He bound the brutes, a savage herd,
 With limits, but on man confer'd
 Full freedom, and dominion just,
 To bridle his rebellious lust.

THERE are two chains of equal force,
 Of moral good, and ill the source,
 Of labour this the work divine,
 But that of indolence supine.
 Fair faith, enabled to sustain
 Her paces on the rolling main,
 And, form'd for more than giant-feats,
 To tear up mountains from their seats,
 And bliss-ensuring, radiant hope,
 Which comprehends the starry scope,
 And charity, diffusing round
 Her blessings, by no limits bound,
 Are of this chain the golden, pure,
 And adamantine links secure.
 But narrow love of self, confin'd
 Within the body-prison blind,

Illi, nexibus æreis
 Conjurata, coincidunt.
 Demissum folio patris,
 Hoc nos ad superos trahit
 Vinctos: Illud ad inferos
 Prono pondere proripit.
 Illud liber aheneum
 Mortis despice, gestiens
 Vitæ nectier aureæ.
 Of moral good, and ill the source,
 Of labour this the work divine,
 But that of indolence supine.
 Fair faith, enabled to sustain
 Her paces on the rolling main,
 And, form'd for more than giant-seats
 To tear up mountains from their seats,
 And bliss-ensuing, radiant hope,
 Which comprehends the starry scope,
 And charity, diffusing round
 Her blessings, by no limits bound,
 Arc of this chain the golden, pure,
 And adamantine links secure.
 But narrow love of self, confin'd
 Within the body-prison blind,
 O — — — — —
 Huius vitæ ligamina.
 Sed conclusus amor
 Cæco carcere corporis
 Et commercia sæculi
 And

She, beckon'd first by Stanhope's gracious hand,
 And money-leages, by traffic ty'd,
 With that conspiring coincidence
 Depending from the throne of grace,
 This draws us to the seraph race,
 That rolls us with its rushing weight
 Precipitate to lost estate.
 Exert your liberty, despise
 The brazen bond of death; arise
 To life, rejoicing to remain
 Connected with the golden chain.

Of meaner things thy day.

Disc—
 Justit, et humana dno parte locatus es in re
 Pers.

From proud Augusta glories to retire,
 Enjoy the shade, disdain the vulgar crew,
 And from the son of hope
 Once my lot charge, and fill my pious care!
 Though far divided by the rolling main,
 Yet con my lectures, and impart the strain.
 And temper royal with
 Thou may derive a wiser mind a wiser man
 Deep on the tablet of thy wiser mind
 From Enna's banks, a memorable strain
 For martial deeds, but now a calm retreat
 Untaught alike to flatter, or to fawn
 The grateful muse salutes thy gentle dawn.

She

Illi, nexibus areis And money-leagues, by traffic ty'd,
 Conjurata, coincidunt. With that conspiring coincide
 Demissum folio patris, Depending from the throne of grace,
 B R A M I N. This draws us to the temple race,
 Prono pondere proripit. Precipitate to lost estate.
 Illud liber athenaeum Exert your liberty, despite
 Mortis despice, gestiens The waken'd bond of death;
 Vitae nectier aureae. To life, rejoicing to remain

--- --- --- --- --- Quem te Deus esse
 fuisse, et humana qua parte locatus es in re,
 Disce---

PERS.

O Son of hope! endow'd with virtues rare,
 Once my soft charge, and still my pious care!
 Though far divided by the rolling main,
 Yet con my lectures, and imprint the strain,
 The fervent strain, however unrefin'd,
 Deep on the tablet of thy waxen mind.
 From Erna's banks, a memorable feat
 For martial deeds, but now a calm retreat,
 Untaught alike to flatter, or to fawn,
 The grateful muse salutes thy gentle dawn.

She,

She, beckon'd first by Stanhope's gracious hand,
 And rais'd unsuing in her native land,
 Exults, like Maro's, in ignoble ease,
 So could she match the splendour of his lays!
 Yet she, not less addicted to the cause
 Of candid truth, and friendship's holy laws,
 By prejudice unsway'd, from passion free,
 Reveals the dictates of her soul to thee,
 And holds a mirror for thy mental eye,
 To trace the beauties of a distant sky,
 Exalt thy thoughts above the gross allay
 Of meaner views, and dignify thy day.

To --- whether thine accomplish'd fire
 From proud Augusta glories to retire,
 Enjoy the shade, disdain the vulgar crew,
 And from the Great select the worthy few,
 Or in that senate, on whose breath awaits
 The rise of empires, or the fall of states,
 His honest bosom glows with British zeal,
 And tempers royal with republic weal,
 Thou may'st derive a richer donative,
 A fairer fortune, than his hand can give,
 To truth and honour pointing, as their pole,
 The social spirit, and the patriot soul.

YET

THOUGH young spectator of the public stage,
 Amidst the follies of an impious age,
 If bliss thou court'st, and would'st reach the shore,
 Let caution steer, and reason ply the oar;
 Exert the man, with resolution ride
 Against the base corruptions of the tide;
 Assert the trophies of an ancient line,
 And prove thy blood by property divine,
 Thy noble blood, though Britain claim its rise,
 Yet more ennobled by contempt of vice.

WITH secret solace shall I then survey
 Thy merits blooming, as my years decay,
 Like some sage rustic, smiling to behold
 A goodly tree confirm'd in alien mold,
 Which once a plant he nurs'd with genial dews,
 Now fraught with fruits of various tastes, and hues.
 Then shall thy country, after long sojourn
 In lordly Britain, welcome thy return,
 With such a transport, as is wont to run
 A tender mother to her darling son,
 Whom oft she wail'd, as perish'd in his prime,
 Or ever-wedded to some foreign clime:
 She pants, she grasps him, e'er he comes from board,
 Secure from perils, and with India stor'd.

T E T

MEAN-

MEANWHILE explore, and cultivate the seeds
 Of worth, to shoot up into future deeds:
 Attend, while charm'd through virtue's paths I stray,
 And greet her guardian with devoted lay,
 Attend, dear youth, and let the God-like guest
 With rival ardour animate thy breast.

HAIL, Bramin, hail whatever name thou boast,
 Increase of triumph to the British coast!
 Whatever climate for thy birth contend,
 All human kind acknowledge thee their friend.
 Not Indian Titan, though his active rays
 Ripen the mine, and give the gem to blaze,
 Such warm emotions ever could inspire,
 Mature the genius, or awake the fire:
 We feel, we feel through each unlabour'd line
 Religious rapture, energy divine!
 Those moral precepts, which appear'd before
 Through tomes voluminous, like ruder ore,
 Touch'd by thy pen, to purest lustre rise
 And gain in essence, what they lose in size.

So faintly floated on our naked sight
 The scatter'd beams of undistinguish'd light,

'Till, recollected through the faithful glass
Of mighty Newton from the liquid mass,
Distinct the streaming glories we admire,
That Iris paint, and own the sun their fire.

WHAT fond Lueretius in the pride of youth
Had vainly promis'd, you perform in truth—

* To purge the mist of error from the mind,
Compel with reason, and with duty bind,
Far keener weapons than the pointed ray
Of sun meridian, and the darts of day!

To clear dark science with familiar art,
Through captive ears arrest the recreant heart,

† Allure the vain, like children indiscreet,
With wholesome counsel, with inviting sweet

• Hunc igitur terrorem animi tenebrasq; necesse est
Non radii solis neque lucida tela diei
Discutiant, sed naturæ species ratioque. LUCR. Lib. I.

† — — — Absynthis tetra medentes
Cum dare conantur, prius oras pocula circum
Contingunt mellis dulci flavoq; liquore,
Ut puerorum ætas improvida ludificetur
Labrorum tenuis: interea perpotet amarum
Absynthis laticem, deceptaq; non capiatur,
Sed potius tali tactu recreata valescat. LUCR. Lib. IV.

Thy

Thy phyfic varnish, and by honest stealth
 Restore, and cheat thy patients into health,
 To bid the moral system smoothly roll,
 Direct, and give the bias to the soul;
 For well I ween, whatever may be brought
 To sap the solid basis of thy thought,
 By formal fools, or hypocrites absurd,
 Who kill the spirit, but preserve the word,
 The Bramin preaches, what had Athens mov'd,
 And Peter had rever'd, and Paul approv'd.

LET gloomy mortals, who disgrace the ranks
 Of God's creation, and remain, as blanks,
 Whose state inactive, and inglorious breath,
 Obscure in life, anticipate their death,
 Far fly, repugnant from their Maker's plan,
 From social duties, as they do from man,
 To dens, and desarts---there continue mutes,
 And, banish'd from their kind, consort with brutes,
 The joyous gift of providence unseen
 Malign, and turn devotion into spleen.

LET mad Enthusiasts, who would light the torch
 Of persecution in the sacred porch,
 Have, and extinguish reason's gentle ray,
 The light of Nature, and the Gospel-day,

Or, like the wilder Indians round a stake,
 Adore the wooden Deities they make,
 Dance on within the fairy circle still,
 And think no God beyond the cloud-topp'd hill.

THE Bramin, all benevolence, and love,
 Comes forth, as if commission'd from above,
 Like Noah's turtle, that with duteous haste
 Skim'd her smooth voyage o'er the wat'ry waste,
 And to the just repairer of our race
 Bore back the leaf of universal peace.

HE comes, the cloud of ignorance to break,
 The dim enlighten, and support the weak:
 Behold him, like that natal star, arise,
 Which to their Saviour led the raptur'd wise:
 Mark how he soars above the sons of rhyme;
 Majestic, graceful, simple, and sublime!
 Son, sister, brother, father, mother, wife,
 Husband, and friend imbibe the rules of life:
 Sinners, attend; ye penitents, be calm,
 His breath is manna, and his words are balm,
 And all the lessons, which he would impart
 To human kind, the transcript of his heart.

But, Have, and extinguish reason's gentle ray,
 Of light of Nature, and the Gospel-day,

* BUT, O! how awful is the voice, how just!
 Bow down your heads, down to your native dust,
 Inhabitants of earth, who brave the sky,
 And dumb receive instruction from on high.
 Where e'er the sun diffuses light, and heat,
 Where e'er the tempests blow, or billows beat,
 Where audible an ear, a mind is found,
 Mind to conceive, celestial trumpet sound:
 There let the lines of upright life be squar'd,
 Thy maxims, truth, be honour'd, and rever'd.

AND now the volume is display'd from God,
 All things proceed, and wait upon his nod:
 His pow'r, his wisdom, and his goodness know
 Nor time, nor limits, but for ever flow.
 He, on his throne omnipotent, immense,
 The center he, without circumference,
 Through chaos, war of elemental foes,
 Spoke: into light this universe arose,
 Life of his breath. Reflected from his eye,
 The golden sun espous'd the blushing sky:
 The glorious bridegroom with gigantic haste
 Rush'd from the chambers of the purpled east,

Forth

* The subsequent lines are a paraphrase on the introduction to the Oeconomy of Human Life.

Forth pouring day: yet is the radiant stream
 A fainter shadow, to the parent beam.
 He touch'd the stars: with undiminish'd force
 They run, rejoicing, their eternal course,
 Harmonious they to measur'd times advance,
 And worlds on worlds renew the mystic dance.

In clouded majesty the King of Kings,
 Serenely calm, upon the mighty wings
 Of rushing winds, the lord of lords, the sun
 Of glory walketh, and His will is done,
 His will, His act, uncircumscrib'd by place,
 Through all the regions of unbounded space.
 See daily springing, fashion'd at command,
 Order, and grace, and beauty from his hand.
 His wondrous works speak beauty without end,
 Too deep, too high for thought to comprehend.
 Swift o'er the mind of man, a doubtful gleam,
 The shade of knowledge passeth, as a dream,
 He sees; as in the dark, of day bereav'd,
 He gropes for truth, and reasoning is deceiv'd:
 But God's eternal wisdom, as the light
 Of Heav'n, enlightens all, and knows no night:
 He reasons not. Bewilder'd man collects
 Mysterious causes from remote effects.

THE mind of God through complicated clues
 The past, the present, and the future views,
 Fountain of truth ! referr'd to Him alone,
 Justice, and mercy wait before His throne ;
 Boundless benevolence, and love supreme
 Brighten His face, and from His presence stream
 For ever. Who is like unto the Lord
 In glory ? Who in power shall contend
 With, whom before the host of Angels bend
 The willing knees in adoration, Him,
 I-AM, who rideth on the Cherubim,
 And Seraphim ? In wisdom hath He Peer ?
 In goodness Rival ? Him adore, Him fear ;
 For He, O man ! thy spirit breath'd, a ray,
 Thee, man, created from thy mother clay,
 Here fix'd thy sphere. The treasures of thy mind
 Are his free gifts of goodness unconfi'd,
 The wonders of thy frame, divinely plann'd,
 Are all the work of his Almighty Hand.

HEAR then His voice ; for in His voice is grace ;
 Obey, be blest, and ratify thy peace.

THE

THE CHARACTER

GOOD PARSON.

FROM CHAUCER.

THERE was (so Chaucer hands the story down)

A good old man, the Parson of a town,
 Meetly array'd in humble, fable weeds,
 And poor in purse, but rich in holy deeds.
 Pure was his heart, and able was his head,
 Deep-vers'd in books, but most in scripture read.
 True to the text, his doctrines would he preach,
 And each parishioner devoutly teach
 Without the help of puzzling gloss absurd,
 Benign in thought, and affable in word,
 Of heart undaunted, in demeanor mild,
 A man of God, but of the world a child.

Few

Few minutes from his office would he spare,
 His patience only could surpass his care,
 Through frequent trials of distress approv'd,
 Distress, true touch-stone of the faith he lov'd.
 Full loth was he, although he wanted shoes,
 To breathe anathemas, for unpaid dues :
 But rather from his own domestic store
 With pious hands reliev'd the parish poor.
 Though much he gave, on little wont to live,
 He only liv'd, that many more might live.
 Wide was his parish, and the houses stood
 Afunder ; yet thro' thunder, hail, or flood
 At morning by the dawn, or ev'ning late
 He steer'd his journey to the sick man's gate,
 Uncheck'd by fevers of infectious rage.
 He walk'd : A staff sustain'd his awful age.
 This good example to his flock he brought,
 That first he gave, and afterwards he taught.

Vol. II.

Q q q

NO

CHASTE BEHAVIOUR.

From the SAME.

A CHASTE behaviour is the highest praise,
 As authors write, that women can acquire,
 But, if she blots her modesty, the blaze
 Of birth's extinguish'd with the vestal fire:
 For what avails nobility of blood,
 If once the stream be mingled with the mud.

II.

THE holy bed of wedlock, if defil'd,
 Can never be recleans'd: the vice takes vent
 In whispers first, the greedy ear beguil'd
 Conveys it to the tongue incontinent,
 That over many a realm, and city loud
 Proclaims the scandal to the busy crowd.

III. FOR

III.

FOR slander never fails of great success,
 (Man in his nature is so much deprav'd
 To find some pleasure in a friend's distress)
 Though bad the guest, it's ever well receiv'd,
 And rumours true, or false, unwont to stop,
 Though lightly rais'd, but seldom lightly drop.

IV.

WHAT, though by force the wanton gain his ends
 Of virgin pure, or faithful wedded dame,
 Or widow friendless, what can make amends,
 Or wipe the foul dishonour from her name?
 How shall the fair afflicted be reliev'd,
 Since fame, once lost, can never be retriev'd?

V.

A LAWLESS villain with superior might
 May bind you fast, and all your riches take,
 Oppress a poor man, and invade his right,
 And yet in time some restitution make:
 But never yet hath mortal man repaid
 Her lost, lost honour to the tarnish'd maid.

VI.

A MAN may beat a lofty castle down,
 And from its ruin raise a fairer pile,
 Banish a faithful subject to the crown,
 And yet recall him to his native isle
 But none repair the virgin palace sack'd,
 If once the walls of chastity be crack'd.

VII.

STATESMEN their trusty minions may correct,
 Discard them from their office in disgrace,
 And at a season, when they least expect,
 Again advance them to their former place:
 But never was it read, or heard in word,
 That lost virginity could be restor'd.

VIII.

HENCE men should have a conscientious sense,
 And start with horror at a wound so sore,
 Deep-weighing with remorse the great offence,
 To ravish things, which they may not restore:
 The jewel rich of chastity serene,
 Once stol'n, can never be restor'd again.

IX. HARD,

IX.

HARD, hard is it to seize a treasure fair,
 Which is by nature not to be regain'd,
 When not the might of monarch can repair
 Th' irreparable loss of virtue stain'd:
 Rust of defame attends the nymph allur'd,
 And wounded innocence can ne'er be cur'd.

X.

THE honest Romans, tho' they tamely bore
 The yoke of kings, and ravages unjust,
 Well-deeming virtue was a precious store,
 Repell'd the torrent of licentious lust:
 At Tarquin's deed each heart began to swell,
 And, tho' the tyrant reign'd, the lecher fell.

A

SATIRE,

In Imitation of PETRONIUS ARBITER.

I.

THE daring man, who trusts the faithless main,
Is well rewarded with an Indian freight,
The soldier reaps his harvest by the slain,
And the base courtier spouts, and snores in state.

II.

THE dull physician, let him kill, or cure,
Must well be paid—because he took degrees.
The lawyer, though he risque his soul, is sure
To gain his suit, by taking double fees.

III.

THE grave divine with magisterial looks
May feed one flock, and shear a threefold fleece,
And, though he buys for shew your Pagan books,
He needs no merit, but a bishop's niece.

IV. THE

Sees arms, and routed troops, and monarchs slain,
And bloody torrents, rolling IV. over the plain.

THE sharper loses, but to win the more:

The harlot, past her labour, gives her aid:

The pimp, the bully, and the jilting wh---e

By various arts promote their mutual trade.

THE starving miser hides V. his ill-got store,

THE vile adulterer, content to drudge,

Earns what my lady first obtain'd for pins:

He fears no sentence from an angry judge,

But braves the skies, and prospers by his fins.

VI.

A SOLEMN front, and affectation quaint

Would dignify the most unworthy vermin;

Make --- a Solomon, and --- a saint,

Who whor'd his own adult'rous cousin-german.

VII.

THUS madmen, knaves, and fools may fill their bags,

And sail through life, howe'er the tempest blows,

While honesty, and wit are known by rags,

And wisdom has but eyes to see her woes.

IV.
O N

D R E A M S,

The sharper loses, but to win the more :
 The harlot galls her labour, gives her aid
 The pimp, the dully, and the jilting wh—e
 By various arts promote their mutual trade.

A

V.

F R A G M E N T,

The vile literature content to drudge,
 Earns what my lady first obtain'd for pins :

From the S A M E.

Somnia quæ ludunt mentes, &c.

DELUSIVE dreams, which through the fancy rove,
 Are not the real messengers of Jove,
 But creatures of the brain ; for, when the limbs
 Are lull'd to rest, imagination swims :
 Our active minds in visionary play
 At night re-act the business of the day.

THE dreadful warrior, who with vengeful ire
 Storms wretched towns, and hurls destructive fire,

Sees

IV. THE

Sees arms, and routed troops, and monarchs slain,
And bloody torrents, rolling o'er the plain.

LAWYERS through past indictments hunt for flaws,
And partial judges, who decreed the cause,
Like Wh---- on the bench, with horror start,
And dread the silent sentence of the heart.

THE starving miser hides his ill-got store,
Or finds the treasure which he hid before.

THE jolly huntsman chides the drowsy morn,
Besets the woods, and winds his vocal horn.

THE faithful beagle, with erected ear,
Pants for his prey, and bays the fancy'd deer.

THE ghastly sailor scarce escapes a wreck,
Or sinking sees his ruin on the deck.

THE soldiers, snoring on their Benches, curse,
While Mira gives the centinel a purse,
And, fondly billing in the centry-box,
Rewards his service with a swinging p---.
C---- pleads his conscience for unrighteous deeds,
While Swift in secret for Hibernia bleeds.

THE grave divine, perplexing, and perplext,
As if awake, still dozes o'er his text.

THE parish-clerk betwangs his noeful note,
 And Amen sticks half mutter'd in his throat.
 Afflicted L—, chill'd with panic dread,
 Despairs to mourn, nor thinks her husband dead:
 But, quick recover'd from her fright, proceeds
 To wed a second, in her fable weeds.

THE bards of Curl, while blanketless they lie
 On litter'd couches, tenants of the sky,
 To whet their parts, with eager jaws begin
 Aduft to quaff imaginary gin.

DEO

DEO OPTIMO MAXIMO

HYMNUS,

Ad Exemplar Orationis Dominicæ.

OMNIPOTENS hominum Genitor, Superumque
 Creator,
 Qui, quamvis te, te quicquid lustramus ubique
 Præsentem agnoscit, Dominumque, Deumque fatetur
 Immensum artificem, cœli super ardua splendes,
 Aligerosque beas manifesto numine cives,
 Cujus in adventum capita aurea sydera condunt,
 Ipse procul Titan, stupefactus lumine, languet,
 Sit sanctum sublime, tuum, et venerabile nomen.

Veridicis totius prævisum vatibus, olim
 Optatum, adveniat tandem lætabile regnum,
 Quo proles, confessa Deum, flammantis Olympi
 In terras iterum descendet vertice iudex,
 Cœlicolum turma, et patrio spectabilis astro,
 Sub pedibusque tremant gentes, et concinet æther;

Dum tuba terribilis sonat undique, et undique tellus,
Jussa suos, parientque suos maris alta sepultos.

Velle tuum in terris, ut cœlo, fiat. Alumnos
Nos autem interea victu dignare diurno,
De nutrice manu pendentem, protege vitam,
Ac nobis ignosce, prout mortalibus ipsi
Debita (quandoquidem fas) ignoscimus ægris.

Ne nos, ne miseros dubio in certamine fiste
Tentandos sceleris; quin visu subtrahe nostro
Semina nequitiae, et crudelia pabula fraudis,
Atque tuum, Pater alme, malo genus eripe praesens.

Casibus incertis agimur: tibi credimus uni,
Uni quippe tibi Laus est, æterna potestas,
Majestatis honos, et non violabile Sceptum.

C ——— D ———, Esq.

AS, once or twice a year at most,
 Batavian failors make their coast;
 And, glad to see their native houses,
 Hang up their jackets, and their trowfes;
 Then indolently drown, in sleep,
 Or mum, the perils of the deep:
 Adieu to grout, and stinking flesh,
 Their stomachs can digest but fresh:
 Soft glides the time; but, when the boors
 Have spent their wages on their whores,
 Trous'd into slaves, they start again,
 As from a trance, into the main.

THUS often importun'd to spend
 A week in private with my friend,
 But yet so streighten'd in my time,
 That I have lost the knack of rhyme,

And

And harass'd more than any seaman,
I fly for shelter to a lay-man,
From busy brethren of the gown,
The noise and nonsense of the town;
From school (for which I thank my dead aunt)
And quite forget I am a pedant.
Here thought I to have found at last
An harbour from disasters past;
Here, when my wits were set adrift,
To steer them by the works of Swift:
Him you should quote, and in return
I summon Horace from his urn
(Although he wants no bard to head him)
To laugh at fools, who often read him.
Here, as we gaily dine and sup,
To keep the social spirit up,
I might becalm my weary'd soul,
And drown my troubles in thy bowl,
Or through thy garden fondly stray,
And walk them, as I pass'd away.

BUT, lo! the clogging cares of life
Recall me to the scenes of strife,
To toils severer than a mine,
From D——'s wit, and D——'s wine.

Adieu!

Adieu ! for should the muse conceive,
The pleasures, which behind I leave,
She must expire for envy's mirth,

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

My conscious Clio sinks beneath
The very thought, nor seeks the wreath,
Though glory might attend a lapse ;
Yet, as a parson's muse perhaps,
If not indulg'd to sing ; she may
At least be privileg'd to pray,
And, as the Crambo fails—why then,
My wife shall eke it with Amen.

SUPPLY'D with ever flowing wealth,
And health, inestimable health,
O may my worthy friend employ
His life in scenes of circling joy.
When, from the grave affairs of state
Revisiting his rural seat,
A servant but no slave to court,
He slides from bus'ness into sport,

To

To breathe, or muse the solid hour,
 Repress'd in his Pierian bow'r.
 Thus, where some river raging rolls
 Its torrent over adverse moles,
 We see the swan triumphant ride
 With oary feet above the tide,
 Her plumes unmoisten'd, while she laves
 Her snowy bosom in the waves,
 Then steer, where smooth Meanders lead,
 To sport upon the funny mead,
 Till, by degrees inspir'd to sing,
 She mounts aloft upon the wing,
 And, as through liquid air she floats,
 Charms all below her with her notes.

And, as the Crambo fails—why then
 My wife shall eke it with Amen.
 Supply'd with ever flowing wealth,
 And health, inestimable health,
 O may my worthy friend employ
 His life in scenes of circling joy.
 When, from the grave affairs of state
 Revisiting his rural seat,
 A servant but no slave to court,
 He slides from bus'ness into sport,

CURIO'S CHARACTER.

WELL hast thou play'd the double-dealer's part,
 God in thy mouth, but mammon in thy heart.
 While yet thy better genius kept thee poor,
 And thou stoodst cringing at preferment's door,
 Widows, and orphans were thy daily cant,
 Learning, and parts, and piety in want.

SHOULD Jove, whose priest you were, and in whose pow'r,
 Descend upon thee in a golden show'r;
 What wonders would you do? how much delight
 In generous acts? what latent worth excite?
 What lustre would you give a wealthy state?
 What fair examples to the graceless great?
 Were you but well prefer'd, and set to carve,
 No virtuous priest should pine, no poet starve.

BUT once you pass'd the Rubicon in view,
 Faith, honour, virtue, and fair fame, adieu!
 Come on, my fellow slaves, exert your pow'rs:
 Why let them perish, so the world be our's.

Soon as you enter'd at the guilty gate,
 You look'd about, and chose the scorner's seat.
 Discerning Curio then could snubb, and sneer
 At humble merit with a worthless peer,
 Insult a curate, curse confounded rhyme,
 Call parts a pest, and poverty a crime,
 And, if by chance he help'd a man in need,
 Repent in earnest of the good he did.

AND yet thy follies and thy fools have cost
 Thee more than ever bounteous Wealthly lost.
 Avenging Heav'n hath made thee 'mid thy store
 A greater beggar than you were before.
 Alps peep o'er Alps, you labour up the first,
 And then a second, but to quench thy thirst;
 A third remains: we take you at your word—
 You pant, puff, struggle, and ascend the third:
 Yet still you seem among the grov'ling crowd,
 Unless, alas! you reach yon painted cloud.

Is this ambition to erect a name
 And be distinguish'd? how you miss your aim!
 Despis'd by men of sense in all thy shapes,
 The stock of ideots, oracle of apes,
 Gorging in wealth, though ready to expire,
 The smoak still spreading, as you feed the fire,

Like beetles, nestling in their native dung,
Bent on the brutal earth, from which you sprung.

AND whence this sacred lust of scraping pelf,
Useless to thee, as books upon thy shelf.

Perpetual spleen thy pensive life annoys,

Averse from private, and from social joys:

No teeming wife, no miscreant heir you have

To wish thee better hurry'd to thy grave.

Wretch as thou art, may Heaven prolong thy life,

With all the world as with thyself at strife:

Thus may you travel to your journey's end,

Nor ever be, nor ever have a friend.

SYLLS 2 f f S

498
994

CURIO: [500]
CURIO: [500]

Like beetles, nestling in their native dung, as you
Bent on the brutal earth, from which you sprung, I feel not
S Y L V I U S

And whence this sacred lust of scolding fell
Useless to thee, as books upon thy shelf
Perpetual sicken thy pernickety
Averse from private, and from social joys
No seeming wife, no mistress hast thou have
D R Y A S.

With all the world's wealth, I find not under earth and sea
To wish thee better hurried to thy grave
Wretch as thou art, may Heaven prolong thy life, say you
F O E M I N A virq; fide celebres, et honore jugali,
Ætatem, confectam annis, in valle trahebant,
Hinc atq; inde altis concluso montibus, unde
Et genus, et mores vitæ melioris, et artes
Jactabant: illis, multa de prole relictæ,
Unica spes natæ, duplici quæ digna parente
Mente pia studioq; pari diffundit amorem
Ambiguum, curasq; manu gratatur aniles.

Non aliam præter, præstantem corpore, formam
Et formæ consortem animam, tenet inclyta dotem:
Lanigeris passim gregibus, lateq; capellis
Montivagis, tum dives agris, roseaq; decorus
Pube genas, illam teneris ardebat ab annis
Sylvius, et votis pudibundam mollibus urget.

ILLA

ILLA sed imparibus non æquos rebus amores,
 Vincula nec sperans, decerpto flore juventæ,
 Certa tori, quamvis frontem pastoris amœnam,
 Membrorumq; modum, et generosi pectoris æstus
 Miratur, taciteq; probat, fugit obvia vultus
 Affuetos, precibus fugit icta querentibus arva,
 Et scopulos inter latebrosos malit honesta
 Paupertate frui, servire parentibus imis
 Intuba, quam conjux dominari sedibus altis.
 Nympha, procum indignata fugit, sed imago superstes
 Mentis nitet, juvenemq; premit magis ignibus ægrum.

FORTÈ dies genialis erat, quum casta recenti
 Mane Dryas delubrum adit, ut solennia solvat
 Vota Deo: Supplex effudit pectore veras
 Incomitata preces, donec divinitus ardor
 Accensam rapit, et mentem ferit impete sacro,
 Ora domans: Magnum meditando numen adorat,
 Muta metu, signantq; manus oculique loquaces.

INTEREA, elapsus tacita de parte facelli,
 Sylvius ante æras incautam pone puellam
 Occupat. Illa stupet, subito tremebunda pavore,
 Inter festa prius velut hostia vineta Deorum

Sacrificasq; manus : pariter tremit ille, pavetq;
 Atq; reluctantem jamdudum amatur amatam.
 O! pietate potens, templo haud indigna satelles,
 Pone metus; non hostis adest amplexibus : iras
 Pone graves : tandem victrix miserere jacentis,
 Hic saltem miserere, oro, meq; eripe letho.

ILLA, diu terris oculos infixas nitentes,
 Et lachrymis infecta genas, obmutuit amens:
 Tandem turbata singultim voce profatur.
 Quo feror, acta malis? ubi sum delusa? quis urget
 Te furor impurum? intemeratum limen asyli
 Sit saltem, virgineoq; locus tutela rubori.
 Si generis laudes, et honestos respicis ortus,
 Si proprium decus, et pietas praeordia tangunt,
 Parce, puer, miseræ, coeptisq; absiste profanis.
 Quære opibus, thalamoq; parem; connubia vestra
 Fata vetant, aliena meis : at sanguine sanctas
 Stat potius maculare aras, quam crimine vitam
 Indignam, lapsaq; domus superesse pudori.

ILLE sub hæc: nimium sævos experta penates,
 O pollens animi virgo! contemne fugacem

For-

Fortunam, imbellesq; minas; tibi dives Olympus
Arridet, patriisq; Dryan virtutibus auget;
Nec dotes aliunde peto. Tantum annue votis:
Per genium juro, læto qui præsidet astro;
Per te, per, qui te talem genuere, parentes
Longævus; per, non violandas, insuper aras,
Quas intacta tenes; per, quem colis ipsa, Tonantem,
Me tibi non unquam devotum defore sponsum.
Qui casus te cunq; manent, seu devia lustras
Saxa, feris habitata; libet sive ire per ignes,
Aut, nive candentes, et acutos frigore, campos,
Una ambos fortuna feret; mihi ducere tecum
Ætatem, vel fata sequi tecum ultima perstat.

DIXIT; at illa, tuens oculis ardentibus aras:
Per genium juro, dubio qui præsidet astro;
Per te; per, qui te solum genuere, parentes
Defunctos; per non violandas insuper aras,
Queis juratus ades, per, quem vereare, Tonantem,
Non prius adjungi me cuiquam forte jugali,
Roscida quam teneris variarit floribus annum
Maia novum: fin forte fidem perjura resolvam,
Obruar inter aquas vivorum ante ora parentum.

ME non interea, nec nostrum limen adibis,
Hanc legem edico: simul hac, dum sydera ærno,

Æter-

Æternum indomiti pendebit pignus amoris.

Sic ait, ac tardis discedunt passibus ambo

Diverſi ex adytis: abeuntem Sylvius optat

Uſq; ſequi, ſiſtitq; gradus, oculoſq; revertit

Sæpius. Illa caſam repetit patriam: vagus ille per arva

Æſtuat, atq; foveſt creſcentes carmine curas.

Me tibi non indignum devotum deſore ſpōſum.

Qui caſus te cunq; manent, ſeu devia luſtras

Saxa, ſeris habitata; ſibiſt live ſic per ignes

Aut, nive candentes, et acutos ſrigore, campos

Una amboſ fortuna ſerſt; mihi ducere ſecum

Æſtatem, vel ſata ſecum ultima perſtat.

Sit ſaltem, virgineoq; tutela rabori.

Dixit; at illa, tuus oculis ardentibus aſas

Per genium ſuro, dubio qui præſidet aſtro

Per te; per, qui te ſolum genuerit, parentes

Deſunctos; per non violandas inſuper aſas

Quis iuſtus ades, per quem veritate, Tonantem

Stat poſtus maculæ me curiam ſorte iuſſi.

Rolida quam tenetis variat ſoribus annu

Mais novum: ſu ſorte ſidem perſura reſolvam.

Optat inter adras vivorum ante ora patrum.

Me non interea, nec noſtrum ſimen adibis

Hanc legem edico: ſimul hac, dum ſydera æno,

For-

A N A C R E O N.

O D E I.

I WOULD sing of lofty things,
Theban chiefs, and Grecian kings,
But the lute resounds her lord,
Love alone from ev'ry chord.
Then I change the notes entire,
String a-new the living lyre,
And attune Herculean toils:
But the voice of love recoils.
Hence, ye heroes, hence to you,
Anacreon bids a long adieu:
Beauty claims the lute her own,
Eloquent in love alone.

ODE II.

NATURE to the butting bull
Gave his armament of skull,
Hoofs indignant to the steed,
To the timid leveret speed,
To the lion's yawning jaw
Rending teeth, to glut his maw,
To the scaly race she gave
• Fins, to cut the briny wave,
Rowing wings to birds, employ'd
Sailing through the liquid void,
Reason to the manly mind,
Niggard to the softer kind.
What assign'd she then to those?
Naked beauty, to oppose
All the prowess of the field,
Pointed spear, and brazen shield:
Flaming steel, and raging fire
From their brighter eyes retire.

ODE III.

O D E III.

LATELY in the noon of night,
When the bear with sickly light
Wheel'd around the starry train
Of the slow-revolving wain,
Cupid, fraught with fell deceit,
Came, and thunder'd at my gate.
Who, said I, my gate annoys,
Who, to break my balmy joys?
Patient hear without surprize,
I am but a boy, he cries:
Through the moonless night astray,
Hither have I bent my way.
Keen affliction he express'd:
Tender pity touch'd my breast.
Lighting then a taper, straight
I unbarr'd my bolted gate,
And behold a boy—but, lo!
With a quiver and a bow;
Pinions to his body clung,
Drooping, dripping, as they hung:
Genial motion to inspire,
I repos'd him by the fire,

T t t 2

Softly

Softly seated, and benign
 Chaff'd his chilly hands with mine :
 From his azure locks I drain
 Plentiful the chilling rain.

As the boy began to glow,
 Let us try, said he, my bow,
 If, relax'd by rain, the string
 Haply lost its wonted spring.
 Quick he bent the bow ; his arrow
 Deep transfix'd my very marrow.
 Then in merry mood he cries,
 Stranger, triumph in thy prize :
 Safe's my bow, and safe my dart—
 Answer for thy bleeding heart.

O D E IV.

ON a tender myrtle bed,
 On the blooming lotus spread,
 Soft let me my limbs recline,
 Freely quaff delicious wine,
 And let Cupid, gaily young,
 With his flowing mantle hung
 From his marble neck, attend,
 To supply his thirsty friend ;

For

For too fast our youthful prime
 Rolls upon the wheels of time :
 Soon, these bones dissolv'd away,
 We shall moulder into clay.
 Why should you with rich perfume
 Vain bedew the dreary tomb ?
 Why the pure libation spill
 For the greedy grave to swill ?
 Rather, while I live, prepare
 Rosy chaplets for my hair ;
 Here your fragrant vows be paid,
 And invite my lovely maid,
 Gentle Cupid, ere I go
 To the gloomy shades below,
 While I breathe in upper air,
 I would banish all my care.

ODE V.

FROM

O D E V.

BLEND the rose of love benign
 With the jolly God of wine:
 With her blusky beauties crown'd,
 Gayly let us quaff around.
 Rose, thy fragrance let me sing,
 Darling daughter of the spring.

SOFT with roses, jovial joy,
 Cytherea's buxom boy
 Decks the ringlets of his hair,
 Dancing with the Graces fair.
 Crown me then, and let me king
 Animate the Lyric string;
 Let me, Bacchus, by thy shrine
 Lead my bloomy nymph divine,
 Wreath'd with roses glad advance,
 And in mazy circles dance.

O D E V.

FROM

FROM

BOETIUS.

Quisquis composita, &c.

THE man serene, with soul sedate,
 Who triumphs over haughty fate,
 And either fortune can behold
 With eyes unmov'd, and spirit bold,
 The boiling billows of the main
 Would threaten, and assault in vain:
 Not rent Vesuvus, while he breathes
 From red volcanoes fummy wreaths,
 Not thunder, wont to blast the pow'rs,
 And crush the pride of stately tow'rs,
 Though wing'd with lightning, can molest
 The calm contentment of his breast.

From

From the SAME.

Cum polo Phœbus, &c.

WHEN Phœbus with his rosy car
 Displays his lustre o'er the skies,
 With sickly looks the morning star
 Pale from the glories of his presence flies.

II.

THE groves with vernal roses blush,
 Soft cherish'd by the breath of May:
 But, let the gloomy tempest rush,
 Down drop the beauties of each parent spray.

III.

THE sea, beneath a calm serene,
 Shines often, while the billows sleep,
 And often, from the north amain,
 Loud rending storms invert the foamy deep.

IV. If

IV.

Woe to the miser's greedy thirst,
 Who riss'd earth for treasures hoard;
 If thus the spacious world remain
 So seldom in one settled state,
 If nature vary thus the scene,
 Trust fickle fortune, and precarious fate.

V.

On flitting joys, with anguish mixt,
 Depend: One certain law hath past,
 By Providence eternal fixt,
 What ever was, was never made to last.

From the SAME.

Felix nimium, &c.

TOO happy were those ancient swains,
 Contented with their faithful plains,
 Untainted with the luring baits
 Of downy sloth and labour'd meats,
 Who satisfied their evening-fast
 With banquets of unbidden mast.

VOL. II.

U u u

They

They neither studied to refine
 Hyblæan sweets with mellow wine,
 Nor stain, to catch the dazzled eye,
 The silky fleece with Tyrian dye.

THE bank, secure from venom'd foes,
 Afforded them serene repose,
 The gliding stream refreshing aid,
 The stately pine a grateful shade.
 They had not yet essay'd to cleave
 With crooked keel the briny wave,
 Nor view'd, in quest of spicy stores,
 With alien eyes unwonted shores.

~~No trumpet then with brazen breath~~
 Proclaim'd the cruel charge of death,
 Nor, shed with wrath, a purple stream
 Distain'd the sword's horrific gleam;
 For why should hellish hostile hate
 Unsheath the ministers of fate,
 When only wounds they could survey,
 And blood, the trophies of the day?

O THAT we could revive those fires,
 Which warm'd the bosoms of our fires!
 But, fiercer than Ætnean urns,
 The glowing lust of lucre burns.

Woe

Woe to the miser's greedy thirst,
 Who rifled earth for treasures first,
 And, rending from the ravish'd mine,
 Inform'd the precious bane to shine!

From the SAME.

Quamvis se Tyrio, &c.

I.

THOUGH Nero, deck'd with purple pride,
 And orient gems, appear'd in state,

Behold! the wanton homicide
 Became the people's public hate.

II.

YET he could senators invest

With pomp prætorian—horrid show!

For who can think those honours blest,

Which wicked wretches can bestow?

U u u 2

From

FROM THE SAME.

Qui se vobis, &c.

LET him, whose lofty soul aspires
To power, tame his fierce desires,
Nor yield obsequious to the beck
Of tyrant lust his captive neck,
Should India hail him, as a God,
And Thule tremble at his nod,
Yet he, whatever pomp he bears,
Who cannot banish gloomy cares,
And put his plaintive woes to flight,
May boast of empire without might.

FROM THE SAME.

Omne hominum genus, &c.

FROM one eternal fountain flow
The various nations of this ball:
To him all things their being owe,
And he alone dispenses all.

II. HE

II.

He gave the sun his golden robe,
 The meeker moon her silver horns,
 With human race the pendent globe,
 With gemmy stars the pole adorns.

III.

He lock'd within our mortal breasts
 Immortal souls, infus'd from high :
 In tenements of clay such guests
 Divine assert their purer sky.

IV.

Why, thus descended, should ye boast
 Of birth and parentage beneath ?
 Reflect upon your native coast,
 The spirit, whence your spirit breathe.

V.

No creature is ignobly born,
 Unless, by vices mean mislead,
 He stain the stream, and, worthy scorn,
 Desert the glorious fountain-head.

From

From the SAME.

Habet omnis, &c.

THIS fate on pleasure still attends:

She goads her fond enjoying friends,
And, like the roving bee, when gay,
She drops her honey, flies away,
But leaves for flitting sweets behind
A lasting sting upon the mind.

From the SAME.

O qui perpetua, &c.

O THOU, who with eternal wisdom pure
Rulest the world, parent of Earth and Heaven,
Who from their barrier hast ordain'd the wheels
Of Time to roll, and all things to be mov'd,
Thy self immoveable! Creator, whom
No foreign causes have compell'd to frame
The mass of floating matter, but the form
Innate of good benevolent, supreme!

Thou

Thou from the bright original above
 Derivest all beneath, loveliest thy self,
 Sustaining in thy mind a lovely world,
 Thence imag'd, and informing thence the whole
 Perfect to comprehend the perfect parts.

THOU wond'rous bindest in harmonious chains
 The warring elements, that cold with heat,
 Dry league with liquid, lest the purer flame
 Æthereal upward flit, or sluggish earth
 Down sink beneath her weight. Cementer thou
 Infusest through the social members apt
 The vital soul of all, that think, or feel,
 Or vegetate, which, circling from above,
 Or from beneath, into itself returns,
 Surrounds the deep Almighty mind, and turns
 With like rotations the consenting spheres.

WITH equal energy thy parent will
 Sustains angelic spirits, and the souls
 Of men inferior, and, to chariots wing'd
 Aloft adapting, peoples Heav'n, and Earth
 With myriads, whom diviner flames attract
 To mount, revolving to thine orient orb.

O FATHER!!

O FATHER! give me to ascend the seat
 Of bliss empyreal, give me to survey
 The fount of goodness, give to fix on thee
 The mental, eagle-eye: disperse the clouds,
 And clogging fetters of this gross terrene,
 And in thy glory shine attested: thou,
 To pious men the peaceful port serene!
 Thee to behold is happiness extreme,
 Thee, their Supporter, Thee, their Leader, path,
 Their great beginning, and their glorious end.

From the SAME.

Philosophy Speaks.

Huc omnes pariter, &c.

COME hither all ye captive train,
 Whose visionary, wilder'd minds,
 Deluded in a servile chain,
 The lust of mean ambition binds.

II. THIS

II.

THIS is your couch, when toils oppress,
 The balmy haven of repose,
 This, ever open in distress,
 The sole asylum of your woes.

III.

NOT all the treasures, which the waves
 Of golden-sandy Tagus roll,
 Or Hermus on his margin heaves,
 Or Indus, nearer to the pole;

IV.

THOUGH, ripen'd by the solar beam,
 He teems with gems of liquid light,
 And intermix the verdant gleam
 Of emeralds, can point the sight;

V.

BUT rather dim the dazzled minds,
 Invelop'd in their native gloom;
 For earth such beauties, though refin'd,
 Produc'd within her dreary womb.

VI.

THE ruling radiance of the skies
 Escapes benighted souls undone:
 Who views it with enlighten'd eyes
 Shall grant no splendor to the sun.

From the SAME.

Puro clarum lumine, &c.

HOMER in honey-flowing lays
 The sun's unspotted light displays:
 Yet that would penetrate in vain
 The bowels of the land or main.
 Not so, begirt with radiant robe,
 The great Creator of the globe:
 Should earth profound from pole to pole
 Upstand collected in a mole,
 It never could resist that eye,
 Which notes all nature from on high,
 Not night Cimmerian, while she throws
 Her wasteful head in horrid clouds.

What

What are, or were, or will advance,

He views with one internal glance:

Him we the real sun may call,

Who sees alone, and quickens all.

From the SAME.

Quam variis terris, &c.

HOW various are the lineaments of all
 The living creatures, which pervade this ball!
 For some extended sweep the dusty plain,
 Plow with their breasts, and drag a lengthen'd train:
 Those beat the winds with vagrant wings, and light
 Through fields of æther skim their liquid flight:
 These joy to tread the solid ground, or scud
 O'er the green lawn, or haunt the gloomy wood:
 Which all, though various as in shapes you see,
 In downcast looks, and stupid sense agree.

MAN only lifts the lordly front to God,
And stands erect, and spurns the brutal clod.
By wanton folly were you not misled,
His mien might prompt you, who display the head,
And view with upright eyes the starry sky,
To raise the prospects of your mind as high,
Lest, vainly floating with pernicious pride,
The body triumph, and the soul subside.

VIII. III

In vain should reason's labors bleed,
Too weak to stop me in the road,
Of sin's primeval thicket into weeds,
Of dawning thought's first morning light.

S O L I L O Q U Y.

IV. VI

In vain the painted blossoms bloom,
In vain the budding plants unfold,
In vain the blossoms smile upon the air,
In vain the blossoms smile upon the air.

*Arise, ye blessed of my Father—Receive the
Kingdom prepared for you, &c.*

V

No golden fruits the world's great wood,
Too late, alas! when imagination's warmer beams
Play'd on the mind, mistle through wild extremes,
I taste the fruit of knowledge to turn, the state

WHILE yet envelop'd all around with gloom,
Nor fully finish'd in the secret womb,
I lay as dead, and nature was my tomb.

The world's great wood, presented to my view,
Seem'd fair, and gay: such store of blossoms grew,
The fruit, I thought of course, in plenty too.

WHEN from the dark inclosure, where I slept,
Into this busy, noisy world I leapt,
I saw, I felt its miseries, and wept.

Thus trifles charm'd beneath a bright state,
While youthful fancy kindled fond desire,
I grieve a dotard, while I was a child.

WHILE yet envelop'd all around with gloom,
Nor fully finish'd in the secret womb,
I lay as dead, and nature was my tomb.

The world's great wood, presented to my view,
Seem'd fair, and gay: such store of blossoms grew,
The fruit, I thought of course, in plenty too.

WHEN from the dark inclosure, where I slept,
Into this busy, noisy world I leapt,
I saw, I felt its miseries, and wept.

III.

ERE yet the gross, hereditary seeds
Of sin primæval shot up into weeds,
Or dawning thought fore-ran maturer deeds;

IV.

~~THEN~~ threat'ning tempests check'd the budding plant,
Then sense supply'd what reason would not grant,
And bitter cries proclaim'd my woeful want.

V.

BUT, when imagination's warmer beams
Play'd on the mind, mislead through wild extremes,
I grasp'd at joys, which vanish'd into dreams.

VI.

THE world's great wood, presented to my view,
Seem'd fair, and gay: such store of blossoms grew,
The fruit, I thought, of course, in plenty too.

VII.

THUS trifles charm'd beneath a bright attire,
While youthful fancy kindled fond desire,
And hope delusive fed the growing fire.

VIII. IN

VIII. ^{III}X

IN vain should reason labour to confute,
 Too weak to stop me in the hot pursuit:
 I rush'd, and panted for the promis'd fruit.

IX. ^{VIX}

IN vain the painted blessings I pursue;
 In vain the blossoms smil'd upon the view;
 Black storms descend, and blast their lovely hue.

X. ^{VX}

No golden fruits the naked boughs adorn;
 Too late, alas! by disappointments torn,
 I taste the fruit of knowledge from the thorn.

XI. ^{IVX}

COOL reason then resumes the slacken'd rein;
 I look with sorrow on the measur'd plain,
 And wish my course were to commence again.

XII.

FALSE fortune frowning, which at first had smil'd,
 My labours baffled, and my hopes beguil'd:
 I grieve a dotard, as I wept a child.

XIII. I.

XIII. XIV

If misery with infancy thus springs,
 If youth and manhood are such wretched things,
 And age begets from knowledge painted things;

XIV. XI

Why should I grieve to leave a life of woe,
 To shun the cause; whence all my woes flow,
 And rest in peace among the dead below?

XV. X

But, if I am so very fond of life,
 Where pains and disappointments arise,
 Successive labours, and perpetual strife;

XVI. IX

Why should I not embrace my coming fate,
 Since death, which ends my cares, is but a gate
 To life immortal, and a blissful state?



False fortune frowning, which at first had smiled,
 My labours passed, and my hopes beguiled,
 I grieve a dotard, as I wept a child.

NOTES

T O T H E

PARSON'S REVELS.

It is a very common thing
To find a man who has been
And who has been a very good
And who has been a very good

NO T E S
We have seen a man who has been
To find a man who has been
And who has been a very good

But, if I am a very good
Where there are many good
Successive labour, and a very good

P A R S O N ' S R E V E L S
Since death, which is a very good
To find a man who has been

FRAGMENT

OF

Perpetual NOTES, ILLUSTRATIONS, and various READINGS,
taken from the best CRITICS, COMMENTATORS, and
GRAMMARIANS, and collated with the most authentic
MANUSCRIPTS.

Page 3. Make the public good your end,

And tenet.

QUICQUID agis, prudenter agas, et respice finem, saith an old author,
and philosophers urge, omnia agere propter finem. But the finis me-
diorum of logicians and moralists hath become obsolete, and been abo-
lished and exploded in all political schools. The maxims and measures of
Burleigh would, at present, make as odd and fantastical a figure at court, as the
farthingale and ruff of Queen Elizabeth. In short, we have neither the customs

NOTES TO THE

nor language of her times, and it would be an infringement on the liberty of the subject to limit us to their meanings and motives.

BUT, to recur to our first observation, the means, and not the purposes and ends of life are the points, which a genuine statesman ought to have in immediate and ultimate view. This is literally and effectually doing business, — rem, quocunque modo, rem, — and therefore, in stead of

Make the public good your end,

And tenet,

I conjecture our author wrote

Make your private good your end,

And tenet :

Unless we thus interpret the sense, Make the public good your own good, or convert the goods of the publick to your own private use, and in all matters of trust let that be your Creed. Agreeable to this illustration, in case you were first lord of the treasury, might a poet address the following lines of Horace to your advantage.

Publica materies privati juris erit, si
Nec circa vilem, patulumque moraberis orbem,
Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.

A finish'd courtier loves himself alone :

The public treasure shall become your own,

Unless with prying eyes intent you fish

What scraps may fall into your creature's dish,

Or pass accounts, a practice most absurd,

Regard your honour, or observe your word.

Thus far the sagacious Aulicus, and with plausible arguments to support his opinion; but, in my judgment, wide from the scope of our author, therefore,

PARSON'S REVELS.

therefore, with humble submission to reasons of state, let the text keep its place.

BENTLEIDES.

Page 4. To pipe, like Philips, to the swains

Full simple.

Pastores inter tardos per devia ruris

Me procul errantem calamoque inculta canentem

Sors obscura tenet.

Page 5.

For which I thank

My dead aunt.

THE author's grand-aunt disinherited him in his infancy of an estate, which she settled on the college of Dublin. Our author used to call her his fortune-teller, and quote these lines—

Instat fatum mihi triste fabella

Quod puero cecinit mota divina anus urna.

Estates with suits are often rife,

But she would free me with from the strife,

And I was doom'd to be for life.

A pedant.

FROM this differs, toto coelo, the Curleian reading.

Estates are often rife with suits,

But she would free me from disputes,

And I was doom'd to be for brutes.

A pedant.

But greater condescensions yet

In chaplains envy must beget.

Invidiae subjection ex hoc

In Dies atque horas—

Exquo

NOTES TO THE

Ex quo Mecenas me cepit habere suorum
In numero.

I labour'd in a barren Soil, &c.

Nos tamen hoc agimus, tenuique in littoſe fulcos

Ducimus, et ſterili littus verſamus aratro.

Page 6. **Then Pallas mother, &c.**

In ſome copies is written,

Then Phœbus, father, &c.

Which correſponds more aptly with Virgil's words,

Mihi Cynthius aurem

Vellit et admonuit.

Be wiſe betimes, reſign your Pen, &c.

Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,

Et tempeſtivum pueris concedere ludum.

HOR.

You have three hundred pounds a year,

Each ſhilling.

Here again occurs another Curleian variation.

You have three hundred pounds a year,

I know it.

Be wiſe betimes, attend your ſchool,

And take it for a ſpecial rule,

The greateſt oaf can ridicule

A poet.

Leave poetry to gayer men—

Frangere miſer calamos, et inanes ſcinde libellos.

Solve ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum.

Térpſichoren odit ſacunda et nuda ſeneſtus.

Page 6.

PARSON'S REVELS.

Page 6. Tis better to put on the larve, &c.

LARVA, five persona, the vizard or mask of the ancients was confined to the theatre, but for some centuries past it hath become of much more extensive use on the great stage of the world, where I would advise every man, who has the misfortune to be endued with any poetical talents, by all means to introduce it, the mask of dullness being, according to Pope—

“Of business the directing soul.”

M A R. G U L.

The season prompts us to be gay,

Age libertate Decembri

Utere.

Attend, ye Muses, &c.

As the great Poets of antiquity had their Muses, whose pedigree they immediately derived from Jupiter, and confined to number NINE, it would be hard to debar the vates minorum gentium, or moderns, who have multiplied them to ninety-nine times the number, of their little musical divinities. The Greek and Roman Pagans, without question, address'd those ladies as Entities or Beings; and, though the Poets of our times may be considered as downright Infidels in this point, yet would they not drop a pleasant custom, and therefore subscribe to it, as they do to creeds, articles, &c. for the form-sake, not that there is any thing in it, but that it sounds well, and occasionally may serve very material purposes. I believe no man will be so unreasonable as to expect, that kind looks and warm professions should be the characteristics of sincere love and affection, and yet we all know how necessary both are to carry on business, and keep men in humour with one another. Oaths are daily given gratis without offence to the politest ears, and, I find no legal impediment, why they may not be taken, without any farther scrutiny, to qualify gentlemen to be useful to themselves, their families, and their friends; and, if oaths and imprecations are not only fashionable, but often convenient, although they denote no ideas;

annexed,

NOTES TO THE

annexed, I see no cause to exclude our Poets from their invocations, whereas they may serve to lengthen a poem, and the Muses may be brought in to say something, when the Poet has nothing to think, or say for himself. I might farther urge, that these exordia give a classical air to our performances, and may be applied to sacred subjects, as many pious Catholics have converted Heathen temples to Christian churches, and erected an old Venus for the Blessed Virgin. Some critics of principal note, indeed, have observed, that the Christian religion, as it is established by the common laws of England and Ireland, by restraining our faith to the unity of the Godhead, is a great cramp to the genius of our Poets, who should be free-thinkers, in order to give the fuller scope to their imaginations, and inventions. To remedy this inconvenience, it were to be wished, that an academy was erected for the reception of all the hopeful youth of both kingdoms, immediately on their leaving the nursery; though, perhaps, they might be safely trusted to the care of their parents, to the age of sixteen; after which they should be thoroughly instructed here, in the principles of ancient Theology, and modern Atheism: by this precaution their productions would become refined, and free from all allays of revealed religion, and of course purely classical.

TINDALIDES,

And revellings at B—— hall

Full dainty.

THE Glebe-house of Mr. B—— a facetious, hospitable, and worthy clergyman, whose character we may learn from the following distichs——

Had B—— nothing but his living,

Between his getting and his giving,

The parish-beggars must compound,

For pence, instead of shillings round;

His wife and he go beg together,

Or, like the Baptist, girt with leather,

Through desarts wander without money,

And live on locusts, and wild honey.

—'Tis

PARSON'S REVELS.

———'Tis not every day
That Maurice was observed to slay
An ox, Sir.

Na gagh ean la var vuish Mureesh bullogue—i. e.
It is not every day Maurice kills a bullock.

This Maurice must have been some Strangbonian adventurer, who settled in Ireland, and now and then made what we call a miser's feast. But an old Milesian host, whose wealth, like that of the primitive Patriarchs', consisted in flocks and herds, would upon ordinary occasions sacrifice whole sheep and oxen for the regalement of his clan, fosterers, and followers.

Such, as would make an Abbot smile—
Dum victus patinis renidet,
Abbas in coenobio ridet.

Page 5. As brisk, as fillies in the spring,
Velut equa trimis
Ludit exultim.

HOR.

Vere magis,
Quia vere calor redit offibus.

VIRG.

Page 6. But these the lasses bid go mump
O'er goldly books in doleful dump,
Nor shake their legs, but gravely thump
The cushion.

I cannot but here observe, how far the best of our modern imitations fall short of the majesty and spirit of their originals, as my familiar friend Grunterus Boermanus, that profound critic, philologist, and index-writer, justly remarketh.
Odi imitatores, servum pecus, nam, quotiescunque vates nunc dierum rem ro-

NOTES TO THE

manam in linguam vernaculam vertere, et lucem antiquis præferre sunt aggressi, toties operam et oleum perdiderunt, et, ut ita decam, in fumum et cinerem abierunt.

Vide Grunt. in tomo duodecimo.

Opusculorum nondum editorum.

WE shall find this great man's opinion sufficiently corroborated by quoting the passage at large, from which our Poet hath manifestly stolen the lines above mentioned.

Vos, quibus effæto frigent in pectore vires,
Ite procul, mæstique sacris incumbite libris,
Ne, levibus ne tarda choris obvolvite membra;
Quin oculos torquete pios, dextraeque precantes,
Tartareasque afflate minas, monitusque canoris
Naribus æthereas, cœlumque, erebumque ciete.
Tuque, pater, ne parce cavis pulmonibus audax,
Incute vim ventis, et, adacto pulvere rostri,
Horrorem tremulis divinum matribus infla.

VET. FRAG.

As the later part of these verses are not only applicable, but seem emphatically prophetic of orator Henly, Messrs. Whitfield, and West, and, as the precepts, conveyed through them, may be of general use to good Methodists, and all such, as would pray and preach to some tune; I beg they will accept my small contribution to the promotion of so pious and charitable a work, in the following version, making allowance for the three first disticks, which seem not so well calculated for the purpose, in as much, as the venerable persons above cited have not wanted vigour of body, proportionable to their several calls, and emergencies. And as to religious books, or indeed any books, provided they retain and practice these rules, I see no manner of occasion for them, since they may be attended with cost and study, when the spirit can always be had gratis, and at hand. However take the verses without mutilation.

Ye

PARSON'S REVELS.

Ye fires, whose withered age no more retains,
Heat in your breasts, and vigour in your veins,
Shift hence your place, and, with dejected looks,
Dose o'er the pages of religious books ;
Beware, beware, nor impotent advance
With lazy limbs to clog the sprightly dance ;
But learn to roll upon your airy stands
Your pious eyes, and poise your praying hands :
Then vent infernal threats, and endless woes,
And ghostly counsel, through the tuneful nose :
Trump heaven and hell—and thou, seraphic sage,
Rouse all thy might, and recollect thy rage,
Loud let thy lungs their windy charge perform,
Pour the full blast, and thunder out the storm,
The dusty cushion shake, and round thee spread
Through trembling matrons more than mortal dread,

Bradford jogs

His fat guts.

Pingua certatim saltando viscera jactat.

Pingui tentus Omaso.

Nor Cudmore, even when he sh—s, &c.

Dormit, vigilat armatus,

Et calcaribus ornatus,

Etiam caccat ocreatus.

Aut. Monach.

The fates and fortunes of his pack, &c.

Attollens humero famamque et fata nepotum. Æn. 8.

NOTES TO THE

OF TORIES.

TORIES in Ireland imply robbers, or free-booters: But, as the Britons boast their pedigree from Brute a Trojan, in the fourth, or fifth descent from Æneas, and his fellow adventurers, who by tradition built London, and called it Troy-Novante; far be it from our Author by such an insinuation, to reflect the least dishonour on their ancient and renowned progenitors.

NOTHING is more common among the Grecian Poets, than the figure metathesis or transposition, and in the word Tories are included almost totidem literis Troes; whence the great Earl of Oxford in a pathetic conversation, with Dr. Swift, after the total subversion of his power and party, sighing said,

Ah Jonathan! fuimus Tories—

Nor yet suspects behind his back

Two bailiffs.—

Nec dum etiam geminos a tergo respicit angues. Æn. 8.

At Lee's he revels, and dragoons, &c.

A noted Tavern in Dublin, formerly much frequented by gentlemen of fashion.

Yet let it be (the victor said)

Hoc tamen infelix miseram solabere mortem:

Æneæ magni dextra cadis.—Æn. 10.

Yet bloodily some say he swore, &c.

Tercentum ore tonat deos.

Through many dances he had past, &c.

Casus evaserat omnes, &c.—ac ni forte daret, &c.

Quite turned o'er our hero top-

fy turvy;

Et

PARSON'S REVELS.

Et saltu in medio ferratâ calce retractum
Præcipitem prostravit humi.———

Yet up again with heart he rose,
The fall had somewhat maul'd his nose,
But could not greatly discompose
His noddle.

At non concussus casu, neque seignior heros
Emicat, elapso reparet si forsan honores:
Virgeneos inter plausus, fremitusque, choreas
Ardet inire leves, agilemque iterare palæstram.
Olli turpe tumor frontem notat ater honestum,
Alter, et alter adhuc superingruit, hirsutisque
Ecce! superciliis horrenti prominet umbrâ,
Quique ingens, torvusque tuentibus. Atrâ cruoris
Naribus unda fluit liventibus: Ossa cerebrum
Dura tenent, capitisque tegit septemblicis umbo.

MARONIDES.

SINCE various essays of genius on the same subject (as the judicious Mr. Pitt, who translated Virgil after Dryden, observeth with great justice) are no trifling entertainment, I shall not scruple to present my readers with divers translations of the foregoing lines, as I received them from the hands of some accomplished Poets.

The hero, yet undaunted at his fall,
Upsprings to mingle with the sprightly ball,
If haply so he might retrieve from shame
His injur'd honours, and his prostrate fame,
Amidst the murmurs and the loud applause
Of nymphs, he glows to re-assert his cause,
Again to triumph in despite of chance,
Lead the light choir, and skim the mazy dance.

Thick

NOTES TO THE

Thick rising welts now black, and blacker now,
Projecting horrors on his bristly brow,
A-loft dishonour'd his ingenuous front,
And from his nostrils gushed a gory font,
But the hard skull the cumbrous crush sustains,
A triple shield, and vindicates his brains.

POPIANUS.

Yet undismay'd, and with a swift rebound
The hero starts exulting from the ground,
If better fate should grant him to repair
His down-cast honours, and attract the fair,
Amidst the mixt assent, and clapping praise
Of virgin hands, he pants to bear the bays,
Rejoin the light-foot choir, and skim the fairy maze.
Black welts disgrac'd his decent front, and wide
His nostrils pour'd a blood-polluted tide,
The rigid skull, unconscious of the shock,
Objects a sevenfold shield, and guards his brainy stock.

DRYDENIUS.

Unshocked the hero labours to excell,
And springing rises instant, as he fell,
If yet his feet, supplanted in their claim,
Might play their part, and shuffle into fame,
Again he woos, amid the virgin bands,
The joint applauses of their tongues and hands:
He glows to dance with more than wonted life,
A gallant leader in the pliant strife.
Yet rising welts diversify'd his face,
His front was branded with the dark disgrace,
That o'er his brows rose prominent, and made
Promiscuous horrors, and a double shade;
While from the channels of his fractur'd nose,
Black as it swell'd, a purple torrent flows:

A seven-

PARSON'S REVELS.

A sevenfold helmet deeper wounds prevents,
The skull case-hard protects the soft contents.

JUVENCULUS.

The hero, nathless unastounded, swift-
Resulting springs, if, by his last essay,
Not unsuccessful he might yet repair
The lapse of honour : Unabash'd among
Reiterated claps, and choral shouts
Of maidens fair, he kindles to commence
The doe-foot-dance, light traversing the round
Through many a maze. A sable welt deform'd
His honest front protuberant, and wide
From livid nostrils dissemboguing ooz'd
Tartareous Ichor : but the solid skull
His brains envelop'd, and the sevenfold targe,
To outward force impenetrable, guard
The crude contents.

MILTONIDES.

Prepar'd to wield
His weapons in Militia field,
Or table.
Seu belli simulacra ciens per jugera campi
Agmen agit, mensæ quatit magis impiger arma.
Ex codice vestustâ.

Then for his feet I must declare,
Achilles could not shew a pair,
Tho' Thetis wash'd them, half so fair—
For speed fir.

ποδας οχυς is one of the distinguishing and constituent parts in the character of Achilles, and, altho' many commentators interpret it quick for pursuit, I should infer the very reverse from his manner of dying, for, as he received his mortal wound

NOTES TO THE

wound in the heel, I submit it to the decision of any skilful surgeon, in what position he must have been with respect to his adversary: It may be answered, Paris took advantage of him, while he was kneeling at his prayers, but this I take as fabulous, and I will appeal to any Court Marshal, whether it is not below the military rank, and exercise of a field officer.

SEVERAL of our modern leaders, as we are much more improved in anatomy, and consequently better know the use of those members, seem to have far outstripp'd the Græcian activity. There was not indeed the same necessity for speed in Homer's hero, whose mother, according to Hudibras, had rendered him invulnerable all to the Pagan heel, and yet we find he fell. But, had some of our worthies a nostrum for the rest of their bodies, they might leave the heels to provide for themselves.

CUD of MARS.

HOMER Stiles Achilles *ὄζον ἄγνος*, the root of Mars, which expression, however nervous, appeareth not so pertinent and significant, as our authors metaphorical expression, since chewing the cud in cattle prepares their aliment for the first concoction, and well digested courage is on all hands allowed to be a necessary constituent in the character of a consummate general.

Vim temperatam dii quoque promovent.

CHIRONIDES.

A head it was with cauls enroll'd
Of fat, and were it to be sold,
Well worth it's weight in solid gold,
Or copper.

So stands the strophe in most copies, yet have I seen one of no mean authority, which deviateth from it in this wise:

Rare head it was, and were the mass
But malleable, well might it pass
For twice its weight in solid brass,
Or copper.

MINUTE

P A R S O N S R E V E L S.

MINUTE critics may object, that copper, coming after gold, debases and vilifies the image: But copper here is to be applied to that precious metal of the Ancients, called Aurichalchos, far superior in value to the most refined gold.

ANTIQUARIUS.

The merry King of Scots had seen,
Such dancing never on the green.

KING James author of Christ's Kirk on the Green. Vide Ramsay's Poems.

He had no wind but what he let

A parte post

A very salutary carminative, and altogether conformable to the regimen prescribed in the schola Salerni.

Ne capiat venter ventum, sed pelle libenter,
Dum retinet postem, postico fortiter hostem.

His toes

Had copiously regal'd your nose &c.

These lines are purely virgilian, Saith Namby—

Spiravere pedes—Æn. i.

Taught by his nose his course to steer,

And these continued he no less Horation—Nasum nidore supinor.

Three goodly boards &c. — tres epulis mensæ.

No fasting Bishop could afford

More dishes.

I would not infer as Dryden hath done, that Priests of all religions are the same, but in this wise fasted Roman High-Priests.

Three goodly boards were spread, each board

With delicate provisions stor'd,

No fasting Bishop could afford

More dishes.

NOTES TO THE

Short grace was said, (the parson thank)
And roundly seated without rank,
We fed like cormorants and drank
Like fishes.

The vatican M. S. thus varieth from the vulgate.
Three splendid boards were spread, each board
With prime provisions richly stor'd,
Besides such claret as no lord,
Nor don tiffs.

Short grace was said (the parson thank)
And roundly seated without rank
We fed like Cardinals, and drank,
Like Pontiffs.

THESE alterations come round and plump enough upon our ears, and the
elimax from Bishops to Cardinals, and Pontiffs or Popes, appeareth to rise gra-
dually, with a natural ease and fluency coincident with mero. Pontificum
potiore coenis.

SCRIBLERUS.

But captain Cudmore prayed and swore.
THIS image our Poet hath stolen from a latin poem of his own. Fundens
dirasque precesque.

It is good to have two strings to your bow, saith an old adage, and the Cap-
tain's conduct here is not less loyal than canonical and classical.

Flectere si nequeo superos, acheronta movebo.

His tail, tho' seeming fair and plump,
Was disaffected to his rump,
And only wedded to a stump,
With wax, fir.

Taken

PARSON'S REVELS.

Taken from these lines of some anonymous Poet.

Quadrupidem, auriculis curtum, caudaque minorem
Protinus Hector agit per ovantem murmure turbam
Ense ferox, multosque viros substerneret ultor,
Ni conversa fugæ rapido pede terga dedissent.

His rudder——— See Hudibras,
Of tail bereft———The Turkish ensign is a horse tail,
Cui non

Eliceret risum citherædi cauda magisti? saith Juvenal.

HERE the censure of our author seems to be very severe and unreasonable, for if Chiron was ridiculous for having a tail, why should the captain be laughed at for not having one. I wish some logician would solve this dilemma.

Was all made up of contradiction

Παντα γὰρ ἐξ ἀλλογῶν.

By Chreest.

The teaguish manner of pronouncing Christ,

From Sir Teague

O Regan.

AN Irish gentleman of remarkable courage and conduct, allowed to be one of the best officers in King James's army.

His epitaph transcribed from the celebrated Dermot O Flagherty, druid and biographer, is as follows,

O Regan tergo jacet hic memorabilis, ergo

Belliger arma gerat, milesianus erat,

Pro quo defuncto sic moriaris inuncto

Corpore, mane, cave, dic pater, et ter ave.

Consule custodi rotul. de geneologia hiber.

NOTES TO THE

Here naked lies alack!—Sir Teague upon his back,
 Tho' brave as any Græcian,
 So let him have a coat—of arms, for you must note
 He was a true milesian,
 For whom from life disjointed—that you may die anointed,
 Betimes with pious Caves,
 In doleful manner say—to cross his sins away,
 One Pater, and three Aves.

MART. GULL.

His wit and humour much he smothers,
 But numerates his learned brothers,
 And quotes his venerable mothers,
 The fathers.

PATRES sunt vetulæ, saith a certain divine, applying in a sarcastic sense this line from Persius.

Et veteres avias tibi de pulmone revellam.

BUT our author hath introduced them with much more decency, giving them the title of mothers, an honourable appellation in all ages, and I cannot but observe in the course of these critical commentaries, that the Poet, who plucked flowers from all quarters, in order to variegate, enrich, and adorn his work, hath committed a pleasureable felony, by transferring the lines above cited, from the subsequent verses of Moronides.

Vim premit ingenii tacito sub pectore clausam,
 Doctiloquos vero numerat longo ordine fratres,
 Funigerosque tribus, et amantes claustra sorores,
 Maternosque patres, vetus et venerabile vulgus.

AND since I have quoted this passage, it will not be wide from our purpose to subjoin some various readings upon it.—Theobaldus thus animadverteth.

Amantes claustra sorores. Grubbæus hunc locum
 Fœdissime corruptit. Nec amantes claustra sorores.

Scriblerus

PARSON'S REVELS.

Scriblerus conjecturam facit authorem scripſiſſe—

“Mendicoſque tribus, et inanes carne ſorores,”

Quod ſe veteri cod vidiffſe teſtatur.

Crambæus “inanes” oblini mavult, et ſic integrum legi

Verſiculum obnixe contendit—

“Mendicoſque tribus, et egentes carne ſorores”

Uterque vero perperam, ne dicam ſtulte.

Multo meſſiorem reſtituit lectionem familiaris noſter

Wellſtedius, vates, et rhetor valde meritis. Sic

Legendum cenſuit.

“Maternoſque patres, vetus et venerabile corpus.”

At hæc emendatio, pace tanti viri, mihi non proſus

Arridet. Audacter ſic ego corripo meo periculo.

“Maternoſque patres, vetus et venerabile pondus”

Quod ſanctæ quidem patrum gravitati magis congruit.

THIS learned critic's opinion in my judgment, carries great weight with it :
However I know not how I am ſtrangely prepoſſeſſed in favour of the vulgar
lection, therefore let it retain its ground, repugnantibus omnibus parmacopolis.

Than thee with all thy gods of Waſer.

In conformity to the doctrine of tranſubſtantiation.

Shed thee jam maviſh diſhputare

Pugnish, quam laſiſhe pugnare,

Tantundem dat, præſheptor chare,

Tanteedhem.

For diſputants do fight like bulls,

With arguments, that ſpring from ſkulls.

HUDIBR.

Tantundhem dat, præſheptor chare,

Tanteedhem.

Hoc eſt, ut aiunt, quid pro quo ; talionis lex antiquiſſima, ut cecinit Flaccus—

Decoræ

More paleſtræ.

Quæ

2 NOTES TO THE

Quæ quidem categorice ratiocinandi consuetudo multo magis apud Britannos quam Hibernicos invaluit; adeo, ut inter gentis eruditissime primâ studia merito reponenda sit.

Ibi pugiles non sine summo procerum consensu spectantium optimo jure proprias causas agunt, et, læsa plerumque modo cute, rem cominus et breviter agendo, graviores fori lites, intactâ crumena, fugiunt, ubi secundum illud maronianum—

Multa viri nequicquam inter se vulnera jactant.

Thus Fegan fraught with latin huffs,

And Presbyter as proudly puffs,

Both weighing for conclusive cuffs

Their thumpers.

But Beauchamp with pacific grace,

Uprising splits the doubtful case,

And reconciles them with a brace

Of bumpers.

The Poet in these lines is transported and elevated beyond himself, but how doth he sink beneath the grandeur of Moronides.

Sic pater Hiberno latium tonat ore, fremitque

Efferus, et simili fervercit Presbyter æstu,

Hinc atque inde pares animis, ingentia pugnae

Argumenta truci, minitantiâ brachia torquent;

Cum placido assurgit vultu moderator herilis,

Paciferâque manu (dextræ deus affuit almæ)

Rem secat ancipitem, adversosque capacibus hostes

Aggreditur cyathis, et baccho diluit iras.

So storms the sage with savage fury stung,

And thunders latin with Hibernian tongue,

Mad as he rav'd, the gifted brother vyed

In boiling wrath, and glow'd with equal tide,

Well

PARSON'S REVELS.

Well match'd in spirit; for the warlike lists,
 They weigh the pond'rous arguments of fists;
 When rose the gentle host with aspect bland,
 (The god stood smiling at his bounteous hand)
 A peace—ensuing lenitive he shews
 To reconcile the tongue—contending foes,
 He charg'd the brimming bumpers, that assuage
 The thirst of hot revenge, and wash away their rage.

MAR. GUL.

I make the proudest Hector quake,
 Protect the humble and the weak, &c.

Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

He waited on the tide,

He had been a tide-waiter.

The prince of printers whom we dub,

Sir George, and emperor of Grub.—

Dux regit examen.

HOR.

For he right worshipful could boast

His title from the rubric post.

Mediocribus esse poetis,

Non dii, non homines, non concessere columnæ.

THE columnæ or pillars, we find, are of very ancient and venerable date. Trajan and other Emperors had their pillars, and the focii, bookfellers at Rome, as Horace informs us, had their postes.

The very Falcon in his crest

With blood—portending beak express

His courage.

To

NOTES TO THE READER

To gratify the gentle readers curiosity, we have hereunto annexed his armory, as depicted, and portrayed by Clarenceux, second king at arms in England. He beareth fable, a falcon, volant, argent, beaked, membered, with jesses embattled.

BELLS and gules within a bordure ermine, by the name of Faulkner.

THIS fowl, as the profound adept in the most noble and useful science of heraldry, Mr. Guillim hath observed, is called in latin Falco, non quod falcatis unguibus, sed quod rostro et talis tota falcata sit ad rapinam.

See his display of Herald. sect. 3d. chap. 20, p. 211.

Full many worthies passing bold

By cunning Herald are enroll'd, &c.

How great the dignity, and estimation of arms hath ever been, saith Mr. Guillim in his introduction, and yet is, we may easily conceive by this, that, as they do delight the eyes of the beholders, and greatly grace, and beautify places, wherein they are erected, so also they do occasion the spectators to make some serious inquisition, whose they are, and who is the owner of the house, wherein they are set up.

WE may also find, continueth our important Armory, in what esteem arms were by this, that there is between these arms and their bearers a kind of sympathy, or natural participation of qualities, ~~him so much, as whose dishonourably or irreverently useth the arms of any man seemeth to have offered injury to the person of their bearer; so (according to some authors) their owner shall right himself against such offender or wrong-doer, actione injuriarum.~~

FARTHER these arms, proceedeth he, let us know, if the bearers are noblemen, or gentlemen, or what their dignity is, that appearing by the coronets, &c.

BUT what surpasseth all other encomiums, our author sheweth how necessary the study of this kingly calling is for gentlemen, that is (to speak in his phraseology) to give unto them a taste of the terms of Faulconry, that so in their mutual conversing together, they may be able to speak properly (tho' not superficially) and deliver their minds in apt terms, when in their meetings they happen

to

PARSONS' REVELS.

to fall into discourse of the noble recreations, and delights either of our generous armorial profession, or of hunting, and hawking.

Vid. his Display, sect. 3. ch. 20, p. 218.

No matter what his father was, &c.

Nam genus et proavos et quæ non fecimus ipsi,

Vix ea nostra voco.

Juv.

Sir George, says Bradford, with a bow, &c.

Multo compellat honore.

Virg.

Are you related to the fam'd

Sir Everard?

Secretary to his Royal Highness Prince of Wales.

Till Hawkins plainly made it out

By long quest.

Ulster king at arms. —

I am ever more charmed and transported with books of heraldry, atchievements, hatchments, and devices. The labourers in other arts and sciences generally work upon some substratum, but the professors of this refined study penetrate into the world of ideas more deeply than ever Plato did. Homer never had a larger field for invention, or (as I may call it with more propriety) creation, than an adept in this art by deducing and branching out the genealogy of a family of yesterday, thro' a series of puissant ancestors, whose founder is as mysterious as the source of the river Nile. So that a contemplative Herald may well apply the following soliloquy

in Platus.

Quæro quod nusquam est.

From this important point he starts

To sciences, and then, for arts,

He gave a sample of his parts,

And reading.

Commitit yates, et comparat inde maronem,

Atque aliâ parte in trutinâ suspendit Homerum.

Juv. sat. 6.

NOTES TO THE

To be brief, as Titian's colours require no varnish, so would it be superfluous to put any gloss or comment upon Sir George's criticisms; proceed we therefore to dilucidate the obscure parts of the poem.

But he may thank me for some beauties, &c.

If we distinguish the beauties of books published, into internal, and external, it will be doubtful, in which sense the Knight's words are to be taken, whether they be relative to the style, and sentiment, method, connection, and composition, or to the paper and printing, the binding, gilding, and lettering on the back.

But neither F—lkn—r nor the Dean

Had hand in't.

Ego et rex meus, was thought an arrogant flight in Cardinal Woolsey, but I and the Dean, I and my Poet, could not be reckon'd vain, or arrogant in the Knight, in as much as all Authors are in effect the properties of their Printers, and as his Worship had an additional advantage in having been an Author himself.

No wonder being of a feather, &c.

Similis simili gaudet. Says the proverb!

My sentiments about his prose, &c.

We take the silence of the Doctor for a tacit assent, and therefore conclude the Knight's assertion as true, as if he had printed, and published it.

Come Dunkin, here's our worthy friend,

Phil. St-nh-pe.

Sir George's familiar phrase for Lord Ch-ft-rf-lid.

I hate your prudence, and despise

Restraint, Sir.

ALLUDING to Horace—Parcentes ego dextras odi—Od. 19. lib. 3. Dulce est desipere in loco.—Neu promptæ modus amphoræ. Neu morem in salium sit requies pedum.—et alibi fufius.—

Of

PARSON'S REVELS.

Of honest bottles, and effusion
To riot.

SCRIBLERUS for honest bottles writes soldier's bottles, i. e. such bottles, as would knock a man down, but Milburnius, who standeth up for the church, and divine right of claret, useth parson's bottles, for, saith he, the church hath always been an indulgent mother, but, as our author beyond per-adventure would please and gratify all parties, it is much more likely, that he chose an epithet, claimed severally by each of them, and universally admitted as their due: Besides to confirm us in opinion of our bottle epithet, we find it applied by Virgil to Bacchus himself.

Et quocunque deus circum caput egit honestum.

Then sit ye down, &c.

Lenite clamorem, sodales,

Et cubito remanete preffo.

And drink your drink,—Vivere vitam—

Mine inward man

Now moveth me to cup, and can
It with thee.

THIS is barbarous, and anti-priscian, (saith M'C—,) for I have consulted all the glossaries, written during the three last centuries, and I find no such verbs, as to cup, and to can. I have on this occasion appealed also to my very good friend, and learned correspondent, Mr. P-rv-y, ordinary of Newgate in London, to be certified, if any such expressions have been coined within the precincts of his ward, and he satisfied my scruples, and enquiries, in the following very obliging, and courteous answer.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have received your letter, with the favour of your works in prose, and verse, neatly bound in calf-leather, and gilt, and lettered on the back, for which, in return, I beg you will accept my monthly register, and the trials at the Old Baily: They

NOTES TO THE

are a curious collection, and well worth your perusal, whether you regard the matter, or stile. Through the course of my manifold essays, for the propagation and advancement of morality, and the Belle-Lettres, no circumstance has given me more solid satisfaction than to find the rhetorical flowers of my academy, diffused through the series of your volumes, particularly —, and, tho' they be term'd exoticks in Ireland, yet doubt I not but they will abundantly spread, and flourish under your benign influence.

I presume it will be no ungrateful piece of news, that our language, which the pedants of Oxford call cant, hath obtained the public stamp, and passes current, in so much that the camp, the bar, the pulpit, and the court scarce breathe any thing else. Lyttleton is exploded in all our schools, and Ainsworth and Baily most happily introduced, where we read, to bite, to banter, to nim, to sham, to bam, to pike away, to hoof off, to clem, to truff, with innumerable such delicate words: But, as these authors still retain too much of the obsolete words and phrases, used in Queen Elizabeth's days, I myself propose to compile a Dictionary, in which I will not admit a single expression, that would not have passed patent under Jonathan Wild, were he living.

I wish you would favour me with your sentiments on this occasion, but what do I say.

Nil mihi rescribas at tamen ipse veni.

And so the work is done.

As for those verbs, which you mention, to cup, and to can, I can find no such in the records of our house, much less in my alphabetical catalogue, reject them therefore as impolite, spurious, and unnewgateorical. I am summon'd by the toll of the bell to conduct a brace of pupils to Tyburn, and therefore am obliged to conclude, like them, abruptly the last words of your faithful friend,

P——.

P. S. Mr. Curl expects your last Ode, and the — sermon, post-paid.

MR.

PARSON'S REVELS.

MR. B—— the Pastry-cook hath no occasion for your ——, having furnished himself already with the papers of Mr. Theobald, late deceased, but Mr. F——, the Trunk-maker, will give you a penny a pound for ——; and Mr. K——, the Snuff-man, will take all the —— off your hands, and the Book-seller's, if you are willing to come upon terms of abatement, allowing three-farthings in the stone.

I forgot in my answer to you, to mention that there is such a verb as *possum*, to may or can, and I suppose you know the use of cupping-glasses.

So down we sat at his command.

Haud secus ac jussi discumbunt sedibus omnes.

MAR.

He would have made a figure rare,

For limning.

O qualis facies, et quali digna tabellâ.

Philosophers will argue whether

The whole, suppose it were a feather, &c.

Num totum sit major partibus.

Vid Burgesdic.

His legs were buttresses to prop

The superstructure, which might drop,

If otherwise he strove to hop,

Or waddle.

Quod ni forte pedes immani mole columnas

Subjicerent oneri, propriâ vi viscera terram

Cognatam peterent, rueretque a culmine corpus.

MAR.

The gulp was horrible, indu'd

With alti—longi—lati—tude,

The sepulchre of victuals crude,

And carnal.

Alluding

NOTES TO THE

Alluding no doubt to the following lines.

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatu.

VIR.

Pernicies, pestis, barathrumque marcelli.

HOR.

His capitol though batter'd oft, &c.

INSTEAD of capitol, saith Benteianus, read capital, but, if we consider the context (the sacred way, his mouth of cod) we shall find capitol to be the genuine reading; for who is so ignorant and ill versed in literature, as not to know, that the via sacra of Rome, through which the victims were conducted, led directly to the capitol.

WHEN this kind of idolatry, against which our author inveighs, was first introduced among human race, is a matter of no small dispute, and difficulty. Some derive it from the flesh-pots of Ægypt. Dr W—— affirmeth, it did not happen till after the deluge, when animal food was granted to Noah, and his posterity. Virgil hinteth evidently that no such custom prevailed in the golden or Saturnian age.

ante

Impia quam cæsis gens est epulata juvencis.

OF the Heathens, Pythagoras, and his followers, opposed it with a catholic spirit, and self-denial: But Epicurus and his Disciples contended for it, dentibus, unguibus, et rostris. Whence its origin may be deduced is a knotty point, which we shall not undertake to settle, and determine. This however we may with boldness assert, that the Romans seem to have made but a very meagre and puny progress therein, for the first five hundred years ab urb. cond. after which period, that, which had been stigmatized with the name of luxury, because more fashionable, obtained the honourable appellation of elegance, and overspread the tables of the great, and opulent, insomuch, that it infected the streets of that grand, and opulent metropolis. The renown'd Marc Anthony established it, and Nero, and Heligabulus, those anointed Emperors, brought it to its ne plus ultra.

SOME

PARSON'S REVELS.

SOME religious orders, ore tenus, have abjur'd it, but, as it was one of the first pieces of Pagan idolatry received by the professors of Christianity, we cannot conclude it will be the first abolished : On the contrary we have reason to expect, that it will continue to the end of all second courses : For, as the Poet aptly remarketh——

However virulent the Turk
Inveighs against the gospel work,
However Christians in derision
Revile the Turkish circumcision,
However against purer form
His Holiness may curse and storm,
However whimsical distractions
Divide reformists into factions,
However mortals are at odds,
Yet none renounce their belly gods,
Point east, or west, or north, or south,
Their temple's passage is their mouth,
Their heads may glow with jarring spite,
But in their bellies all unite,
The great umbilicum, where enter
Their various vows, and wishes center.

And stood a loft
Turrim in præcipiti stantem.

VIR.

Some say, that faces were design'd
To be the copies of the mind, &c.
Vultus index animi.

Rough with rich
Carbuncles.
Aspera gemmis.

But now it look'd like, let me see,
The moon in clouded majesty, &c.

The

NOTES TO THE

The moon
Rising in clouded majesty.

MILT.

SCHOLIAST.

He puff'd and puff'd, &c.
Exhalat odore mephitim.

And serenade us with his nose,
Sonorous.

Doctus et ad calicem vigilanti stertere naso.

THE learned Johannes Albertus Bannus, in his elaborate, and accurate treatise on the nature, origin, and progress of music, has the following judicious observation. *Ars cantandi est lectio, seu pronuntiatio modula singularum vocum ex signis sonituum, notulis descriptorum, facta.*

TALKING of vocal music, he informs us, that it proceeds from the precepts, and use of art, whereby the natural and proper sound of vowels, and consonants is acquired, to be uttered, and articulated by the breast, the jaws, the palate, the tongue, the teeth, the lips, &c.

Hæc ab artis præceptis, et usu venit, quibus genuinus propriusque vocalium ac consonantium sonitus pectore, faucibus, palato, lingua, dentibus, labiisque proferendus. But, among these main instruments of modulation, why should that harmonic organ the nose be rejected?

And serenade us with his nose,

Sonorous.

SONOROUS but ill agrees with serenade, beyond all controversy the Poet wrote, or should have written canorous. Therefore let it stand thus corrected in all future editions.

October

PARSON'S REVELS.

October stout his senses drown'd, &c.

Vino, somnoque sepultus.

Invades his wig, that hung awry,

Such blazes round his temples fly, &c.

Ecce leves fummo de vertice visus Iuli

Fundere lumen apex, tactuque innoxia molli

Lambere flamma comas, et circum tempora pasci.

Æn. 2.

At such a flaming beacon head, &c.

BEACON is written bacon in the Hoadleian M. S. which aptly correspondeth with it's unctuous or pinquedinous quality, and seemeth to be supported by the following lines—

The finging, as it were of pig,

That had befallen to his wig,

Anointed, &c.

His water men, a trusty rout,

Amaz'd, and trembling all about,

Apply'd their engines to put out

The new light.

Nos pavidī trepidare metu, crinemque flagrantem

Excutere, et——restringuere fontibus ignes.

Æn. 2. Ibid.

He grimly smiled a ghastly grin, &c.

Thus Milton,

Grinn'd horribly a ghastly smile.

Resolv'd to give him some relief,

And comfort.

Solari, et curas his demere dictis.

Ah! Mr Wills, you little know

What honest Farmers undergo,

I wish you pass'd a year or so

On tillage.

But, thank your planet, you have made

A fortune by your city-trade,

And now possess, in quiet laid,

Your village.

Vivite felices, quibus est fortuna perfecta.

Res tibi jam lautas urbana negotia praestant,

Mercurio monitante viam : jam rure beatus

Perfrueris placido, et culto dominaris agello.

Your wife with small expence &c.

THE Farmer's parallel here is natural, and his observations very suitable to his condition in life.

Or fatten swine,

With windfalls.

Porcis comedenda relinquis.

He said, and quaff'd the brimmer ample.

Ille impiger hausit

Spumantem pateram.

VIR.

You shall skink, ——— arbiter bibendi.

Bri—bring—do—dozens— Speaking to the Butler.

Your bottles cork, your barrels peg, &c.

Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt.

T H E E N D.



